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HOLIDAY PRESENT;

OR,

EDUCATING LITTLE MARY

FOR

THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

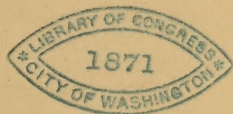
"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."—*John* ii. 5.

"But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—*Luke* x. 42.

17
By **D. F. NEWTON,**

AUTHOR OF "HOME THRUSTS," "SHINING LIGHT," "THE SWERD THAT CUTS,
THE FIRE THAT BURNS," AND "APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES OF SILVER."

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures nicely gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, 303 WEST 20th STREET.

1871.

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DEDICATION.

TO

Our beloved Brother Simeon Newton, and his little daughter Mary,

This Volume is affectionately inscribed.

“ Make your home a little Eden ;
Imitate her smiling bowers ;
Let a neat and simple cottage,
Stand among bright trees and flowers.
There, what fragrance and what brightness,
Will each blooming rose display ;
Here a simple vine-clad arbor
Brightens through each summer day.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam ;
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better---
Pure and lasting its control :
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul.”

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by
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The New Volume: A HOLIDAY PRESENT;

OR,

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.

Beloved in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, Greeting : This second and third part of the book is a volume complete in itself, and is intended for a beautiful Holiday Present, a choice and valuable keepsake, a token of friendship, and love for all classes of persons, old and young, male and female, little and big. Friends of the Bible, of love, and gospel purity, will you pray the Lord to bless this effort of his feeble servant for good, for salvation? In penning its pages he felt a sweet consciousness of God's smiling approval, day in, and day out. Therefore a lively hope springs up spontaneously, that he will send it forth and make it a lasting blessing to the rising age, to parents and children, teachers and pupils, to the Church of Christ, and to institutions of learning and piety.

" For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day *must win* ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Four Volumes in One.

In addition to the original matter inserted in this new volume for husbands and wives, parents and children, teachers and pupils, editors and ministers, we give also (in a condensed form) the cream or essence of four volumes, " Home Thrusts," " Shining Light," " The Sword that Cuts, the Fire that Burns," and " Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver."

" We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow ;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way ;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest-day.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruit must see."

The work contains 540 pages neatly executed, beautifully illustrated with more than one hundred engravings.

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AGENTS SOLICITED.

Address

D. F. NEWTON,
303 West 20th Street, N. Y.



Little Mary at her Morning Lesson.

“ Let the little ones come unto me,
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children will be gathered there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Who is this little Mary spoken of so freely and frequently in these pages ? Who is she—where is she ? She is an only child of beloved parents, a dear little one ; a sweet, smiling, beautiful girl of some four years, whom the Lord, we trust, will raise up to be a bright and shining light ; an angel of mercy, an example of all that is pure, virtuous, heavenly ; like the Mary who sat at Jesus’ feet and heard his words, and who poured the precious ointment on his head as he sat at meat, and of whom the Saviour said : “ One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that

good part which shall not be taken from her." Luke x. 4, 2.*

" When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet.
Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is humility,"

" If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." " Every word of God is pure."

" This Book,* these sentences, these lines,
Each word and letter,
To us † are better
Than chains of pearl and golden mines.

" 'Tis heaven transcribed and glory penned ;
God's truth, no doubt,
Was copied out,
When He this gift to men did send."

* In speaking of the various hindrances or obstacles in the way of educating little Mary for the heavenly glory, we come now to the nineteenth obstruction—to one of the greatest and most fearful in her pathway to life eternal, namely, Serpents Coiled—Snakes in the grass, concealed—more to be dreaded and shunned than the fiery serpents that bit the Israelites in the wilderness. Num. xxi. 6. This one momentous idea is the burden of our pen, occupying the entire second part of this new book.

* The Bible.

† The Author.

SERPENTS COILED.



Educating little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 19.

“Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, which the LORD God had made, and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden : But of the fruit of the tree, which *is* in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.”—Gen. iii. 1, 2, 3.

BELOVED brother and sister, here is a lie in the beginning—barefaced, heaven-daring, from the father of lies, the old serpent, the devil. And this same lying from this same father of all lies, and of all liars, has been going on increasingly to the present day, especially in books, tracts, and periodicals.

“How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of idolatry, the Press !
Like Eden’s dread probationary Tree—
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee !”

And here lies danger, impending, fearful, in educating this dear, sweet one, concerning whom God says :
“Take this child away and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages.” Ex. ii. 9.

“There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray.”

You may not only hinder little Mary's salvation, but endanger it forever, by not forming her reading and mental taste on the side of virtuous purity, the heavenly, spiritual, the wisdom that cometh from above. Here is danger, fearful, imminent—often irretrievable, everlasting! *Beware!* The taste for strong drink, the cup that intoxicates, the poisonous, degrading "Indian weed," you are aware is unnatural, vicious, obstinate, deeply rooted, and nothing will effectually destroy the relish for these poisons but miraculous or super-abounding grace—God's infinite mercy. So it is with the reading or mental taste—a taste formed for the light, frivolous, fictitious and vicious! The forming of this unnatural and vicious taste, in both these cases, is the work of satan, the old serpent, the devil, to decoy, entrap, and ruin both soul and body. It is a question, yet unsolved, whether the enemy of all good succeeds in taking more souls to perdition through the instrumentality of rum and tobacco, or that of the light, frothy, popular literature—novels and romances. Both are intoxicating, dissipating, soul ruinous!

Mrs. Swisshelm, in her *Saturday Visitor*, declared unhesitatingly that the whole *batch* of fashion-plate Magazines, and other fictitious writings, spread more domestic misery and destruction over the human race than all the rum-sellers in the nation. "Yes," says she, "they instigate more murders than the tyranical bloody Nero!" The beloved Judson, and sister Vinton, Missionaries to Burmah, expressed similar sen-

timents, weepingly. The viciated taste, formed through the corrupting influences of the press, the relish for Bible reading, the solid and the pure are measurably destroyed. Here lies the serpent coiled, or in the grass, unseen.

Place a serpent or stinging adder in the hands of this daughter of yours?—Sooner, far, than a sensation book or periodical! The bite of a serpent may be healed, but that of a literary serpent never—save by God's special interference.

For thirty years and more we have besought parents, tearfully, not to form the tastes of their children on romance or the fictitious. "Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned?" "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out." Prov. xxvi. 20. How is the taste acquired for intoxicating drinks? Look at that wretched inebriate reeling through the streets or in the gutter, with tattered garments, haggard looks, blood-shotten eyes, red nose and bloated cheeks, in the lowest depths of misery and degradation. How came he there? What the first moving cause of his downfall? Did he commence tippling with drugged liquors at the low grogeries or devil's dens—the little hells, boiling over with the scum of the pit, where nightly ring horrid oaths and blasphemies? Not so; the starting-point to this sink-hole of moral pollution, this hot-bed of debauch, and these bacchanalian excesses was at the genteel restaurant, the gay saloon, the fashionable hotel, where polished gentlemen assemble, clad in fine broad cloths, with

ruffled shirts, gold-headed canes, gold breast-pins, gold watch-chains, keys and seals, dangling; where stand the sparkling decanters of delicious cordials, tempting wines, dealt out in golden goblets, placed to the lips in vessels of silver and vessels of gold. Here is where drunkards are manufactured—take the first step to the gutter and the brothel. “Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At this last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick: they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.” Prov. xxiii. 29–35.

Precisely so in forming the taste for romance—for fictions—

“The coxcomb’s novel,
And the drunkard’s toast.”

My dear brother and sister would be shocked, horrified, stand aghast at the idea of placing the “Mysteries of Paris,” a corrupt Bulwer, or a licentious Eugene Sue in the hands of this sweet, lovely daughter, called Mary! Sooner, by far, you would place a

stinging viper in her bosom ! And yet, what do you ? Something worse or more dangerous — select a romance, a novel from “Harper,” “Godey,” “Peterson,” “Demorest,” Beecher, Dickens and other writers of sentimental fiction, written in a style beautiful, fascinating ?—that contains fine sentiments, elevating and purifying, highly commendable ; strains of ardent piety, correct portraits of living ministers ; but, mark, they present the rose without the thorns—the brimming cup of pleasure without the dregs of bitterness. They present pictures, scenes, and situations of another and pleasanter life than that which ordinary mortals enjoy. By transporting one into a paradise of pleasure, it creates a distaste for real life, thus unfitting one for the hard matter-of-fact, work-a-day world in which God has placed man for his probation.

These works of fiction become popular by being recommended and patronized by ministers of the Gospel, advertised and puffed by religious editors. These sensation books and periodicals may not contain anything vulgar, coarse or gross. Better if they did. Evil that comes in the form of grossness or vulgarity, is not so dangerous as that which comes veiled in gracefulness and exquisite sentiment. Subjects which are better not touched upon at all, are discussed, examined, and exhibited in all the most seductive forms of imagery. Parents would be shocked to see a son in a fit of intoxication ; and yet, we solemnly aver, it would be better to see a son reel through the streets, in a fit of drunkenness, than to see the delicacy of a lovely

daughter's mind injured, and her imagination inflamed with false fire ! Twenty-four hours will terminate the evil in the one case, but twenty-four years will not exhaust the effects of the other. You must seek the consequences at the end of very many years. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. iv. 23.

The first step in a downward course should be shunned as a deadly serpent ! None become abandoned at once : we cannot have too clear an idea of the *danger* of the "first steps" in any sinful career. Those whose business and profession it is to ruin men, well understand this danger. What kindly allurements and tender cords of enticement do they use at first to decoy the unsuspecting and unwary young men ! The most unsuspected traps and snares have at first been laid, until thousands of interesting youths of both sexes have been led on, hardly aware at first that they were in the ruinous course, until they have fallen, drawing others along with them into the lowest vortexes of infamy. And so it is always bidding us beware of the *first steps* in sin. So Bunyan's path over the stile, or that leading into by-meadows, lay apparently almost straight along the Pilgrim's true road.

"The course of evil

Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stop the breach with clay ;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy,
Aye, and religion too, shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong current !"

Nor should those parents and others, whose business and profession it is to educate mind, and train undying spirits for virtue and heaven, be less conscious of the influence of "first steps," whether in vice or virtue. Guard these with unsleeping vigilance. Among the pernicious activities of our time, is the prolific production of novels and romances. These are of every grade of mischief in their competition, but they have, to a large extent, a property in common, namely, the *policy of artful disguise*. The debasing tendency is not only veiled, but many times greatly enhanced by the arts of rhetoric, and an elaborate and polished diction.

Parents and teachers seem not to know, that the thirst for novel-reading is cultivated by novel-reading; or they seem not to know that reading fiction, with a little sprinkling of religion, prepares children to love to read fiction, though it may have a sprinkling of irreligion.

There is that in the character of fictitious writings, properly called novels, whether the subject be secular or religious, which forms a taste different from historical, didactic, or any of the other classes of writing, and this taste is as readily formed by holding the child upon religious novels in his younger years, as if he were supplied with secular novels.

By our religious machinery the child is piously trained to seek his gratifications of mind amid elements of grossest corruption. If the enemy of all good should set himself to devise a scheme to take children out of

religious families, and from them to rear a supply of victims of this form of ruin, he could, with all his cunning, hardly contrive a better way to avoid giving alarm and to secure the result. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell." Prov. ix. 17, 18.

In the Sabbath school library, and in the books purchased for children, we furnish them with the means of cultivating a taste for novel-reading, and so prepare them greedily to devour whatever fictitious trash may fall in their way, and then waste our breath in deploring their exposure to a corrupt literature.

Our Sabbath-school libraries, and our families, and our book stores, are full of these introductions to the "Mysteries of Paris."

"How great their charge who feed the mind,
And, with a high and Heaven-taught spirit, strive
To neutralize the poison that corrodes
Its health, and with an appetite for truth
Replace the gilded titles that impair
Its nerve and firmness."



Little Mary at her Morning Devotions.

“ Let your first thoughts by morning light
Ascend to God on high ;
And in the evening raise your thoughts
Above the starry sky.”

LITTLE MARY pray? Go to the Lord for guidance, wisdom and grace? Supplicate a throne of mercy in faith, in the name of Jesus, for herself and for others?

Assuredly, morning, noon and at even tide ; sooner would she dispense with her regular meals—breakfast, dinner and supper. See her at it at early dawn, ere the sun streaks the east.

“ Wake while yet the sparkling dewdrops
Gem each flower’s tiny bell ;
Kneel with calm and thankful spirit—
Kneel and breathe thy morning prayer.”

Are not little folks just as needy, just as dependent as the big folks are? Do not *they* need help from above, the smiles of heavenly grace, strength to do this, and to do that, equally with persons in advanced life? And is not God just as ready to bow the listening ear to the littlest of the little as he is to the biggest of the big, if so be they come with penitent hearts, humbly confessing their sins, meanwhile looking to the Lamb slain, the blood of sprinkling, the Lord Jesus; the only name under heaven given among men "whereby we must be saved?" Acts iv. 12. The Lord turn away little Christians because they *are* little? When? Where? Write it not—speak it not! Heaven and earth pass away sooner! Children, dear—

"He loves to hear your infant prayers;
He bids you seek his face:
Go, like the children of His love,
And ask His promised grace."

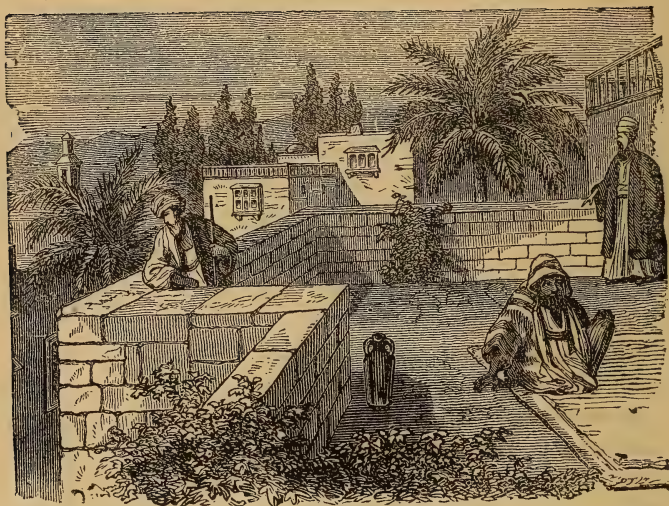
To be sure there are some children who tell us they pray, or rather *say* prayers, who are crooked in their paths, stiff-necked, rebellious, do despite to the Word of Grace. We frequently put the question to some little boys and girls: "Do you pray to the Lord?" "To *be sure* we do." "How," we inquire again, "in what way?" "Now I lay me down to sleep;" "Our Father, who art in Heaven," etc. All this may be and no Christ in it; no repentance, faith, hope, soul-kindling; no hungerings or thirstings after righteousness; no disposition to obey God—walk in newness of life. These very children, who tell us they pray so

and so, make no scruple whatever in saying wrong things and in doing wrong things. They are proud, impatient, fretful, self-willed, disobedient to their parents, play truant, run about in the street school, tell lies, call harsh names. Are not the prayers of such little folks parrot-like, lip-service merely? This awful, dilapidated state of things reminds us of the wicked, hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees, of whom Christ said: "This people draweth nigh to me with their mouths, and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." Matth. xv. 8. The Psalmist said: "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Then he says: "I will wash my hands in innocency, so will I compass thine altar, O Lord." We see clearly, now, what little folks must do, and what big folks, likewise, must do, to obtain a hearing, find free and sweet access to the mercy-seat, viz., putting away all sin through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the things I say,
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart his favor seek.

"In prayer we speak to God above ;
We seek the blessed Saviour's love ;
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to make us pure within.

"My infant lips were early taught
To say, 'Our Father,' as I ought ;
And every morn and every night,
To use my daily prayer is right."



THE HOUSE-TOP: OR, THE ANCIENT MODE OF HOUSE-BUILDING.

THE roof is flat, often covered over with solid earth, or a kind of plaster made of coals, ashes, stones, and other substances pounded together. On these roofs a little grass grows and shrubbery; but these soon wither under the heat of the sun. *Psalm cxxix, 6-8.*

The roofs of these houses have always been much used as places of pleasant retirement, where any one, little folks or great folks, can, if they choose, retire to read, meditate, and pray—pour out their souls in prayer to God for themselves and for others. On the tops of these houses it is common to walk in the evening, enjoy its cool breezes, and there, in summer, persons often sleep under the broad arch of heaven. On such a roof, Rahab concealed the spies with stalks of flax. *Josh. ii. 6.* Samuel talked with Saul.

1 *Sam.* ix. 25. David walked at eventide. 2 *Sam.* xi. 2. And Peter employed himself in meditation and prayer. *Acts*, x. 9.

No matter where we pray, in the closet, on the house-tops, in the forest, under the shady oak or sycamore-tree, by the sea-side, or on the high mountain, if so be we pray, and pray earnestly in faith, lifting up holy hands, watching thereto with all perseverance.

A closet for prayer we must have, and pray we must in the spirit. The moment we cease to pray and watch we are gone! gone! lost! *lost!*

Peter, on a certain occasion, went up on the house-top to pray; and what a blessed time he had!

Sisters, mothers, sons and daughters, old and young, flee to the closet—have your regular *stated* seasons, adhere to them strictly, undeviatingly. Let no earthly care deprive you of these. Closet prayer is especially enjoined by Christ. “When thou prayest enter into thy closet,” etc. See *Matt.* vi. 5. Our Saviour himself retired frequently to the mountain-top, spent whole nights in secret devotion. The most devoted men and women on earth, in all ages, the most active, useful, consistently holy ones, have made the closet a *special* resort, the stronghold of faith.

The Saviour uses the word closet to mean any place where, with no embarrassment either from the fear or pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer to God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring or canopy. Christ’s closet was a mountain; Isaac’s, a field; Peter’s, the house-top.

“ ’Tis prayer supports the soul that seeks,
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak—
But pray in faith in Jesus’ name.”



MOSQUE OF DAVID.

MOSQUE OF DAVID, so called ; but now a Mohammedan place of worship.

In viewing this structure we are reminded of the sweet singer of Israel, who poured out his soul to God in strains angelic ! So full of holy fire was David, he often rose at midnight to give thanks, meditate on God's word, sing hallelujahs—glory, glory ! He would say, “ Oh, how love I thy law ; it is my meditation all the day.”

Here lies the secret of all prayer, the gift of prayer, the spirit of prayer, the prayer of faith, energizing, soul-kindling, soul-saving prayer, that mounts to the third heavens as on eag 's wings ! Why was David so remarkably gifted in prayer ? David's prayers were dictated by the Holy Spirit.

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 20.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

"Far off, the road which leads to death
Looks beautiful and fair;
Lord, seek Thy servants if they stray,
Nor let us perish there."

BELOVED, it's the religious novel, the mixed publications, containing the bitter and the sweet, the honey, the wormwood and the gall—partly good and partly evil, partly Christ and partly Belial, that work mischief, "defile the whole body, and set on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell." James iii. 6. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." James iii. 11, 12.

These popular works of fiction, sprinkled here, sprinkled there, with fine moral sentiments, things lovely and of good report, in a style facinating and beautiful, and with imagery the most seductive, are the snakes in the grass, the serpents that bite, the adders that sting, sugar-coated poisons, the sparkling decanters, the mixed wines, the golden goblets—wine that is red "when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Prov. xxiii. 31, 32.

The great danger lies in the concealment. The ser-

pents are coiled unseen, 'till the poisonous, forked tongue darts forth—or if seen, in comely form, in the garb of pleasure, with fair face and flattering lips.

“ And underneath her eyelids sat a kind
Of witching sorcery ; that nearer drew,
Whoever with unguarded look, beheld ;
And seeming free of all disguise ; her song
Enchanting ; and her words which sweetly dropped,
As honey from the comb, most large of promise
Still prophecying days of new delight
And rapturous nights, of undecaying joy,
And in her hand, where'er she went, she held
A radiant cup, that seemed of nectar full,
And by her side danc'd fair delusive hope.
The fool pursued, enamored, * * ”

What caps the climax of high-handed, God-defying iniquity is these satanic transformations—these cockatrices eggs, which, if a man eat thereof, he dieth, these inlets or initiatory steps to the vilest French novels, the most corrupting, wanton and lascivious readings, are set in motion, pushed into public favor, into families, Sunday-schools and circulating libraries by the religious press, by men and women called disciples of the Lord Jesus! Was Christ ever wounded more deeply in the house of his friends? Could Diabolous himself desire agents more efficient—more to his liking? This helping satan to do his dirty work has been going on in the editorial department and in the pulpit from time immemorial, and will go on. “ For this mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that wicked be revealed, whom

the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." 2d Thess. ii. 7, 8. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love *to have it* so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?" Jer v. 30-31.

"I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings." Jer. xxiii. 21-22.

"How far may we go in sin—
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?"

"An answer from the skies is sent :
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart."



Little Mary and her Mother.

“ Art thou a mother? Then to thee are given
Gems weighing more than all the stars of even ;
Guard thou the treasure with a sleepless eye,
The Master watches from his throne on high,
Fear thou no suffering, count no toil a cross,
To lose thy jewels is eternal loss.”

But what is this dear mother doing, talking about, reading about? Something good, beautiful, heavenly, glorious! Pertaining to the kingdom above—hope eternal, life everlasting! How Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth, came all the way from the excellent glory to suffer—die on the cross, ascend up far above

all heavens! And for what? to save whom—sinners? Yes; little sinners and big sinners, even the blood-guilty, scarlet-colored!

Is this the purport of the mother of this same little Mary on the present occasion, the burden of her inmost soul? Who questions it for a moment?

You perceive, likewise, that this precious little one is not indifferent or listless when heavenly wisdom is imparted; every ear is open, every eye attentive. Every syllable, every lisp from her mother is listened to with deep, heartfelt, marked, careful, prayerful attention. This fact speaks volumes in favor of this pious mother's heavenly inculcations from the earliest dawns of moral and intellectual accountability. Doubtless she began, as Hannah with her little Samuel in olden time, the dedication process, ere this child saw the light of opening day—while in embryo formation, while being “curiously wrought in the lower parts of the earth.” Psalm cxxxix. 15. And this dedication and *entire* consecration of soul and body has been going on day in and day out till the present, perseveringly—imploring, meanwhile, heaven's choicest smiling benediction to accompany every means of grace. Is not this God's order set forth beautifully and glowingly, from Genesis to Revelations? This is *precisely* what we mean by educating little Mary for the heavenly—what God means when he says, in Ephesians vi. 4, “Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Bring up what—whom? Little ones? Certainly; the littlest of the little. Why

not? What hinders? Who dares? Some quite intelligent and pious mothers tell us they can't talk to their children on the subject of religion. They can talk fluently and persuasively on every other topic, common-place—things of the “earth—earthly.” But when it comes to soul work, life work, salvation work—things momentous as eternity, high as heaven, deep as hell, lips are closed, silence profound reigns, all is hush as the grave.

What meaneth this? what does it indicate? “A name to live while dead?” Awful! heart-rendingly! What must angels think and say? God himself? Bleeding Mercy?

Mothers, is it so with you? can it be? Fathers, how with you? What! rise up, lie down, go out, come in, sit around the fire-side, the table spread with heaven's bounties, day in day out, week in week out, month in month out, read novels, chit-chat, gabble nonsense and laugh at nonsense, eat, drink, make merry, and the dear ones God has given you to train for heaven and heaven's glories are sleeping the sleep of *death* in your midst, on the road to perdition endless as fast as time can carry them. Nothing, indeed, but the brittle thread of a moment keeps them out of hell!—the burning flames of the pit bottomless!

Surely, devils themselves, doomed already, wonder with deep amazement, stand aghast at this unaccountable, awful stupidity, this unheard of spiritual blindness! Wake! wake! ye sleepers; wake up ere heaven's *thunderbolts*, the flashings of Sinai, judgments

terrible, stare you full in the face, causing every ear to tingle ! *

Beloved reader, in glancing these pages, think not we mean *you*, unless the coat fits. Of *you* we hope better things by far—things that make for peace—though we thus speak :

“ Watch o’er thy child,
Keep back no goodly thing.”

And to *you*, mothers, especially, we say :

“ The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul : and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a *Christian man*.
Then, crown her Queen o’er the world.”

* If your house was on fire, and your little ones on the eve of perishing in the flames, what the out-cry ?—“ Fire ! fire ! fire ! ”

How think you ? Were the godly mothers of Moses, little Samuel, John the Baptist and of Timothy, silent on the question of Salvation, even when their little ones were tottering in baby-garments, ere the dear appellation of “ pa ” and “ ma ” were uttered ?

THE WORTH OF SOULS.

“ Who hath measured ? who hath weighed them ?
Or their priceless value told !
Far above Golconda’s treasures,
Or the choicest mines of gold.”



THE MOTHER'S FIRST BORN.

"Lids like snow-flakes, dropped above ;
Eyes like summer blossom ;
Lips a rosebud, made for love ;
Dimpled cheek and bosom."

MOTHER, what will you do with this sweet little God-send? Take it to Jesus now? "Too little," say you? No, it aint; now's the time—the precious, all-important. The very moment a child opens its eyes, beholds the spangled heavens, hears nature's voice, its character is forming for time, for eternity: every thought, look, word, smile, or frown goes to fill up. Is the atmosphere pure and holy, it inhales it; is it corrupt, morally contaminated, it breathes it, drinks it in. Every *inch* of time at this early period is invaluable. The habits are forming for realms of light and glory, or woe interminable, infinite. A child's time is more precious than gold; every moment should be made to count—it will count, avoid it you can not. As soon stay the revolving moon or hush the roaring bellowing tide. Educate your child, or Satan will.

One Word to Little Mary in Passing, about the Good Shepherd
of the Sheep and of the Lambs.

“ Jesus loves a little child ;
He was lowly, meek, and mild.”

How sweet it is, dear Mary, to be a little one, whom Jesus loves ; and how happy you would be to know his love and prize it ! Your heart would leap for joy, and your lips would open wide in his praise. How happy a thing it would be if every little one were a lamb of the great and good Shepherd ! And why should it not be so ? Each one is invited to come to Jesus. If you would be happy, come to this great and loving Shepherd, who carries the lambs in his arms. Seek now your Saviour in the days of your childhood you will then be happy for life and prepared for death. This would not be the mere delight of the moment as your pleasures now are ; it would be eternal happiness, eternal joy.

Will you not come to the good Shepherd ? He loves the lambs as well as the sheep of his flock. He is the door as well as the Shepherd. Hear what he says : “ I am the door of the sheep ; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture.” Blessed Jesus, draw the little ones to thyself !

Dear little niece, can you not say with the poet :

“ Jesus from heaven came down to die
For little children young as I ;
So great his love, his life he gave,
Our guilty souls from hell to save.

“ Oh, may I love and praise his name,
Who once for me a child became :
Help me, O Lord, thy will to do ;
My sins forgive, my heart renew.”

“ He will feed his flock like a shepherd ; he will gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom.”

It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish. The good shepherd watches over his flock by day and by night, and if a single lamb wanders from the fold into by-paths or quagmires, he is off, *off instantly*, in search of the lost one. Nor does he rest till it is safely in the fold—the bosom of love.

“ *Feed my lambs.*”

How great the love of the good Shepherd for the sheep ! Not only a life of toil, but a cruel death bears witness to his love. When about to ascend, to a chosen apostle he addressed the question, “ Lovest thou me ? ” Then to an affirmative answer responds, “ Feed my sheep ; ” thus showing that the work of the preacher was a work of love, and that the great and controlling motive-power in this work, was love to the Master. It was this that prompted the early disciples to endure great hardships and privations, and enabled them to rejoice that they were suffering for Christ’s sake.

“ *Feed my lambs, feed my sheep.*”

“ The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
They follow’d me o’er vale and hill,
O’er deserts waste and wild.”



HAPPY? THE LITTLEST AND THE BIGGEST?

Who doubts it? Look at them, little readers, is there a single jar of discord here, the least frown of discontent exhibited on the face of one of these children? Does not each one wear a glowing smile of cheerfulness? What makes them happy—the love of Jesus in the soul, ruling and reigning?

“ Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust ;
Oh, break it not ; lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.”

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 21.

“ He who sins, like him who slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice ;
Though conscience check him, yet, these rubs gone o’er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.”

AN INCIDENT—A SERPENT COILED !

HERE is a beautiful volume, issued by the “ American Tract Society,” highly eulogized by the “ Family Guardian,” and by how many other religious periodicals we know not.

The author of this new publication is a father addressing his daughter on the subject of female deportment in society, her pursuits and prospects of life, the dangers to which young women are exposed, the gay party, the ball-room, theatre, reading, &c. The author denounces with great severity a certain class of novels that are read merely “ to kill time.” “ But fiction,” he says, “ is admissible in a young woman’s course of reading, for some of the finest moral sentiments may be inculcated under this garb ! ”

Here is a serpent coiled in the centre of this beautiful book, sent forth by Christian publishers and teachers. What for—to save life or to destroy it ?

Where will this young lady, inexperienced as she must be of Satan’s devices, direct her steps for fiction so highly commended by a father and the teachers in Israel ? There is no loss for fiction, go where you will. The very atmosphere we inhale is permeated with false-

hood and false fire, more fatal than the simoon of Arabia or the deadly Upas!

These fascinating popular weeklies and monthlies are flooding the land, darkening the heavens like the flies, frogs, lice and locusts of Egypt, but far more dangerous. They "go up and come into thine house, and into thy bed-chamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thy kneading-troughs."

There are book stores, not a few, in every city, *crammed* with fiction from top to bottom, and with nothing but fiction. And where will you find a religious or theological book establishment that has not more or less in it of fiction, that ought to be bonfired—committed to the flames? Into what Sunday-school book store or Sunday-school library are not found fiction, heaps on heaps, that should be consigned to the pit bottomless, where it originated!

Here is a publishing house bearing the insignia of "Holiness to the Lord," advertising and proclaiming to the world "The doctrine of the higher Christian walks," "Perfect love," "Entire sanctification." What for—the public weal? Here is fiction enough in this one house to poison soul and body of the whole community—little folks and big folks! Awful! What, now, in this instance—a bonfire? The Lord speed it, though the price of these literary serpents cost more than "fifty thousand pieces of silver." Acts xix. 19. Would not angels rejoice over this burning?

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the

faithful fail from among the children of men." "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Psalm xi. 3. "By whom shall Jacob arise?" "Who will rise up for me against the evil doers? or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?"

Then our mail-bags are loaded with fiction, groaning, being burdened! From day to day cart loads upon cart loads are sent forth from our General Post-office, day in and day out, of cursed fiction, to curse the rising age—the whole world! Moreover, cast your eyes on the numerous book and paper stands on nearly every street in our large cities—what do you see? any thing but fiction, of every grade, from the highest to the lowest, from the religious, the sentimental, down to the sensual, the devilish, the soul-polluting!

H. C. Dana, Esq., in a recent lecture, utters forth fully and nobly the warning voice. "It is a sad sight," says he, "to examine the display of sin, crime and moral corruption that is made in every news depot throughout the land. They are all crowded with the most immoral and even obscene pictures. There is not a crime or sin that is not cleverly represented there in picture, and fully described in print. Not a man, woman or child can pass along our streets without seeing them. And thus children are made familiar with sin and crime before they even know what they mean. Men of all classes buy them to take home, thoughtlessly carrying the serpent of ruin into the family. There is nothing so deadly to morality as immoral pic-

tures, and we are surrounded by them. Young ladies stand and gaze into news depots' windows at those pictures without even a blush. It is so fearfully common that we have ceased to think of it. Our sense of modesty is dead. We are blind, and unless we get our eyes open soon we shall become sadly dead to shame. We have educated ourselves down to the notion that licentiousness is not much of an evil after all, if not exposed. The man who is known to be vile in all his life is admitted to the best circles of society if he have plenty of money or political position? The cry is, they are all about alike; but that is false in regard to both sexes. But we have educated ourselves down until we have lost much faith in everything good. Marriage has been stripped of its sanctity, and above it has been raised the horrible temple of divorce. This great evil, this moral vampire, has sucked the life-blood of marriage, and left it under dark clouds, and it is fast sinking in its death-throes. Men and women unite under its most sacred bonds with the thoughtlessness of trade. Divorce will cure all mistakes, they say, and so rush blindly along towards sin, crime and ruin. Those are some of the causes, and the Christian world has a mighty responsibility resting upon it, that it sees that those causes are corrected and removed. Let no one hesitate because this is unpleasant work; we are not to ask whether God's work is pleasant or unpleasant, we are to do our duty, and leave all consequences with Him."



The Beautiful Emily.

“ On that cheek and o’er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent ;
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.’

WHAT is the beautiful and pious Emily reading? A novel? Not yet; her taste is not formed for the light and vicious; Dickens, Beecher, Harper, Godey, Peterson, Arthur Leslie, “Our Young Folks,” “The Little Corporal,”* and other sickly, sentimentals, have not

* Parents, do you wish your little ones to be simpletons, weak, puerile, foolish, vain, selfish, self-righteous, proud, hypocritical, time-serving Scribes and Pharisees—mere gigglers, fond of fun and frolic—vulgar merriment, on the road to perdition? Well, then, place in their hands this catch-penny “lullaby-baby, on the tree-top,” simpering and silly publication, called “The Little Corporal,” puffed to the skies by nearly every religious paper in the land, not excepting the “Guardian” and “Guide to Holiness!” Awful! Readers, beloved, what are we coming to? But more of this by-and-by.

fallen under her notice. (God grant they never may.) Sooner than these, instructions or stepping-stones to the most vile and impure, we would place in the hands of a dear, virtuous youth, the writings of Tom Payne, Hume, Voltaire, "The Mysteries of Paris," a vile licentious Bulwer. Wherefore? These latter authors are the roaring lion devils, from which a son or a daughter, yet uncontaminated by vicious reading and vicious associations, would flee as from an alacanda! —a deadly serpent, with forked tongue and eyes of fire! While the former are sugared pills, satan's transformations, serpents concealed!

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But, to return to the "Incident," page 32. This neat volume, issued by the American Tract Society, commended highly by the "Female Guardian," and other religious periodicals. The father of this sweet girl, the author of the book, tells his child she may read fiction, but leaves her in the dark. He says nothing of *what* fiction. Will he choose for her? Will the publishers at the American Tract Society office? the editress of the "Family Guardian?" Or is she permitted to choose for herself?

"Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." Titus i. 15.

‘ Dreadful is their state of blindness,
Pestilential is their breath—
Let us march to give them freedom,
The pure light of day to see—
Not with any carnal weapons ;
’Tis the TRUTH shall set them free ! ”

Life is too short, too precious, its interests are too important, its claims are too pressing to allow those who are entering its arena to lose themselves in ideal labyrinths, or to chase imaginary air bubbles with impunity. There is too much truth to be known, too many all-important and intensely-interesting facts waiting to be learned, too many departments of knowledge beckoning the young mind to enter and possess their contents, for him to spend time in following the fortunes of Spoony Spriggs, a runaway jack-a-napes, or in finding out who married Julia Jellyflower, the red-haired flirt ; and truths of the most important character, of life, science, art, geography, history, ethics, and religion, can be set forth in a style that will interest while it instructs, and will be even more fascinating to young minds than the sensational stories and sugar-coated nonsense now placed in their hands.

Children should be encouraged to read works written for their seniors. Youths of ten or twelve years old would get far more help and intellectual health and vigor from reading histories, biographies, books of travel, art, and even of sciences, than almost any juvenile works. But the Bible first, midst, last, always.

“ The Bible—book of wondrous love,
Borne from God’s eternal throne
In mercy’s arms to fallen man,
To tell the mission of the Son.”

Parents, dear, is it not time to bestir ourselves? Will you allow us to say kindly, lovingly, that you cannot keep your homes too pure? If the young heart is not educated to love purity, it will love sin and follow after it; and if you crowd your libraries with fiction, and pervert your own lives by its perusal, how can you expect to lead your children heavenward?

The young gain more education from novels to-day than from the sciences. They pore over the unchaste pages, and shed fountains of tears over some luckless heroine that never lived, and whose counterpart never will live; but they have no sympathy for the sorrows of a beggared widow or orphan, and their hearts are unmoved at the sight of actual human suffering.

Can it be that those to whom God has given ten talents, will waste them all in wrecking humanity? Shall they be willing, for dollars and cents, to send young souls, reeling beneath a burden of shame, into penitentiaries, dance-houses, and groggeries? Will it pay at the bar of God?

When we look for a moment at the mass of fictitious reading that is flung out broadcast over the world, can we wonder that the young so early wander away in the paths of vice, or that the vile dens in our cities, that are seething in impurity, are peopled with wrecked manhood and fallen womanhood? We look in aston-

ishment at the evidences of blighted intellects, lost virtue, and ruined lives: and yet how many of these learned their first lesson in vice at home or at school, over the pages of fiction.

"And whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. vi. 7.

" We are sowing, we are sowing,
In eternity to reap ;
Day by day are harvests growing
For us, after death's long sleep."

Once induce the people to take the Bible; the old, the young, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, make it the man of their council, their guide, their lamp, their light, their exceeding great reward; embrace it, clasp it to their bosoms as their chief delight—the world is saved—"blossoms as the rose."

This is the secret of all secrets, the only hope of a world's salvation. Departing from this blessed book has been the downfall, the ruin, in all ages.

" The Bible—grand and heavenly chart,
On which is traced the narrow road,
Which leads the pilgrim traveler,
Up to the realms of bliss—to God."

It is the Bible we inculcate; it is the Bible we are laboring to place on the throne of every heart. It's the Bible for the parents, it's the Bible for the children, it's the Bible for the sinners, it's the Bible for the saints.

It is the Bible, the blessed Bible; now, henceforth, and forever.



IMPARTING INSTRUCTION FROM THE BIBLE.

“Oh! how glorious and precious,
And ‘exceeding great’ indeed!
Truly did their bounteous giver
Know and feel our utmost need.”

THAT’S right, parent, you are taking a wise course, laying a sure foundation. Train your sons and your daughters on the Bible, impart light and life

from the sacred Scriptures ; begin early—follow it up day by day, as God directs in Deut. vi. 6–10, and they will be “olive plants around your table”—trees planted by rivers of water, that bring forth fruit in their season.

Young friends, how thankful you should be that God, in infinite mercy, hath blessed you with a kind, pious father, who says to you, as Solomon said to his son : “My son, forget not my law, but let thine heart keep my commandments ; for length of days and long life and peace shall they add to thee.” Prov. ii. 1–3. Praise God for the Bible—do you ? and God who gave it ? It is above all price.

“Legacy supremely richer
Than the richest kings bestow,
Honored is indeed the being
Who doth e’er their fulness know.”

And why, think you, we thus dwell upon it, turn it over and over, view it on every side, repeat and re-repeat, beseech you, in the name of the Lord, to take it as the man of your counsel, your all in all, your hope, your joy, your life ? Do you not know, dear youth, why we thus give line upon line, precept on precept—exhaust all the powers of our being, to gain your thoughts to this blessed volume ? It is because the subject is one of infinite moment—your present and eternal welfare depends on the manner you treat this choice gift of heaven.

Happy or safe, without the Bible in your heart, in your life ? Happy without God ? If you love



THE BIBLE FAMILY; OR, A FAMILY OF THE BIBLE.

HERE they are, Bible in hand and Bible in the heart, little folks and great folks.

It is Bible, Bible, Bible—Bible in the morning, Bible at noon, and Bible at even-tide.

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 22.

“Be thou gentle, be thou kind,
To snatch each noxious weed that springs
To choke the tiny Infant things.”

“I WANT a paper that has long stories in it,” said a young lady; and she added, “I don’t want a paper for anything else.” Poor girl! much to be pitied—and a pitiful appearance she will make through life—and what in death? She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her times, nothing intellectual, soul-saving; nothing but newspaper novels! Empty heads they must be, that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousand its sheets of shallow, insipid, and disgusting fiction: and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, Christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destitution of all taste and fitness for life’s duties. Doubtless the periodical press does more than any other one instrumentality to decide the opinions, habits of thought, and general character of the age. A family will very soon begin to show a sympathy with its weekly or monthly paper, and parent and child will soon begin assimilating to it in sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the

community at large. Blind and stupid therefore—yea, worse—are those parents who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are good for nothing, then bad—made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be “at the foot” in the town school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation.

We frequently put the question to these book and paper dealers by the way side, “Why do you not keep for sale something good and useful, that will edify, administer grace to the readers and hearers?” The reply is almost invariably, “We can’t sell good books and papers, truly evangelical; even church members select a novel, a romance, or a love-story in preference.” The plea, furthermore, for scattering this vile trash, is that of the rum and tobacco dealer—those who traffic in poisons—liquid death and distilled damnation! “We must live—have our bread and butter, kill or no kill; and if we do not sell these things (that is, kill folks—poison them to death) some body else will.” So it goes; satan rules—licentious infidelity stalks in open day!

Thus:

“Crimes in every shape increase,
Judgments stalk throughout the land;
Signs are borne on every breeze,
That destruction is at hand.”

“But while we note the growing demoralization of the stage, and the increased allurements to evil which it presents, it nevertheless has this in its favor—that it obtrudes its disgusting representations upon none.

Shut up within the walls of a theatre, licentiousness can be suggested to those only who voluntarily subject themselves to its exhibitions. Another evil, however, has obtruded itself upon society, which admits not even of this poor palliation. The outbreak of indecency upon the stage has been followed by the invasion of literature, and the promoters of licentiousness have stepped beyond their hitherto limited sphere, and are using the press—especially the pictorial press—for the diffusion of impurity.”

This new enemy does not wait to be sought out; it refuses to be avoided. It meets us on the street-cars, in the boats, is before us and stares at the passer-by from every news-stall, around which groups of young men and boys may hourly be seen, eagerly feasting their fancies on scenes of debauchery. We may keep our children from the theatre, and so train them that they shall never desire to frequent it; but there is now an educator presented within their reach which soon may undermine all the home lessons of purity, and, by easy steps, lead them to perdition.

The teachings of our schools and our churches must be to a great extent in vain while these wretched panders to depravity are undoing the work of the school and the church. One such periodical may do more evil than many pulpits can correct. If this raid of license remains unchecked, preaching, teaching, and warning will be alike in vain.

The demoralizing tendency of a large part of the issues of the press is positive and wide-spread. The

brains of authors and writers are taxed to their utmost to write and re-write tales of the most extravagant and startling description, to meet the popular taste. Cross-eyed and fevered visions are invoked, the hellish inspiration of the intoxicating beverage is called into play, to furnish sensation stories, and tragic tales of love, seduction, desertion, suicide, and death—murders, elopements, assignations, and crimes of damning hue—all written to order to “sell” the sheet, and to “sell” the purchaser.

The tale being written, immense placards decorate the walls of the city, illustrated with pictures of assassinations, or desperate leaps from mountain cliffs, or midnight plunges into the sea, while the pale moon looks down on the saddening spectacle. And the eye and heart of the young, as they pass along the street, are educated into familiarity with the base and sensual passions of the vicious, the abandoned, and the lost. The reading of these exciting and “thrilling” tales follows, and the serpent winds his snare around the heart, which loses not its hold until thousands are swept into the damning pool whence so few return to the atmosphere of purity or of hope.

But what is fiction or the fictitious? Falsehood! A lie, bare-faced! What else? Take Webster’s definition, if you please. No matter whether it is a black lie or a white lie. There are lies of wantonness, cruelty, lies of first, second, and third-rate malignity. “The false pen of the Scribes worketh for falsehood.” Jer. viii. 8.

“He that worketh deceit shall not dwell in my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.” Psalm ci. 7. “Wherefore, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.” Eph. iv: 25. Who first originated falsehood or fiction? And what the cost to our first parents for believing a lie from the father of lies? What said our blessed Lord to the lying, hypocritical, time-serving Scribes and Pharisees? “Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do; he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.” John viii. 44.

Then the doom of those who continue to tell lies—what is it? What saith the Lord? “All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—this is the second death.”

And is there not truth enough in all the world, aside from holy revelation, on which to nourish our little ones, mentally and spiritually, without feeding them on lies, the food of satan? Then, in addition thereto, the fountain of all light, glowingly beautiful, majestic, glorious, is spread before us, shining evermore, brighter than the noon-day sun—food on which angels feed. Praise the Lord for truth more precious than rubies: evermore give us this bread. Upon our tables, there it lies—the golden Bible true.

“Happy the soul that reads the page
That guides our youth and cheers our age;
Yea, blessed evermore is he,
O Lord, who learns to come to thee.”

Let once the spirit of this blessed Book of books take full possession of the hearts of our children, and these lies of satan find no lodgment. One great reason why we have so many liars, deceivers, and false accusers in the world is, children acquire the habit of telling lies from the example of those around them. Some people tell lies to children with a view of enjoying a laugh at their credulity. This is to make a mock at sin, and they are fools who do it. The tendency in a child to believe whatever it is told, is of God for good. It is lovely. It seems a shadow of primeval innocence glancing by. Touch it only with truth. Be not the first to quench that lovely truthfulness by falsehoods.

Lying is the first step or next door to thieving. No one becomes a thief at once. The beginning is small, but unless checked the work goes surely on till great crimes are committed.

“ A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more ;
’Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.

“ Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done,
Have grown from little things.”

Satan was the first author of novels, and his followers have been quite successful in carrying out the principles of his school. It was he who first addressed the imagination and passions of Eve in the garden of Paradise; and was it not a deceptive and unfounded tale, that “brought death into our world, and all our woe.”



THE LITTLE THIEF CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

“THEFT will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.”

An Illustration.

“What if cowards fear and tremble,
Or dishonest men dissemble;
If *you* know your duty, *do it*,—
Choose the right and then pursue it.”

INSTANCE, by way of illustration, the author of “Norwood,” who ran eagerly after the error of Balaam for reward; the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness, and was rebuked for his iniquity; the dumb ass, speaking with man’s voice, forbade the madness of the prophet. Pet. ii. 15–16. After the author of this novel, entitled “Norwood,” having received the wages of unrighteousness or “sop,” what and who entered into him? See John xxiii. 26–27; also, Luke xxii. 3.

Satan’s ways are moveable; lest thou ponder the path of life, thou canst not know them. “Can one go on hot coals and his feet not be burned?” Prov. vi. 28.

After having received a bribe—a large sum of money, or the “sop,” this popular divine allows this novel of his to be published, in a weekly, devoted chiefly to novels that pamper the already corrupted tastes of both the old and the young! Then, with his clerical robes still wrapped around him, he allows it to be dramatized and acted in the principal theatres of the country, thus lending his great influence to aid the work of soul destruction, while he still claims to be a

minister of the Lord Jesus Christ ! And then, to cap the climax of this absurdity and wickedness, the book is advertised for pay, and offered as a premium for subscribers, by some of the principal religious papers of the country !

What a curse to the rising age ! What numbers have formed a vitiated taste from this one work of fiction ! The rush to scenes of worldly pleasure, billiard saloons, the ball-room, the theatre and opera-house, from that time to this, has increased four-fold ! The steps of very many of these, will, doubtless, go down to death !—"take hold on hell !" Truly, "one sinner destroyeth much good."

What said Peter to Simon the sorcerer ? "Thy money perish with thee."

Are not the sins of this man going before him to judgment ? For how much did Judas betray his Master, and afterwards committed suicide ?

"When a weak Judas, tortured by the rack
Of conscience, till his life was made a hell,
Rushed madly to the temple and flung back
The bribe which tempted him his Lord to sell."

If satan can find a Judas among the true disciples of Jesus, a Simon Magus, a Hymeneus, an Alexander the coppersmith, a damsel possessing the spirit of divination, or some wolf in sheep's clothing, he is sure to make a tool of him or of her.

A man's religious connections should be a part of himself—not like a harness, which you can take off from the horse, and lay aside for a while, and then put

on again when you wish to ; but like a man's lungs, which you can't take out of the man but he dies.

There is nothing which hurts the moral tone of the mind more than doing things which go against our conscience, even in immaterial matters.

Whenever we see a professed Christian taking pleasure in sin, we cannot help fearing he may be a deceived soul ; because the Scriptures expressly teach us, "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature."

"But," says one, "my conscience don't accuse me." Very likely, friend ; a conscience burnt out by serving the devil, sinning against light and knowledge, resisting the Holy Spirit, year in and year out is not likely to operate very powerfully on such a calloused soul, or on one given up to hardness of heart or judicial blindness. On such an one the most solemn and awful truths leave no awakening or salutary impression.

A conscience defiled by ill-gotten gains, the love of filthy lucre, light, frothy readings, is a very unsafe guide, and is well nigh unto burning !

"Trifle not ; for from the fulness
Of the heart the mouth doth speak,
And from clear and rock-bound fountains
Never will foul waters break."



Ill-gotten Gains.

"He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them." Ps. xxxix. 6.
"The covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth." Ps. x. 3.

"Do not shut sweet mercy's doors
 When sorrow pleads or want implores."

SEE this picture, beloved ! It tells the whole story in a few words.

The love of money surely "is the root of all evil." What a temptation, what a snare of Satan ! How many fall into it ! Judas, in the outset, had not the faintest idea of betraying his Master for thirty pieces

of silver, nor even for \$30,000. But after the "sop"—what now? Satan? John xii. 26-27. Mark his avariciousness henceforth. When the sweet, lovely Mary, whose soul was alive, and absorbed in love to Jesus, poured the costly and precious ointment on his head as he sat at meat, what saith the money-loving Judas, the traitor? "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said, not that he cared for the poor: but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein. Then said Jesus, Let her alone, against the day of my burying hath she kept this. For the poor always ye have with you: but me ye have not always." John xii. 5, 6, 7, 8.

Take the rich fool in the Gospel, who resolved to pull down his barns and build greater, wherein he could bestow his fruits and goods, that he might take his "ease, eat, drink and be merry." "But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God." Luke xii. 20-21.

Instance the time-serving, popular-seeking, covetous Scribes and Pharisees, who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, who would neither go in themselves nor suffer them that were entering to go in; to whom the Saviour said: "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive greater damnation. Wo unto you, Scribes

and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves." Matt. xxiii. 14-15.

" What, preach and kidnap men !
Give thanks, and rob thine own afflicted poor—
Talk of Christ's glorious LIBERTY, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door ! "

Alas, who will not Satan dupe next ?

" Heed not the tempter's syren voice,
A deep with dangers rife ;
Mortal ! thou hast a better choice,
Life, life eternal life."

The good Bishop Simpson and the venerable Dr. Tyng, of noted celebrity and goodness, came within a hair's breadth of falling into this same trap of Satan, or of receiving the "sop." Their names, with some other distinguished divines, were heralded through the land as contributors to this novel-sheet—the "New York Ledger." But their eyes were opened to see the serpent coiled ! the cloven foot ! in due time.

What now ? Resist the devil—without receiving the "sop ?" To be sure they did, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

"O man of God, flee these things."

Who in his right mind does not see and know that this writing, publishing, puffing, selling, and reading these works of fiction, whether religious or otherwise, is diabolism from first to last, the entering wedge to rascality, every thing villainous—"earthly, sensual,

devilish?" And yet this same diabolism will go on increasingly till judgments come—and come they will. "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness." Rom. i. 18. "Who has not reviewed the past few years with fear—and who can look forward without forebodings? Can you look at this age, and see the great mass of mind moved, agitated, and troubled, without fearing that shortly the agonized cry of nations forsaken by God, will rend the heavens?—The foundation of society already shakes, and nothing but the rising up of generations, who, from their very cradles, shall have the fear of God planted in their hearts, can anchor this, or any other nation, so that there shall not be a shipwreck of hopes."

"Oh that our God would raise up men
Whose hearts, unmoved by popular sin,
Could bear reproach, and grief, and pain,
In serving God ;
Not pride nor wealth their heart could sway,
Not learned nor great should hedge their way,
They could not fear the face of day,
But fear their God."

We see clearly how a man's true character may be known by his writing as well as by his preaching. A man richly imbued with heavenly wisdom, and a soul on fire for the salvation of perishing souls, with the solemnities of eternity in view, will never stoop to the mean, low, devilish business of writing novels for "Ledgers" and theatres, though mountains of gold

were laid at his feet. He would say, as our blessed Lord said to the devil, on a similar occasion—"Get thee hence, Satan," &c.

"Gold banished honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind !
Gold sowed the world with every ill :
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill !

'Twas Gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's most pernicious arts :
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
Virtue resides on earth no more !"

WHAT DEVILS WILL NOT DO.

Talk about virtue, purity of thought and life, declaim against prostitution, illicit intercourse, meantime scatter the very dregs of moral pollution all through the land, entering-wedges to every species of vice, dissipation, and prostitution, causing Satan himself to blush !

A SAD MISTAKE, ONE OF THE SADDEST.

"When the false pastor from his fainting flock
Withholds the bread of life, the Gospel news,
To give them dainty words, lest he should shock
The fragile fabric of the paying pews,
Who must but feel the man, to grace unknown,
Has kissed—not Calvary—but the Blarney-stone."



BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

MOCKING FOLKS—FOLKS THAT MOCK.

THE feast of the impious Belshazzar, during which he saw the fingers of a man's hand writing upon the plaster of the wall, and his knees smote one against the other. *Dan. v. 1-6.*

Was this wicked, idolatrous Belshazzar the only mocker, think you, reader? We tell you, nay. The world is full of them. Ministers mock God on a thoughtless tongue; parents mock God; little children mock God.

Look at those children that mocked Elijah, saying, "Go up, thou baldhead." And what became of them? God sent "two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two of them." *2 Kings, ii. 23.*

Ministers mock God when they confer with flesh and

blood, keep back part of the price, bow to the popular ear. Parents mock God when they solicit prayers for their unconverted children, meanwhile permitting these ungodly sons and daughters of theirs to continue in the service of Satan, live as they "list." What is it but mockery, or playing the hypocrite, to solicit the prayers of God's people while clinging to any idol, any known sin, while we have no fixed purpose of coming out from the world, and "presenting our bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service?" Beware, friends, lest your "bands be made strong." David says, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, God will not hear me." Again he says, "I will wash my hands in innocency, so will I compass thine altar, O Lord, that I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wonderful works." *Psalms* xxvi. 6.

How many useless prayers! How much prayer, *called* prayer, that is not prayer!

"The lips may utter holy words,
And tremble with the *form* of prayer;
May charm the ear like singing birds,
And seem an angel's praise to share.

"And yet, unless a life of love,
Which fain would bless the world, be ours,
In vain we lift our hearts above,
Though worshipping in Eden bowers!

"Our life, our love, give soul to prayer,
Faith wings it to the mercy-seat,
Wins it divine acceptance there,
And pours heaven's treasures at our feet."



Little Mary at her Morning Walk.

"Mid fruits and flowers—the singing of birds."

BEAUTIFUL! What more?

The lark is up to meet the sun,
The bee is on the wing ;
The ant his labor has begun,
And groves with music ring.

The morning air adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigor to the whole frame. "The freshness of the lip is one of the surest signs of health." Would you be well, enjoy health, life, vigor of soul and body? have your heart dance joyfully like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook? Up with the lark! inhale the pure sweetness of early dawn!

“ Wake while yet the sparkling dew-drops
 Gem each flowret’s tiny bell—
 With the joyous woodland warblers,
 Loud their grateful chorus swell—
 Kneel with calm and thankful spirit,
 Kneel and breathe thy morning prayer.”

See, moreover, little “ Trip ” is keeping sweet Mary company ; taking the lead friskingly.

Rise early ! Up betimes ? Who questions it ? Sleep ? dozes away the precious golden season—the prime of day—when all nature is alive, and on the wing—the merry songsters,—the tuneful lark, the blue bird and robbin red breast. Wake, *wake* !—wake up, little sleepers—up and on your knees ere the sun streaks the east !

“ Wake ! for behold the rising light
 Of morning gilds the sky !
 Its glories call for thankful songs,
 For action, prompt and high.”

Prayer is called for—searching the Scriptures—the first thing. All the most eminently distinguished for elevated piety and usefulness have been early risers. The Lord Jesus, our great Exemplar, not only spent whole nights in prayer, but, also, “ in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.” See Mark i. 25, and no doubt that this was his frequent custom. Mark, too, those who first visited the tomb of our blessed Lord. Who were they ? what the hour of this visitation ? before the dawn, “ while it was yet dark.” Their souls were kindled, lighted up in a flame most holy.

Think of that other dear Mary—sweet as heaven could make her—the sprinkling of blood most precious! How early did she visit the sepulchre of her risen Saviour? Turn to Matthew xxiii., Luke xxiv. 1.

Wake up ! rise up and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree ;
Each flower has wept, and bows toward the east
Above an hour since, yet thou art not drest—
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin—
Nay, profanation—to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Rise soóner than the lark to fetch in May.

But stop ! what has little Mary in her hand ? beautiful flowers ! Who would wish to live without flowers ? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty if they were to perish forever ? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence, the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful ? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily ; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and a sweet voice is like a breeze kissing its way through the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with the fragrant bells when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in their narrow coffin, and they become symbols of our affection, pleasures remembered, and hopes faded, wishes flown, and scenes cherished, the more, that they can never return. Still we look to far-

off scenes, to spring in other valleys, to the eternal summer beyond the grave, where the flowers that have faded shall again bloom in starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude.

Our world might be made to bring forth nothing but briars and weeds, thorns and thistles; "but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless beneficence of Deity." Man, agreeably, to the promise, might have had "seed-time and harvest, day and night, summer and winter," and yet no flowers; for these were never promised, but the former were. They were lovely companions of our first parents in Paradise.

" God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
Like to the oak and cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all."

But they were created to gladden the heart of man, cheer his lonely hours, afford him lessons of wisdom and instruction, give him beautiful and convincing proofs of the great Creator, and afford him perpetual themes for joyful admiration.

The flowers, how sweet, how beautiful they are! the cheering smiles of earth, and the lovely harbingers of spring, proclaiming the hand that made them Divine? How gracefully the blue-bells nod in that silent wood among the moss-grown rocks! The little anemone spreads its snow-white petals to catch the falling dew, while the tall primrose balms the evening air. How

rich those yellow cowslips appear in the flowery meadow among the blue violets, while

“ Red o’er the hills the roses bloom—
The lilies in the vale.”

Such are flowers wherever we find them. They tell us that God is *what* he is. They speak of his wisdom, power, gentleness, and goodness. But

How can little children’s hearts
Bring forth flowers of love,
Unless Christ, the Lord, imparts
Sunshine from above ?

ANGELS SLEEP ?—NEVER.

How can I sleep while angels sing,
While all the saints on high
Shout “ Glory to our God and King,
The Lamb that once did die : ”
While guardian angels fill the room,
And hovering round my bed,
Do clap their wings in love to Him
Who is my glorious head.

Such blissful spirits never sleep,
Their love is ever knew ;
Then O, my soul, no longer cease
To love and praise Him too.
For I, of all the race that fell,
Or all the heaven-born host,
Have greatest cause, with humblest soul,
To love and praise Him most.



WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE FOLKS DOING?

GATHERING May flowers? Busy—did you ever see folks busier? So busy, indeed, they have hardly time to think, speak, look this way or that way. And yet, you see, they do, once in a while, cast an eye to mother, and listen to what she says. That's right, children, always obey your mother.

“Never stand in idleness,
In a world like ours;
Looking on while others toil,
Heedless of thy powers.”

Charles Dickens.

WHAT is he? where is he? What his life? what his death? Though dead, he yet speaketh. How? for good or for evil? for life or for death? Will the world rise up and call him blessed? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Does not every man leave behind him, on bidding adieu to earthly things, a blessing or a curse?

"A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things."—Matt. xii. 35.

The man, on earth, devoted to the skies, will in glory continue to speak for God here below while time remains.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men, they follow after. Likewise also the good works of some are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise cannot be hid."—1 Tim. v. 24–25.

The examples of good men, though dead, will speak, be "had in everlasting remembrance." Is this all? Nay, the books, tracts, and periodicals of a pure and reformatory tendency left behind will preach salvation to very many, while he is praising God, singing hallelujahs around the throne eternal! "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Reader, which kind of preaching will you choose to preach when the silver cord shall be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken; when your dust returns to the earth as it was, and your spirit returns to God who gave it? Do not very many persons leave Satan behind them in bound volumes to poison the souls of the rising age? Thus the iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation! How many persons, blinded by the god of this world, leave publications of a corrupting, demoralizing tendency—sugar-coated poisons, serpents in the grass, the very devil himself in their libraries or on their centre-tables, to curse their offspring! While these same unwise parents are sleeping in their graves their children drink in this novel trash to their own destruction! We know a minister of the Gospel, aside from other pernicious readings, who had Shakspeare neatly bound in his library! Who knows but this same corrupting, fascinating, licentious writer, may be the instrument in ruining the souls of his children forever? The lovely Charlotte Elizabeth tottered on the verge of everlasting death by poring over the pages of this bewitching author. [See her "Recollections." Pages 50 and 51.]

Says the Rev. O. B. Waters:

"Shakspeare's morality seldom rises above the supreme selfishness of the heartless world, and often sinks into its grossest forms. He has exhibited ambition, avarice, revenge, jealousy, and all the grovelling passions of the human soul with all the skill of art,

but where are those opposite graces of the spirit which alone can antidote their influence? It is remarkable that amid all the multitudinous phases of human thought and feeling, which the myriad-minded poet has represented, he has never attained to any conception of those high and sublime forms which flow out under the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

“The tendency of nearly all his writing is to quicken into inordinate and morbid activity that faculty which phrenologists term amativeness, already strong enough to need firm and wise restraint. No one can deny, moreover, that with all his excellences there is among his plays a great amount of senseless frivolity, unworthy of a thoughtful, earnest mind.

“Besides, who has counted up the passages where he is vulgar, and covertly and openly licentious? Not a few there are, I am sure, that are most grossly so. What a sink of pollution, vulgarity and licentiousness is, for instance, the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. While no one of his plays, even the best, can give you a model, and scarcely an instance, of those exalted and self-denying virtues which spring only from a heart-felt sympathy with the spirit of the Bible.

“His powerful and exciting delineations of love have, without doubt, ruined many a soul. If those instances were recorded where the works of Shakspeare have had an influence, either directly or indirectly, in exciting the passions to such an ungovernable strength, that men have been led into crime and misery, what an account could be placed to their score.”

In what Christian library is not this serpent coiled? In some theological seminaries it's made a kind of textbook. One man in sacerdotal garb in Brooklyn, N.Y., we are credibly informed, places this seductive author next to the Bible in value! And from his ministrations to the people from Lord's day to Lord's day, and during the week, we take it for granted he is more enamored with Shakspeare and Fowlerism than with God's own Book—the Book of books—heaven's message—the purchase of blood!

“O world! how deeply fallen from thy sphere!
O mind! how lost thy noblest wing of thought!
O soul! how base thy form—how lost art thou
To God's similitude—how deep thy stain!”

“THE LOVE OF MONEY THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.”

Covetousness, or the love of gain, is the mammoth sin of the age, the leprosy of the soul. It sheds a blighting influence over the finest affections and sweetest comforts of mankind; it eats like a canker the life-blood of salvation! It closes the door to hospitality, to deeds of mercy, truth, benevolence, and love. It grinds the poor, traffics in the bodies and souls of men, receives robbery for burnt-offering. It leads to quibbling, screwing, and jewing, to fraud and falsehood, to unjust usury. It takes advantage in trade, in buying and selling. It robs holy time, withholds from the missionary-box, starves the minister, perishes the soul!



Busy Folks—Folks that are Busy.

WORK ! WORK ! WORK !

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccles. ix. 10.

"God gives the bird its food, but does not throw it into its nest."

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

A few lines to little Mary on business habits, activity, life, soul, and power in doing this, doing that, running here, running there, flying here, flying there.

DEAR little niece, here you see a whole family, up and doing ! Doing what—folding their hands, taking the easy-chair ? or lying down crying : " a little sleep, a little slumber—a little folding their hands to sleep ? " Not a syllable of it, every one is at her post—even grandma, with her " spees " on, is as busy as she can be.

Paul told the Thessalonians, "If any would not work, neither should he eat." 2 Thess. iii. 10 ; also, Ephesians iv. 28.

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something yet remains undone ;
Something, uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun."

Look at the birds—any idlers here? the fishes—any idlers there? Lift your eyes to the starry heavens, the planetary systems, worlds on worlds flying through infinite space—any idlers or dozers up there? Look at the skipping, dancing animalculæ, millions on millions, before the setting sun—any idlers here, dosers or sleepers? Behold, nature dressed in living green—waving fields, beautiful landscapes, fruits and flowers—any idlers, dozers, or loungers—seen or heard of here?

Everything in nature and grace are active, full of life and motion, on the wing. The sun, the moon, the sparkling heavens, the birds, the floods, the rippling brooks and flowing founts ; the birds warble on every tree in ecstasy of joy ; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness ; the mountain-stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. O plant ! O stream ! worthy of admiration to the wretched idler !

Idleness is the bane, the moth, the gangrene, the curse of life.

“Dream not, but work ! Be bold ! be brave !
Let not a coward spirit crave
Escape from tasks allotted !
Thankful for toil and danger be ;
Duty’s high call will make thee flee
The vicious—the besotted.”

The secret of all success in life, of all greatness—nay, of all happiness, is to live for a purpose. There are many persons always busy, who yet have no great purpose in view. They fritter away their energies on a hundred things, never accomplishing anything, because never giving their undivided attention to any one thing. They are like butterflies, that flit from spot to spot, never gaining wealth ; while the ant, who strictly keeps to a certain circuit around her hole, gradually lays up stores for winter comfort. “Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.”

These early business-like habits and moral inculcations, watered by the dews of heavenly grace, shield the juveniles from temptation’s snare—they grow up to manhood’s prime, become useful, benevolent citizens, shine as lights, if so be Christ is found in their soul—the hope of glory.

“We need only labor as hard as we can,
For all that our bodies may need,
Still doing our duty to God and to man,
And we shall be happy indeed.”

Dear Mary, will you please listen to these few, gentle hints by way of improvement ? Parents, will you ? But let us glance at life and activity in a spiritual and heavenly light. How is it here touching things godlike

—things divine? Are you on the wing, flying here, flying there on deeds merciful and gracious? Some little folks and some big folks, calling themselves disciples, are snail-like, dumpish, mopish, doltish, cling to earth.

Multitudes of Christian professors are locked up in Doubting Castle for want of work—activity in doing good—in imitation of the blessed Master.

No marvel. What else could be expected, so long as they take the easy-chair, sleep while angels sing, "Glory, glory?" What is a soldier? for what does he enlist? To slumber at his post, sleep on downy pillows!

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." Did Job, think you, doubt or despond while searching out objects of charity and mercy, when he delivered to the poor that cried and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him? When the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and when he "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy?" Job was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, and the cause he "knew not, he searched out."

Did Paul, think you, suffer with doubts or despondency while on the wings of love pouring in the liquid flame of God's truth?

Were Peter, James, or John, ever troubled with dumps or dumpishness, or were they ever locked up by Giant Despair in Doubting Castle after receiving the pentecostal baptism, the tongue of fire?

And may not our sweet little niece, though yet very little, have this same pentecostal baptism and tongue of fire? Is not the blessed Lord just as ready and willing to bestow this baptismal fire and tongue of fire on the littlest of the little as on the biggest of the big?"

This activity in doing good, diffusing light and life, is the great secret of warding off Satan's fiery darts, of growing in grace, of holy living.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

"Live for something ; be not idle,
Look about thee for employ ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labor is the sweetest joy."

"The poor ye have always with you ; and whosoever ye will, ye may do them good." In ministering to the poor ye minister to Jesus. "Whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. x. 42. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love which ye have showed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister." Heb. vi. 10. What saith Jesus to those on his right hand, in Matt. xxv., 34? "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:" wherefore? "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto

me.” “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

“Be thine the joy that angels know,
Who visit the abodes of pain,
With interest list to tales of woe,
And bid the dying live again.”

NOTHING TO DO.

- “Nothing to do !” in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day.
- “Nothing to do !” thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole ;
Off with the garments of sloth and sin !
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.
- “Nothing to do !” There are prayers to lay
On the altar of innocence, day by day ;
There are foes to meet within and without,
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.
- “Nothing to do !” There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech ;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile
From the grimmest haunts of sin’s defile.
- “Nothing to do !” There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the church’s need ;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.
- “Nothing to do !” and thy Saviour said,
“Follow thou me in the path I tread.”
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest faint, we cry, “So much to do.”



GIVING ALMS? WHAT ELSE CAN IT BE?

BEAUTIFUL? WHAT MORE?

THIS little girl has, doubtless, been early taught “to remember the poor,” “rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep;” “that it is more blessed to give than to receive.” “Blessed is he that considereth the poor.”

“Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.”

“Withhold not good from them to whom it is due,
when it is in the power of thy hand to do it.” *Prov. iii. 27.*

“ ’Twas the widow’s mite which call’d
Blessings from the Lord ;
Not the lavish treasures thrown
From the rich man’s hoard.”

Little folks, are you on the giving order? First of all, have you given all to Jesus, presented your bodies living sacrifices to God, which is your reasonable service?

It is only by commencing early in life the consecration of ourselves, our substance to God, that we can establish the habit of benevolence. While we postpone the discharge of our duty until we have become wealthy, the love of gain is insensibly acquiring strength, we listen to the claims of benevolence with less and less sensibility, and at last become deaf to the voice of humanity. When we are able to give without the smallest self-denial, the disposition to give has perished, and we have been transformed into the very misers whom once we thoroughly despised.

CHARITY.

“WHILE thou hast a heart to feel
Sympathy and love,
And thy voice can lift a prayer
To the Lord above :

“Say not thou hast nought to give—
Nought to call thine own :
Life’s best pleasures do not spring
From one source alone.”



HERE Paul and Barnabas preached with great success. "And it came to pass that a whole year they assembled themselves with the Church, and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." *Acts. xi. 26.*

Charles Dickens—Continued.



The Serpent Coiled.

Who is he? where is he? How did he live? how did he die? Of his daily walk, we give the items of one day, leaving you, beloved, to judge of the rest. If one day is devoted to the god Bacchus, how many more?

We clip the following from *Appleton's Journal*:

Mr. Franklin Philip, a Washington bookseller, who was well acquainted with Dickens, publishes the following extract from a diary, which he kept while in England last year, and which gives some details of the home-life of the great author:

"*July 25, 1860.*—Went to Charing-cross station at 10.40, met Dickens there (by appointment), accompanied Mr. Dickens, his daughter, sister-in-law, Miss Stone (sister of Marcus Stone, the artist), J. M. Kent, editor of the *Sun*, to Higham, by rail; gentlemen walked up to Gad's Hill; ladies sent on in a carriage. On arrival (half-past twelve), commenced with 'cider-cup,' which had previously been ordered to be ready for us—delicious cooling drink—cider, sodawater, sherry, brandy, lemon-peel, sugar and ice, flavored with an herb called burrage, all judiciously mixed.

Lunch at one o'clock (completed by a *liqueur* which Dickens said was 'peculiar to the house.') From two to half-past five we were engaged in a large, open meadow at the back of the house, in the healthful and intellectual sport of 'Aunt Sally,' and rolling balls on the grass; at half-past three interval for 'cool brandy and water;' at half-past six o'clock we dined—young Charles Dickens, and a still younger Charles Dickens (making three generations), having arrived in the meantime—dinner faultless, wines irreproachable; nine to ten, billiards; ten to eleven, music in the drawing-room; eleven, 'hot and rebellious liquors,' delightfully compounded into punches; twelve, bed."

" Voluptuous man ! sated with nature's boons,
With dishes tortured from their native taste
And mad variety ; to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster time,
And know true temperance is luxury."

Make any pretensions to Bible Christianity ? How could he, while living a life of constant bacchanalianism ? "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh." "To be carnally minded is death." And yet who worshiped him not on both sides of the big waters?—made a god of a man who caused such an immense waste of time, talent, and property, in "sowing tares among the wheat" "while men slept!"

Were faculties ever more shamefully and wickedly abused?—were talents, almost angelic, ever buried more deeply down ? And what saith the Lord of the

man who hid his talent in the earth? instead of putting it to the exchangers?

“Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

“For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not, shall be taken away, even that which he hath.

“And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.” Matth. xxv. 28, 29, 30.

Was there ever presented a more shameful, disgusting spectacle than the frantic ado made over this sensualist, an open foe to temperance—a caricaturist of God’s faithful ministers, and who fell at last a victim to loathsome gluttony! “He dug his grave with his own teeth.”*

Intemperance is a crime heaven-daring! It’s a crime against ourselves—against others—against God!

“Be not amongst wine-bibbers; amongst riotous eaters of flesh.

“For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.” Prov. xxiii. 20–21. (See also 1 Cor. vi. 10.)

With all these startling facts staring us full in the

* Friends of love and of Gospel truth, do any of you question the facts that sensuality was the god of Charles Dickens? carnal pleasure, fleshly lusts? read, if you please, the account of his “amateur theatricals”—“dramatic revels”—now spread before us—written by one of his own intimate friends.

“If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.” 1 Kings xviii. 21.

face (and the half is not told), both religious editors and ministers are indignant—fly in a passion—bristle up porcupinely! if man, woman, or child, has the temerity or moral courage to question the piety of this suicide or self-murderer! Indeed we are looked upon with an eye of suspicion—counted offenders if we do not bow the knee to this prince of novel-writers. Whom shall we obey? God or man? When John fell down at the feet of an angel in the isle called Patmos, what said the angel? “See thou do it not, worship God.” Rev. xxii. 9.

Mark well, also, how terribly the Almighty frowns upon this idolatry or man-worshipping.

The most fearful judgments have come upon those who attempt to rob God of His glory. “Is not this great Babylon that I have built?” said Nebuchadnezzar, in a spirit of self-exaltation. What now? He was driven from men to dwell among the beasts of the field, and made to eat grass as oxen. Dan. iv. 30–32. Mark that wicked Herod also, who took glory to himself, and immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory, and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost. Acts xii. 21–23.

“I am the Lord; that is my name; and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.” Isa. xlii. 8. “Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abused; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.”

“The dearest idol I have known,
Whate’er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee.”

MANNER OF EXPRESSING CIVILITY, OR POLITENESS IN ANCIENT TIMES. (See next page.)



Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 24.

“ Be thou to righteousness awake,
And pray that you may never fall;
Nor give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all God’s righteous ways.”

CONSIDER, furthermore, beloved brother and sister, what heaven-daring presumption to preach a man to heaven whom God consigns to the “pit, devotes to utter destruction?” What is this but blotting out the work of grace, stamping down the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb slain? What doctrine more pernicious, better calculated to lower the Gospel standard, give license to sin and sinners, encourage the sensualist, the truce-breakers, the profligate, the infidel and bold blasphemer, to trample on justice, mercy and truth, deny the Lord that bought them, and still hope for heaven, glory eternal?

The Bible declares that, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” John iii. 3. We must be changed in heart, turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, by being made new creatures in Christ Jesus. Gal. vi. 15. “The heart which was set on the world and sin, must be set on things above. The will must be renewed and brought into subjection to the will of God; the life will then be regulated by the word of God, and we shall aim in all things to please him. This

change must be wrought in us by the agency of the Holy Spirit" (John iii. 5), the operation of God on the soul; and is realized when we believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, for "he that believeth is born of God." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17.

Christ is the way, the truth, and the life.

"Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish type could cleanse me so."

One of the most unhappy influences flowing from the present state of our country is the feeling that every man who sacrifices his life for the Union, dies a martyr, and goes to heaven as a matter of course. Patriotism is not piety. Man may love his country, but have no love for God. It is as true of the soldier as of men in the other pursuits of life; "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"Ye shall not surely die," saith the old serpent, the devil, to Eve, while gazing on the forbidden fruit. But what saith the Lord? "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is

hewn down and cast into the fire." "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." "Let God be true, but every man a liar." Rom. iii. 4.

"No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin."

What we testify of adult persons touching the new birth—a life of faith on the Son of God, a holy walk, the very same we testify of children unconverted, "serving divers lusts and pleasures."

Little folks lost? Yes, they are; just as really as the big folks are that sin against God. Children, capable of sinning against heavenly light, telling falsehoods, practicing deceit, manifesting ill temper, self-will, disobedience to parents in any form, are guilty, under condemnation, and need pardon, forgiveness, the washing of regeneration, the atoning blood of Jesus. They have sinned voluntarily, grieved the Holy Spirit, and should be directed forthwith to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness.*

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xviii. 3

* In speaking of the "little folks," let it be always distinctly understood that little Mary is included, as she is the burden of our prophesy or cogitations from first to last, in this new book entitled "A Holiday Present; or, educating little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom."

“ No wise, or good, how just soe’er they seem,
Can saved be, unless the Lord redeem.
No blood can flow from veins of man or beast,
Sin’s stains to cleanse, that can blot out the least.
’Tis Christ alone, by whom we live,
Who can the vilest sins forgive.

“ The best, the worst, most stubborn or profane,
May hope in various ways this Heaven to gain ;
But never one shall reach that heavenly land,
Until a penitent, child-like he stand.
’Tis then the Lord his pardon gives,
And joy the purest in him lives.”

LITTLE CHILDREN GUILTELESS.

CHILDREN are not opposed to Bible and solid reading if rightly taught from early infancy and kept from vicious readings and vicious associations.

They are then free from guile, hypocrisy, and art. The prayers of childhood are the language of humility. They are free from pride and ostentation. Children do not “love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men.” From entertaining such a motive, the child-heart, in its genuine modesty, is entirely free ; from contact with such a thought, the child-mind, in its lowliness and humility, instinctively shrinks. The prayers of childhood are the language of simplicity.



IMPERIAL PROCESSION OF THE GRAND MOGUL.

"Thus, unlamented, pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day."—(See next page.)

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

WHAT now? Shall we bow to this idol at the risk of our good name, our life, or of being cast into the fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than is wont—when the herald cries aloud, "To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down, and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up: and whoso falleth not down and worshipeth, shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace."

What said Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego to this? "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hands, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Daniel iii. 4, 5, 6.

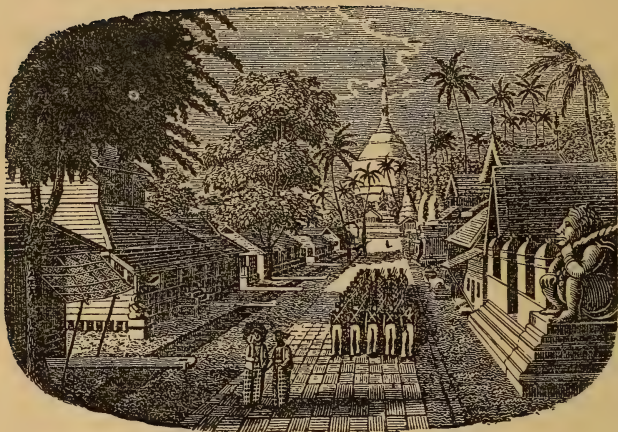
* But why occupy so much time and space in severing the head of this one serpent of serpents?

1. It's because this serpent is coiled in a bed of roses, concealed.
2. Because it's Diana, "whom all Asia and the world worshipeth." Acts xix. 27.

Two confessors of Christ, during the reign of King Henry VIII., were threatened with martyrdom by the Lord Mayor of London. He told them unless they gave up what he considered their errors, he would tie them in a bag and have them thrown into the Thames. They replied: "My Lord, we are going to heaven, and it matters very little whether we go there by land or water."

Again, what saith Demetrius, the shrine maker? "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying, that they be no gods, which are made with hands. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught: but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia, and the world worshipeth."

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." "If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." 1 Kings xviii. 21. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Josh. xxiv. 15.



IDOLATRY; OR, THE WORSHIPPING OF IDOLS.

SOME suppose that the sun, moon, and stars were the first objects of idolatrous worship. Soon after the Flood idolatry prevailed extensively. Abraham's father's family served other gods beyond the river Euphrates. Laban had idols, which Rachel, his daughter, stole and carried away. The Egyptians, though pretending to great wisdom, worshipped bulls, snipes, leeks, onions, etc. The Greeks had thirty thousand gods! The Chaldeans, Romans, and Chinese were not a whit behind.

The heathen had idols of all sorts—paintings, all varieties of sculpture, and these of many kinds of materials, as gold, silver, brass, stone, wood, etc. At the present day idolatry prevails over a great portion of

the earth, and is practised by about 600,000,000 of the human race. The veneration which the Papists pay to the Virgin Mary and other saints and angels, the adoration paid to the bread in the sacrament, the cross, crucifixes, relics, and images, is nothing more nor less than idol-worship.

Idolatry was never more prevalent than at the present day. Covetousness is idolatry ; the placing our affections unduly on any earthly object, the excessive attachment or veneration for anything, is idolatry. Whoever loves this world, or the pursuits of wealth, or honor, or ambition, or selfishness in any form, and for these forgets or neglects God and Christ, such a one is an idolater. We may worship our houses, furniture, or wardrobes. Husbands may worship their wives, wives their husbands, parents their children. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

To idolize is to love to excess gold, wealth, equipage, costume, etc. One of the most fearful, prevalent, alarming evils of our day is idolatry in dress, conforming to the world in gay, costly, and fashionable adornments. Novel-reading and idolatry in dress go hand in hand ; they aid and stimulate each other.

And can these idolaters hope to escape the awful condemnation ?

Idolaters are classed with "dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." *Rev. xxii. 15.*



THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

“Yes, the angel of God descended in glory,
 O loving Redeemer, announcing Thy birth ;
 And voices seraphic took up the sweet story,
 And sang the glad tidings of ‘ peace upon earth.’

“O season most blessed ! again it returneth,
 With smiles and rejoicings we welcome its morn ;
 Ah ! cold is the heart from its gladness that turneth,
 Nor hailest the day when our Saviour was born.”

“AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not ; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you : Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger.”

Proxy Sins ; or Sinning by Proxy.

THE PARTAKER AS BAD AS THE THIEF.

“ Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth ;
Failing to grasp his life’s intent,
Because he fears the truth.”

“ Neither be ye partakers of other men’s sins.”

WHAT man in the pulpit has not lauded Dickens to the skies, a man whose god was his “belly,” and whose glory was his shame, and who minded “earthly things?”—Phil. iii. 19. And what Christian publisher or bookseller has not scattered his works over the land more numerous than the leaves of autumn, to curse generations yet unborn? What religious editor has not testified to the world, saying: “It is the voice of a god and not of a man?”

And yet there are more than “seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to this Baal—this Nebuchadnezzar’s golden image—this Diana of the Ephesians.”

Praise the Lord. One blessed Christian brother, in the editorial chair, speaks thus in the fear and love of God: “It is unblushing impudence to ask a Christian editor, wholly devoted to God’s service, as he should be, to lend his paper for the purpose of aiding the circulation of froth and fiction. Shall we, through editorial courtesy, comply with what has become almost

a universal custom among editors? Far from it. When we lift our pen to widen the waves of pollution and moral death, sent over the country by these light, frivolous and satanic publications, we will take down our significant motto, and throw off with it the profession of religion. We will not profess devotion to 'truth and holiness,' and so directly assist the devil in his work of destruction. Such courtesy belongs not to the school of Christ."

Were all religious editors and publishers to stand thus nobly for the truth as it is in Jesus, instead of assisting Satan to do his dirty work, what an avalanche of misery, ruin, desolation and damnation it would save!

"Truth is earnest, Truth is fearless,
Ever dwelling in the light ;
Still by Error's frowns undaunted,
Striving only for the Right.

Truth is strong and noble ever,
And no power its course may stay ;
No dark mists of persecution,
Long can vail its blessed ray."



THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

WHAT are they? Some writers suppose they were erected by the Israelites, while under the yoke of Pharaoh. Josephus says that the Hebrews, during their hard labor in Egypt, were made to cut canals, raise dykes, erect pyramids, etc. Other writers take a different view of the subject. No matter—here they are, a wonder of wonders! We see what good folks will do, influenced by the Holy Scriptures; and what bad folks will do, blinded by the god of this world. God made man upright; but they have sought out many wicked inventions.

GOD'S HAND VISIBLE IN HIS WORD.

“Pillar of fire, through ages dark—
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!”

IN reading the word of God, it is interesting to observe the recognition of his hand, his presence, his providence, or his direction. Holy men of God saw his hand in every thing—they acknowledged it—they felt it. They recognized no chance; met with no accidents—no misfortunes. God was an everywhere present God; his eye seeing all things; his hand sustaining all things; his wisdom, goodness, and mercy directing all things. That the Lord reigns, they thought ought to rejoice the earth. They felt that the destinies of states, kingdoms, and worlds were perfectly safe in his hands; all things would eventually come right. In the darkest times they could look up to God, and in his light see light. They were confident that whatever might appear, there was nothing but light around the throne. With confidence their hearts would say: “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in our trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God will help her, and that right early. The Lord is my light, and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?”



Little Mary and Aunty.

“ On that cheek and o’er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent.”

WHAT is aunty talking about or saying to her sweet, smiling little niece?

How good and gracious God is? How much the Lord Jesus loves sinners, the biggest and the littlest? How *exceedingly* desirous he is that all should come to him—accept offered mercy through the shedding of his own precious blood? There is not a shadow of doubt, but what aunty is pointing upward to the heavenly kingdom, bright and shining, where Christ

sitteth at the right hand of the Father, interceding for us. Little Mary's eye, meanwhile, is fixed intently and absorbingly on the one thing needful—not a word escapes aunty's lips unheeded. Her heavenly inculcations "distil as the morning dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."—Deu. xxxii. 2.

This dear child delights to hear aunty tell how Jesus came to seek and save the lost.

" When Jesus came to bless mankind,
Pure goodness was on earth revived ;
Come, learn of Him, and strive to live
As our Redeemer lived."

It is talking about Jesus and with Jesus, that fills every vacuum, lying down, rising up, going out, coming in, walking or riding, sitting at table morning, noon, and at evening ! Jesus is the first thing in the morning and the last at night.

Is not this beautiful ? worthy the imitation of every aunty ? The more little folks and great folks talk with Jesus and about Jesus, " the way, the truth, and the life," the more they will delight in it a *great deal*. A good Christian brother who fell asleep in Jesus at our humble dwelling, a few years since, used to say, before his happy spirit took its flight to the heavenly glory, " he was better acquainted with the Lord than with any body else." How so ? From the fact, he had been talking so long and so familiarly with the Saviour. He talked more frequently and intimately with his blessed Lord than with his own children or his dear

wife, the companion of his bosom. This should be so, for the Lord tells us :

“He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me ; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.

And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.

“He that findeth his life, shall lose it ; and he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it.”—Mat. x. 37, 38, 39.

Whenever he had troubles, trials, temptations, of any kind—sore besetments, fiery darts of Satan—he always laid the case or cases before Jesus forthwith. Whenever storms of affliction gathered thickly around him and burdens of mountain weight pressed heavily, he always, and invariably, presented the same to Jesus, cast all his care on him, in whom he trusted with confidence unshaken, and the voice from on high said, ‘Peace, be still’ to the raging billows, and there was a great calm.

“When the clouds are gathering o’er thee,
And the path looks dark before thee ;
When thy feet are worn and weary,
And thy way seems long and dreary,
Go to Jesus.”

This good brother in Christ, whose name was Kenny, had been talking with Jesus, about Jesus, and for Jesus, every day, and some days ten, twenty, or thirty times, and frequently in the silent watches of the night, for more than forty years. And this frequent

conversation had been growing sweeter and more delightful every day, until it was a little heaven on earth to be with Jesus. And now he is gone to be with him forever, and behold him face to face, where parting will be no more.

And why should not every one, little and big, be thus familiarly conversant with the blessed Jesus, who died that we might live, who bore our sins in his own body on the cross? The more we talk with Jesus and about him in the spirit of all grace, the more we become assimilated to him, molded over into his blessed heavenly character, drink into his meek, pure and lovely spirit, "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

The Lord Jesus lovely? The loveliest of the lovely, who on earth, beneath, or in heaven above, *so* lovely?

"No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train."

Get tired of being with Jesus and talking with him? Impossible, if our hearts are in tune-gospelly. And what caps the climax of all mystery and mercy is, he is not tired of us. Did Jesus ever say to the littlest of the little, "Stop, stop, little one, cease your talking to me, I can hear you no longer?" Sooner the sun will cease to shine, the planets to roll.

"Oh, yes! I've heard my mother say,
He never sent a child away
That scarce could walk or run;

For when the parent-love besought
That he would touch the child she brought,
He bless'd the little one.

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none ;
May now be folded to his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his little one.

And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung ;
And having wash'd their sins away,
He now rejoices day by day,
To cleanse the little ones.

Others there are who love me too,
But who with all their love can do
What Jesus Christ has done
Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
Lord, bless thy little one."

THE MOTHER'S MISSION.

SOMETIMES mothers think it hard to be shut up at home with the care of little children. But she that takes care of little children takes care of great eternities. She that takes care of a little child takes care of an empire that knows no bounds and no dimensions.



CAIRO.

CAIRO, one of the largest cities of Middle Egypt, is on the western side of the river Nile. Among all the nations of antiquity, there is none more worthy of attention than Egypt. The invention of alphabetical letters and the art of writing is generally attributed by the ancients to the Egyptians. Egypt was the mother of the sciences, as well as of the arts. The first important discoveries in astronomy were in Egypt. The first objects of Egyptian worship, destitute of divine revelation, were the luminaries of heaven. They supposed the sun and moon to be the principal and eternal gods, under the names of Isis and Osiris.

Satan Casting out Satan.

“FOR some are already turned aside after Satan.”—
1 Tim. v. 15.

Satan cast out Satan? No, he cannot.

“Every kingdom divided against itself, is brought to desolation : and every city or house divided against itself, shall not stand.

“And if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand?”—Matt. xii. 25–26.

“The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream, but he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully; “what is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord.”—Jer. xxii.

Turn to page . . . you have a case of nobleness, truly Gospel : Satan is rebuked. Here is a case before us directly opposite—Satan is embraced, clasped to the bosom !

This same Dickens, with iniquity hanging to his skirts drippingly, is cordially invited into the Plymouth pulpit ! By whom ? the pastor ? Who else ? a chip of the same block, “jolly fellows well met” and well mated, of one heart and of one soul.

“As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.”—Prov. xxvii. 19.

“That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.”—Luke xvi. 15.

Respect ministers, esteem them highly for their work's sake? How can we, unless they respect themselves? the cause of God? walk worthy of their high vocation?

“No man can serve two masters; God and mammon!”

“Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be seasoned?

“It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the dunghill: but men cast it out. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”—Luke xiv. 34–35.

It is painful, alarmingly, to see how rapidly the pulpit and the chair editorial are falling into disrepute, losing their hold on the consciences of the impenitent. This falling off is notable in the mouths of both saints and sinners. God honors them that honor him, and those that do not are lightly esteemed.

No matter how wicked a teacher or professed minister of the Gospel may be, how foolish, vain, selfish, sensual, money-loving, he will not lack for admirers and followers, those who embrace his pernicious errors, drink into his devilish spirit.

He may sip the wine-cup, play crochet, spend hours on hours at nine pins, billiards, amuse himself in the parlor at charades, conundrums, and other like sports, till the very moment arrives for his taking the lead in religious worship at the sanctuary! He may sit around the card-table, chess and checker-board, engage in idle, frothy chit-chat, attend the theatre, the circus, the ball-room, write novels, romances, sickly, senti-

mental, foolish love-stories, talk nonsense, all the same!

Alas! alas! for this serving the Lord a little, and the old serpent, the devil, a great deal!*

“The Church and world amalgamate,
A union worse than with the State.”

Man, in sacerdotal garb, “Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?”

“Verily, verily I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.”—John x. 1.

“Will ye play, then, will ye dally
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah’s rally!
God’s own arm hath need of thine!”

“To the law and the testimony—if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.”

Very many ministers and religious editors reprobate novel reading, romances, love tales, foolish anecdotes and comicals, and still leave us in the dark, never specify or aim a blow at the serpent’s head, the transforming devils. The man that writes novels, publishes novels, sells novels, and puffs novels, may look for novel readers in his own family. And that same

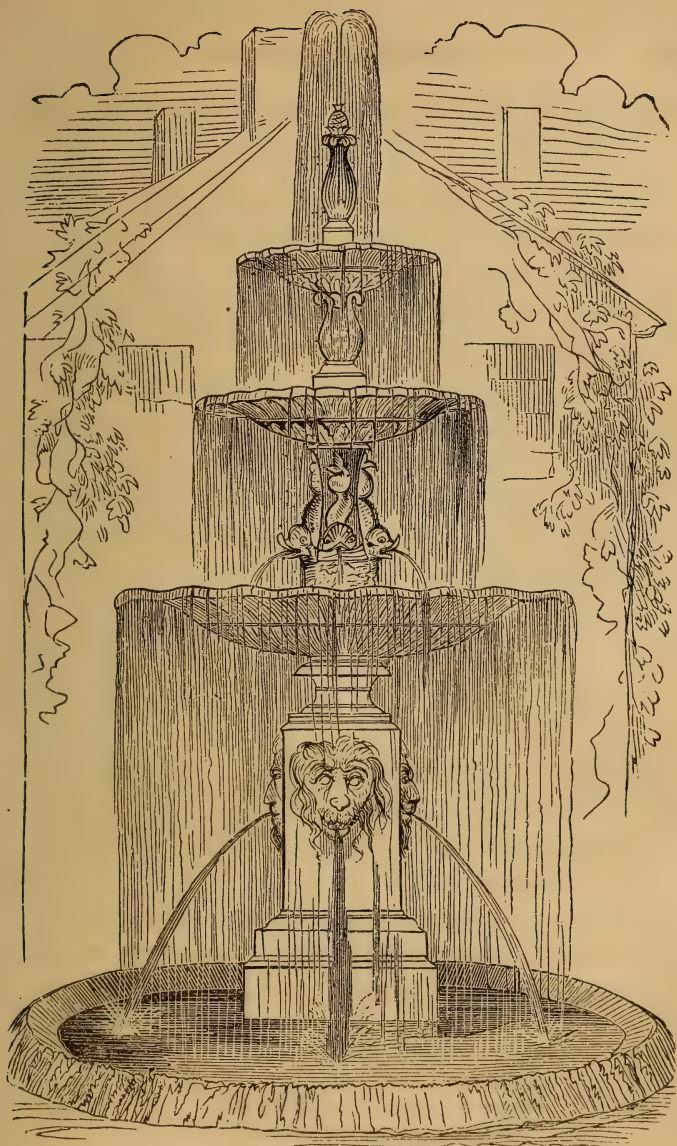
* These “Congregational Unions” (so-called), during the May meetings, what are they but religious *pow-wows*! Shameful!

novel writer, publisher, seller and puffer, may meet the curses of his children as eternity rolls on and on!

Mark well the words of Christ: "What measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Rumsellers find this passage literally true—the curses they impart often return tenfold upon their own pates, into their own bosoms. Very many children of those who traffic in spirituous liquors, intoxicating drinks, become inebriates, bloated sots, and find a drunkard's grave!* Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, all find a common hell of weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. So may it be with these dealers in intellectual poisons, that intoxicate the mind, corrupt the heart, pollute the soul—sink it lower than the grave! "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

"Let righteous laws, for public good designed.
Chain up these wolves and tigers of mankind:
They have themselves no right to such employ
To live like vultures—only to destroy."

* Little do rum and tobacco sellers dream of what they are doing. Novel writers, readers and puffers, little dream of what they are doing; in making this world "an Aceldama, a field of blood." From the most careful and minute calculation, the people of the United States pay \$1,500,000,000 annually to retail dealers of liquors and tobacco; who spend perhaps \$50,000,000 more for liquors imported. In the year 1860, the United States produced twenty-one million dollars' worth (\$21,495,240) of liquors, fifteen millions (\$15,770,240) being spirituous, and five millions (\$5,725,000) malt. In 1860, the total production was forty-one million five hundred thousand dollars' (\$41,500,000) worth, \$18,000,000 being malt, and \$23,500,000 spirituous.



THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

that moment we lose ground. Sinner, do you believe it? Christian, do you? Ministers, do you? Editors, do you? You know it, feel it, rue it—the father, the mother, the son, the daughter—the lawyer, the doctor, the statesman, the city councillor. Every one neglecting duty to God and man, feels that he has left open a gap. Above all, the Christian feels it to his sorrow, his grief, his spiritual loss—in the withdrawal of heavenly, saving, sanctifying influences. Let a minister keep back any part of the price, fail in a single instance of declaring *all the words of this life*, and the whole heavens frown—stand aghast—hell claps her hands, devils are in jubilee.

“Toil in thy Master’s vineyard! watch and pray!
Toil for thy race, for whom the Saviour bled;
Let His example cheer thee on the way,
And, if He bids thee, toil for daily bread.”

Let the Christian neglect his closet, his family duties, holy discipline, prayer and praise—what now? Any hope, comfort, consolation? Duty is all, everything. Friends, go forward in duty, in God’s strength, wisdom, grace. Go forward everywhere—go forward. God will bless, fill you with love—bless you here, bless you forever. *Go forward!*

“Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right whate’er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.”

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

'Of drinks, I know but one which nature owns,
As wholly suited to her several wants ;—
And this is WATER. Cold and unconcoct
With heat or other mixture, I would give
It fresh and sparkling from its crystal font,
To quench the thirst of every thing that lives."

IF, therefore, you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, long life, and power prolonged into old age, permit us to say : Avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid ; shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal condition of the system ; rely upon nutritious food and mild dilutent drinks, of which water is the basis ; and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest and the moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close.

"All hail to pure cold water,
That bright rich gem from heaven
And praise to the Creator,
For such a blessing given !
And since it comes in fullness,
We'll prize it yet the more ;
For life, and health, and gladness
It spreads the wide earth o'er."

RUM'S DOINGS.



“Hath he not murdered our mothers—
Brought their gray locks to the tomb?
Hath he not murdered our brothers,
Yet in their manhood's bloom?
Hath he not coiled on our hearth-stones,
Hissing with Upas breath?
On! on to the warfare, brothers!
Nor cease till he writhes in death!”

THE AWFUL DOOM!

DISTILLERS, grog-sellers, saloon
keepers, and hotel keepers, will
you read your awful doom in

THE RUM-SELLER'S DREAM.

“Well, wife, this is too horrid :
I cannot continue this business any longer.”

“Why, dear, what is the matter now?”

“O such a dream, such a rattling of dead men's bones, and such an army of starved mortals, so many murders, such cries, and shrieks, and yells, and such horrid gnashing of teeth, and glaring eyes, and such a blazing fire, and such devils—oh! I cannot endure it. My hair stands on end, and I am so filled with horror I can scarcely speak. Oh, if I ever sell rum again!”

“My dear, you are frightened.”

“Yes, indeed, I am; another such a night will I not pass for worlds.”

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 25.

“ Let children to the Saviour come,
From cottage and from hall ;
For in his Father’s house is room,
And in his love, for all.”

BELOVED brother and sister, for your sakes and for your dear little Mary’s sake, we add a few testimonials to our own, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

EYES OPENING.

Testimonial No. 2.

A few of God’s faithful servants are beginning to see men as “trees walking” on this infinitely momentous question.

We have already given the testimony of H. C. Dana, Esq. (page).

The godly bishop Littlejohn, of the Episcopalian order, has thrilled the public with his lectures on the evils of religious or sentimental fiction, throwing javalin after javalin at the heads of these serpents coiled. We have space for a single item only from his gifted pen :

“ Our time is also remarkable for the development of a new type of the human family, viz: the ‘strong minded woman.’ A restless, busy, fragmental thing is this modern Amazon, who divests herself of all

those soft, sweet attributes that were wont to be considered the adornments of womanhood, that she might be the better prepared to engage in scenes of strife and turmoil more dear to her than an honest husband in his home. Our modern heroine of fiction is a slave to vanity, pleasure, ease, and fashion. This lotus-eater of fiction is a frail reed that breaks in the day of need, and pierces the heart that leans on it for support.

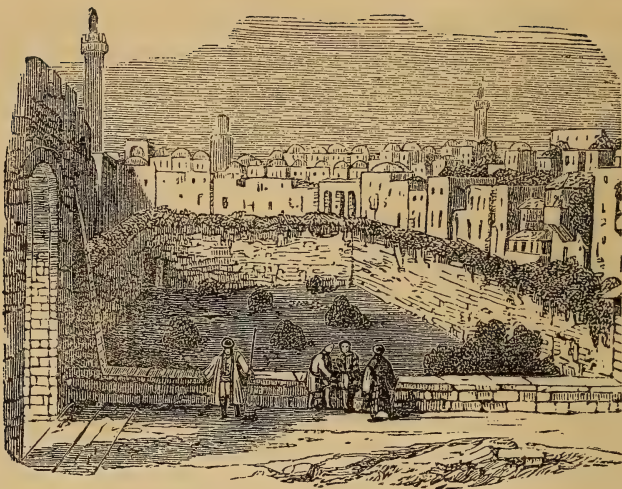
The sentimental fiction defends itself by the shallow argument that it aims at making vice odious and virtue attractive. It professes the philosophy of Barnum, as put forth in his autobiography, where he says that the age insists on vast sensations and stupendous humbugs, and adopts his policy. Virtue needs no such auxiliaries as the reeking fumes of the bar-room or the pestiferous atmosphere of a gambling-hell to make her attractive. The writers and publishers of such stuff are the enemies of public peace and morals, and the sacred ties of society and the purity of home plead against them.

The last and worst of all is the sensual novel which chronicles, with an undercurrent of approval, the disreputable life of the wine-bibber and debauchee, and which furnishes a list of all those disgusting vices of which the Apostle says that it is a shame even to speak of. Such productions, he believed, would not be tolerated even in Corinth or declining Rome, and would certainly be cast forth from the riotous court of Charles II. This corrupt press gives Satan new hope, and does his work as few other agencies could do it.

Even while he was speaking, he grieved to think that men were employed at printing presses over in the city, producing this moral pestilence which would spread its ravages on the morrow.

To remedy the evil, he would earnestly conjure all true Christians to assist in exposing the producers of those works. He would ask teachers, entrusted with the training of children, to use the authority and right of discipline with which they are invested, to protect the minds of their children ; he would ask the managers of circulating libraries to make proper selections of books, and finally he would ask parents to be firm in the enforcement of the rights they possess of knowing and sifting what their children read."

"A novel was a book,
Three volum'd, and once read ; and oft crammed !
Of poisonous error, blackening every page ;
And oftener still, of trifling, second hand,
Remarkable and old, diseased and putrid thought,
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war ;
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done—he tried to recollect his thought,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness."



BETHESDA, OR THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

BETHESDA signifies a house of mercy : so called, because a public bath was here erected ; or because God graciously bestowed a healing virtue on the waters of it. As it lay but a little to the northeast of the Temple, the sacrifices might be washed in it ; but it did not thence derive its healing virtue. Some years before our Saviour and divine Healer came in the flesh, an angel on some occasions descended, and troubled the water of this pool. Whoever first, after the agitation, bathed himself in it, was healed of whatever disease he had. Multitudes of diseased persons, therefore, waited in its five porches till the water was moved. One man

attended it* thirty-eight years, and was at last cured by our Saviour; the healing virtue of whose blood, Spirit, and word, the pool no doubt typified. John v. 1-6.

Reader, are you diseased morally, sin-sick, or sick of sin? Go wash in the fountain open "for sin and uncleanness, and be clean." Zech. xiii. 1.

Christ is the LIVING FOUNTAIN. "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 7.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

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THOROUGH BIBLE TRAINING.—When George Whitefield came to Edinburgh, nothing struck or pleased him so much as the sound that rose in the church when he happened to quote a passage of Scripture, giving book, chapter, and verse. His hearers, as was their wont, had taken God's word with them to God's house; and as they turned up the passage, the leaves of two thousand Bibles rustled like the sound of the wind among trees in his astonished ear. To their thorough Bible knowledge instruction Scotland owes it that, though a hundred storms have blown, and blown their worst, she rides to-day over the very ground where the Reformers dropped their anchor three centuries ago.

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\* Or rather, who had an infirmity; for it is not said how long he had lain at the pool.



**Little Mary and her Father.**

“ How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength  
And little wisdom, too.

“ It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength to prove,  
How many things a child may do  
For others by its love.”

LITTLE Mary is getting bigger and bigger—growing taller and taller. We must drop “little Mary” and say “Miss Mary;” but as she increases in stature she also increases in wisdom and “in favor with God and man.”

“ Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her and she shall promote thee : she shall bring

thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her : she shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.”—Prov. iv. 7, 8, 9.

“She is more precious than rubies : and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

“Length of days is in her right hand : and in her left hand, riches and honor.

“Her ways are ways of pleasantness : and all her paths are peace.

“She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her : and happy is every one that retaineth her.”—Prov. iii. 15, 16, 17, 18.

This Christian father, as you see in the engraving imparting heavenly council, began the blessed work at the first buddings of infantile life, and has kept on thus pouring in, day in, day out, the oil and the wine of Gospel purity and love till the present, and is now reaping the fruits of his faithfulness.

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”—Psal. cxxvi. 6.

A lovely daughter, clothed with meek humility, abounding in all the Christian graces, polished “after the similitude of a palace,” *O what* a blessing !

“Lips that can praise and pray,  
And gentle words of kindness say,  
To please the King of heaven.”

Beautiful ! Anything more so this side of glory eternal ? “Whose adorning is not *outward* but *inward*



—the heavenly.”—Tim. ii. 9; 1 Peter iii. 8. “The hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible. Even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart’s warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father’s house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. She is the elation of his heart, the ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse in his sickness.

Happy father! happy mother! This lovely daughter is yours—educated for the kingdom—an “olive plant” around your table. “Many daughters have done virtuously, but she excels them all.”

“Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”—Prov. xxxi. 29, 30.

And is not a little girl that feareth the Lord to be praised! giving God the glory?

Early piety is peculiarly pleasing in the sight of God. How lovely do the snow-drop, the primrose, and the daisy, appear in our sight, because they are the first flowers of the year! And what is thus pleasing to us in the field of nature is equally delightful to God in the garden of piety.



THE HAPPY MOTHER TRAINING LITTLE FOLKS.

“OF all the spots that heaven has blest,  
The dearest place is home :  
'Tis there the fond heart loves to rest,  
And never loves to roam :  
While love plays round the smiling hearth,  
'Tis heaven's own bliss enjoyed on earth.”

## A HAPPY WOMAN MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

WHAT spectacle more pleasing does the world afford, than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briers and thorns of life into roses of paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it; no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sort of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is, makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log-cabin, they make it shine with a lustre which kings and queens might covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the brightest type of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race. Would there were enough to go round and round!

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 THE LITTLE BABY, NEWLY-BORN.

“ANOTHER little waif upon the sea of life;  
 Another soul to save amid the toil and strife;  
 Two more little feet to walk the dusty road,  
 To choose where two paths meet, the narrow and the broad.  
 Two more little hands to work for good or ill;  
 Two more little eyes, another little will;  
 Another heart to love, renewing love again;  
 And so the baby came—a thing of joy and pain.”



### OUR BABY BETTER THAN EVERYBODY'S BABY.

Our baby is the best baby that ever was. Everybody's baby is, we suppose. Oh, how she took us by surprise! We found her in mother's bed one cold March morning. Where did she come from? Bobby asked, and Jamie asked, and I. "God gave her," said her mother. "But how did he send her? Did an angel fetch her?" Mother didn't tell. She only said, "God sent her. It was so good in God." "I shall always love God for giving me a little sister," said Bobby; "that's just what I wanted, a little sister to play with." We must be very patient and gentle teaching her. Our baby's name is Mary. We call her Mamie. Oh, we love her so!

## Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 27.

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“ Home is the resort  
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where  
Supporting and supported, polished friends  
And dear relations, mingle into bliss.”

### *Testimonial No. 3.*

THE beloved W. H. Vandoren, a Presbyterian, and faithful outspoken minister of the Gospel, has, for years gone by, poured in the flaming fire of God's truth, to burn up, if possible, these transforming devils or serpents coiled! Our space, we regret, admits a few sketches only of his Gospel pleadings. The Lord bless the man, and raise up a host, who, like him, will stand between the living and the dead.

“Ours,” says he, “is verily a fast age. One writer dramatizes the Saviour's life in the ‘House of David.’ Another ventures to endorse and describe heaven in ‘Gates Ajar.’ Others, under the splendid drapery of romance, inculcate the doctrines of repentance, faith, new birth, etc.

The question arises, why are these works of fiction tolerated? Why are responsible publishers and Christian associations found to print them? But above all, why are parents and pastors found to permit them on their tables or to their Sunday-school libraries? We can easily answer why the youth love to read them. Is it for the infinitesimal amount of religious element contained in them? We answer, No. The fascination



of the multifarious pious novels that now swarm into our Sunday-school libraries, is anything and everything but their religious instruction.

The real charm is **EXCITEMENT**, *long-continued excitement* of the sentimental part of the youthful nature. The more of this exciting material the more *marketable*. They are not Godless, but in the reading, God is left out.

If our dear children were in the thousandth part of the danger of receiving poisoned food as their souls are by means of poisoned novels, the entire press and pulpits of the land would thunder out warnings long and loud enough to arouse the nation! The silent miasma has, with noiseless step, gone over a land and left it desolate. Pious novels and their invariable yoke-fellows, impious novels, work a ruin as silently and produce a desolation running parallel with the soul's lifetime. In writing novels for the Sunday-school library, authors mix up the same dangerous elements as in the theatre and novel. The poison comes to our dear ones in sugar-coated pills. No small amount of talent is now enlisted by publishers, who want gold, to prepare these works. Their pages lead away from the Cross, because they lead not to it. This, then, is the crying sin, the gigantic evil of Sunday-school libraries as a rule.

We cannot be faithful to our solemn vows, and more solemn trust as officers of the Church of God, and see this evil sweeping over the dividing lines between the church and the world, and hold our peace. If the

facts which we are about to adduce are truths, it were a thousandth-fold better if nine out of ten of Presbyterian Sunday-school libraries were taken from their shelves and committed to the flames.

Five distinguished elders, of the city of New York, told the writer, with almost tears in his eyes, 'We are compelled to keep our children out of Sunday-school altogether because of the swarm of pious novels which infests the shelves.'

These pious novels may not only advocate any one bad practice or evil principle. But as punches and various drugged wine, lead directly to form a taste for alcohol, so these books lead to novels. The fact that some professors of Christianity and so-called ministers write them, is no more an argument for their being harmless than our reverend forefathers' use of brandy made it a safe precedent for their children. It is a well-known fact that those bearing the office of ministers have proved among the bitterest curses with which our race has ever been visited.

[Is not this emphatically true of the author of "Norwood?"—ED.]

We need not add, that when persons attempt to sustain religious novels by the quoting of Parables and Pilgrim's Progress, it seems to us simple blasphemy. Who ever was led by Pilgrim's Progress to dramatize it for the stage like Norwood or Uncle Tom's Cabin? It is a fact that religious novels excite a taste for the theatre, and soon the gate is opened wide which leads to ruin here, and ruin eternal!"



## RAHAB LETTING DOWN THE SPIES ONE BY ONE.—Josh. ii.

BEAUTIFUL! is it not? The hand of the Lord is in it. Did she not fear God? Was not her heart touched by love divine? However wicked she might *have been*, lewd or dissipated, she had now received mercy at the hand of God, else would she ever have done what she did in rescuing the spies? or would she be commended by the apostles Paul and James? Paul says in Heb. xi. 31: "By faith

the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace."

James, ii. 25, says: "Likewise also was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, when she had received the messengers, and had them sent out another way?" Here she is spoken of commendably—numbered among the worthies who endured as "seeing Him who is invisible." But is she commended for her falsehood or prevarication? Not a word of it. Neither were the patriarchs, David, Peter, Ananias, or Sapphira. God abhors lying, the least particle of dissimulation. "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." *Psa.* xxxiv. 13; see also *Eph.* iv. 25; *Col.* iii. 9.

Reader, please turn to the facts in the case. *Josh.* ii; *Heb.* xi. 31; *James*, ii. 25.

"Truth is strong and noble ever,  
And no power its course may stay;  
No dark mists of persecution  
Long can veil its blessed ray."

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Millions of the inhabitants of Europe, in the ages of popish darkness, died without the sight of a Bible. "Inspiration it is that openeth the window to let in the light; that breaketh the shell, that we may eat the kernel; that putteth aside the curtain, that we may look into the most holy place; that moveth the cover of the well, that we may come by the water, even as Jacob rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well, by which means the flocks of Laban were watered."



THE GARDENERS RESTING IN THE SHADE.

“Out-door employment gives pleasure and gain,
And makes us our troubles forget ;
For those who work hard have no time to complain,
And it's better to labor than fret.”

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 28.

Great gifts may please the worldly-wise—
They show the “pride of life;”
But oft they waken evil thoughts—
Stir up a storm of strife.

(*Brother Vandoren's Testimony Continued.*)

THE RESULTS OF RELIGIOUS FICTION.

1. A DISRELISH for solid instruction. The morbid desire for novelty destroys that sobriety of mind inculcated by the Holy Ghost upon the youth to be “sober-minded.”

The wine to an invalid imparts an unnatural glow. Young minds, depraved in all their energies, soon reach an *abnormal* state. They have a glow, not of health, but of the *hectic*.

Novels are no proper food for an immortal soul. What would have been thought if young Samuel or Timothy had spent their days and nights sighing over fables—false scenes of sorrow, fictitious scenes of heroism, and falsehood everywhere? What a sad preparation for secret prayer is the flush of emotion and passion kindled in sensitive minds.

2. Time is killed—*lost*! A million times more precious than gold is an irretrievable loss. Who can answer for the precious moments, hours and days *worse than wasted*, over these pious romances!

“Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.”

“Novels, religious and secular (continues this beloved brother Vandoren), cause not only an immense sacrifice of mental power and of moral energy, but also of precious time. How many hours, days, and weeks are thus worse than murdered by the youths of both sexes in our land! Some children bring these miserable pious novels to church, and under the very sound of the Gospel, Sinai’s thundering and Calvary’s calls of mercy, pore over their exciting pages.

We have known parents to neglect their offspring to gloat their imaginations over the scenes of passion glittering through the pages of novels.

3. Novels weaken the intellect. The manly powers need a brave nutrition. Washington could never have been trained for the camp, the battle, the victory, by an infant-school process. The warriors for Christ’s sacramental host, girded with the Divine panoply, can never nerve their hearts or gird their spirit on the whipped syllabub of pious novels. *Fiction never made a martyr.* The fifty millions of heroes who sealed their faith with their blood, under Rome Pagan and Rome Papal, never could get ready for their baptism of fire by poring over the trashy novels which are surnamed pious. Truth, truth divine, truth eternal, must be their spirit’s food.

4. Novels blunt the sympathies. Our children’s sympathies were created to respond to the calls of suffering. But calls of misery are those heard through the scenes of fiction, while the mind *knows them to be false.* The delicate sensibilities of the heart are put constantly

to their extremest tension by the writers of novels. This false play cannot be repeated forever. The eyes cannot be used as the hand, nor the hand used as the foot, long, before the nerves of the eye can no longer see, and the nerves of the hand can no longer feel.

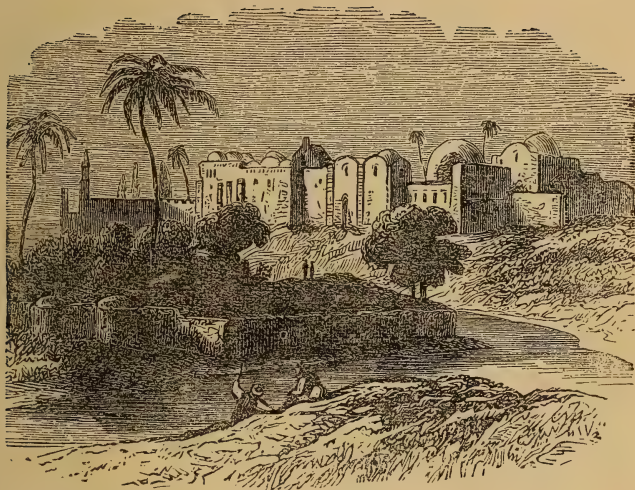
The faithful laborers that, like ministering angels, move among the hovels of the poor, would never have learned their lessons from the pages of Dickens. That writer, a master in his way, never led a solitary person to take up her cross, and endure all, for the love of the Saviour. Such trees never bear such holy fruit; you *will* find the novel-readers sighing over the heroines and heroes of the theatre, but not among the down-trodden heathen at home or abroad do they ever go. Pious novels and impious novels dry up the sympathies of the heart, as the fire licked up the water in the trenches around the altar on Carmel.

5. These religious romances lead our youth to the broad, gilded, flowery paths of modern novels. A novel is a *theatre in the mind*. All the gorgeous curtains, actors, actresses, enchantry, fascinating the depraved heart, kindling all its passions, fast prepare the road to the theatre.*

It makes one sick at heart to think of pleasure's siren voice, and the promises given of joyous days and years to come."

"Alas! the dead are in her house,
Her guests in depths of hell;
She weaves the winding-sheet of souls
And lays them in the urn of everlasting death.

* How true is this of "Norwood" and Dickens.



GAZA, SAMSON, AND ONE GREATER THAN SAMSON.

“Salvation, oh the joyful sound!”

GAZA was anciently a city of the Philistines, near the southwest point of Canaan, sixty miles west of Jerusalem. It was given to the tribe of Judah, who conquered it after the death of Joshua. Judges i. 18. But the Philistines retook it and kept possession of it till the reign of David. This place is remarkable for the exploits of Samson. On one occasion “he arose at midnight and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron.” See Judges xvi. 2, 3.

Thus our blessed Lord, when in the likeness of sinful flesh, after his crucifixion between two thieves, arose as a conqueror over death and every foe; and, as it were, broke open and carried away the very gates of the grave, while he ascended into heaven, as the first fruits of the resurrection.

Reader, is this Jesus yours; your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; your life, your hope, your joy, your all and in all?

"Whosoever he be," says Christ, "of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." See Luke xiv. 33. Mark well, *forsaketh*, in the present tense. Also xiv. 27. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

"Wouldst thou inherit life with Christ on high?

Then count the cost, and know

That here on earth below

Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord and die.

We reach that gain to which all else is loss,

But through the cross.

"Oh, think what sorrows Christ himself has known!

The scorn and anguish sore,

The bitter death he bore,

Ere He ascended to His heavenly throne.

And deemest thou, thou canst with right,

Whate'er thy pain?"

~~~~~  
"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;

The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies amid her worshippers."





### CHARLIE'S STUDIO.

Do you see him, young reader, how entirely absorbed he is in his lessons? His eye is fixed on the one thing; so much so, he neither sees nor hears his approaching sister.

“Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.”

## Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 29.

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“ 'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.”

### ONE WORD TO STUDENTS.

BELOVED, will you permit from a student, a word in love? We have been a student in four different seminaries, or schools of the prophets. And the seasons spent here were golden—pleasant, profitable, delightful! And when we bade adieu to those sacred walls and walks, we felt like Eve in leaving Paradise:

“ O unexpected stroke, worse than death!  
Must I leave thee, Paradise?”

Therefore, before closing our meditations on the subject of the light and fictitious readings, we venture to drop a kind word in the ears of students in schools, colleges, and seminaries. And this kindly word is especially for those institutions we have visited and have been more or less intimately associated with, New Haven, Princeton, Oneida, Hamilton University, Lane Seminary, Oberlin; and more especially and *emphatically* still, is our word of exhortation to those seminaries of learning in their infancy, just sprung into being at Benzonias, Berea, Camp Nelson and North Chili.

BEWARE OF THE SERPENT'S SUGAR-COATED POISONS—  
POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

Upon no class of persons does the habitual reading of this branch of our literature exert a more pernicious influence than upon the young men connected with our colleges and other institutions of learning. We have heard it asserted by those whose positions enable them to judge intelligently in this matter, that there is scarcely an instance on record where a young man, who habitually and regularly peruses works of fiction during his undergraduate course, ever received that degree of mental discipline which is necessary for a successful entrance upon the great duties of life, and which it is the aim of a collegiate course to furnish. And, indeed, it is hard to conceive how the case should be otherwise; for, besides the enormous waste of time, which is a necessary consequence of any considerable indulgence in novel reading, the mind accustomed to follow some sentimental hero or heroine through all sorts of silly, unheard-of adventures, and to revel amid scenes of fancied pleasures and happiness, takes little delight in attempting to grapple with the more profound truths of philosophy and mathematics, even when it is not wholly incapacitated to do so.

It is a lamentable fact, that at least half of the young men who graduate each year at our colleges, hardly possess even the rudiments of a sound and substantial education. Many, after spending three or four years within the walls of a university, possess, in return for their time and money, little besides their "diploma,"

to which, certainly, in our day, no great importance can be attached. We hazard little in saying that the evil in question may, to a very great extent, be traced to the "popular novels," which form so important an element in the composition of the student's libraries in many of our schools, colleges, and seminaries. And so long as our young men are content to spend the precious moments which ought to be devoted to the acquisition of substantial knowledge, and fritter away the precious time God has given them in poring over books and periodicals worse than profitless, to the neglect of all that is useful, instructive, and heavenly, just so long are we to expect superficial thinkers, foolish talkers and jesters, mere triflers instead of men.

The indirect tendency of nine-tenths of all the religious and popular novels of the present day is to inculcate false views of life, and to corrupt the imagination instead of cultivating or purifying it.

There is no greater danger to students, young and old, male and female, than the spread of this light, fictitious literature. It is a poison which strikes the heart of society, and causes its pernicious influence to permeate every vein of the social system. It contributes more than any other cause to prepare the young for a vicious career, to lay the foundation of criminal life, to fill prisons and penitentiaries, promote licentiousness in both sexes.

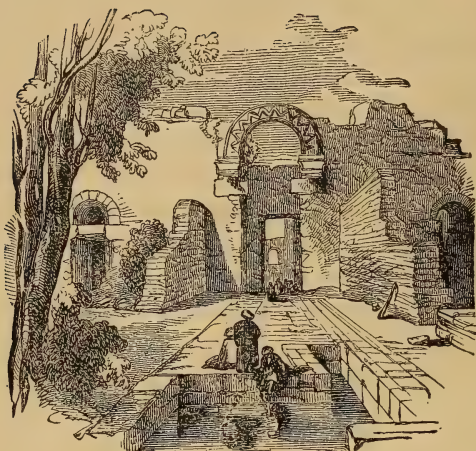
How many boys of good promise have been turned into the path of vice by reading novel-books and papers! How many girls have been led into im-

morality, debasement, and ruin by the same cause ! Cases frequently transpire in which some lost one, at the close of a life of crime, tells how he or she was led from the ways of rectitude by nonsensical reading. And the instances which thus come to light are only as one in ten thousand. The power of the press, when directed aright, is understood and appreciated by everybody, and, of course, its power must be equally great when perverted to evil use.

In our schools of every kind, for the rising age, the danger resulting from the light, popular, fascinating literature is beyond conception. The influences with which the young are surrounded, the traps and pitfalls which beset both sexes on every side, make it a comparatively easy thing to lead them astray.

The mind of youth, yet in the tender and plastic state, receives evil impressions readily, and permits them to be moulded into a form which time cannot erase. There is no subject, therefore, to which parents and teachers should give greater attention than the character of the reading matter that they introduce into their homes. The father, in the fable, who took the half-frozen serpent into his house to warm it, and then left it with his family, did a less dangerous thing than the father who now takes a vitiated paper into his household. The serpent could only poison and destroy the body ; but the vicious journal leads to the destruction of both soul and body.





VIEW IN SHECHEM.

SHECHEM, or Sychem, is first mentioned in the history of Abraham, who erected his first altar in Canaan, and took possession of the country in the name of Jehovah. *Gen.* xii. 6. Jacob bought a field in this neighborhood, which he gave to his son Joseph, who was buried here. *Gen.* xlviii. 22. Here also Rehoboam gave the ten tribes occasion to revolt. *1 Kings*, xii. In its vicinity was Jacob's well, at which Christ discoursed with the woman of Samaria, whose soul was touched with divine love, and who left her water-pot and went on her way rejoicing and praising God. *John*, iv. 5.

Shechem also is the name of a Canaanitish prince, who abducted Dinah, the daughter of Jacob, and afterward was slain, and all his father's house, by Simeon

and Levi. (See *Gen.* xxxiv.) Here we see the ruinous consequences of parental neglect and evil associations.

Dinah was an only daughter, and doubtless much beloved and too much indulged. She was enticed, or rather, in the outset, she went to visit "the daughters of the land," probably on some public occasion of mirth and festivity,—whether with or without the consent of her parents, we know not.

"Young persons are never so safe as when under the care and inspection of prudent and pious parents. But those parents are far more inexcusable, who allow their daughters in acting so imprudently—nay, who do not interpose their authority to prevent them from heedlessly and wickedly exposing themselves to unseen and unsuspected danger. Children who are indulged because beloved, too often, like Dinah, become the shame and grief of their relations."

Mothers, have you daughters, amiable, lovely, virtuous? and do you permit them to mingle or associate with vicious or ungodly young men, to be gallanted by them, here and there, to this place and that place of amusement? You do it at your *peril*! Virtue once lost is lost *forever*! One false or imprudent step is often *everlasting* for ruin, desolation, and damnation! Look at the Five Points; who is there? Who—in the lowest depths of degradation, on the brink of hell? These lost souls were once bright, shining, beautiful; "olive plants," may be, enjoying "sweet home."



### A SON LEAVING HOME.

PARENT, is this your child bidding adieu to the paternal roof for a season, may be forever? away from your vigilant, prayerful eye, to reside in a city where Satan prowls nightly—where temptations, snares, and pitfalls mark every step? Crisis fearful, tremblingly! Weigh it well!

Perhaps the most critical period in the life of young persons, is that when they leave the home of a parent to become, for several years, inmates of some other house-

hold. On no account should a parent place his child in an ungodly family. Whatever inducements of connection, fortune, respectability may be held out, all should be overweighed by the consideration that the situation has connected with it extreme danger of the ruin of the soul. Many a situation promises fair for this world, that would be ruinous as to the world to come. To place a child in a situation that would endanger his eternal interests, merely for the sake of some temporal advantage, is cruel in the extreme, however kindly designed.

Home, home ! blessed home, how dear !

There is no word that has so much heart-thrilling and sweet music in its import, as the simple, yet meaning word *home* ! When roaming far from our native home in a distant and strange land among those who are strangers to us, ah, many are the bright visions we call up before our mind ; and as they pass in rapid succession before our ever-busy imagination, we cannot help exclaiming, “there is no place like home.” What are the sunny skies of Italy, where the noblest and greatest sons of glory first drew their breath, the vine-clad hills of France, where clusters of golden fruits grow in rich profusion, to him whose heart yearns for the loved ones at home, and whose prayers even now are ascending to his God with hope that he will be spared a safe return to that “sacred and holy spot,” where his best affections twine with undying tenacity around his childhood’s home !

“But, frail child of mortality, thy home is not to be always in this world of joys and sorrows, it is but for a day ; it passes by and is numbered with the uncallable past. Here we are strangers, but God in his rich mercy bids us look above this sinful world to a far more glorious home than that of which earth can boast.





### THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

“How many sheep are straying,  
Lost from the Saviour’s fold!  
Upon the lonely mountains  
They shiver with the cold;  
Within the tangled thickets,  
Where poison vines do creep,  
And over rocky ledges,  
Wander the poor lost sheep.

“Oh! who will go to find them?  
Who, for the Saviour’s sake,  
Will search with tireless patience  
Through brier and through brake?



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Unheeding thirst or hunger,  
Who still, from day to day,  
Will seek, as for a treasure,  
The sheep that go astray?

“Say, will *you* seek to find them?  
From pleasant bowers of ease,  
Will you go forth determined  
To find the ‘least of these?’  
For still the Saviour calls them,  
And looks across the world,  
And still he holds wide open  
The door into his fold.

“How sweet ’twould be at evening,  
If you and I could say,  
Good Shepherd, we’ve been seeking  
The sheep that went astray!  
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,  
We heard them making moan,  
And lo! we come at nightfall  
Bearing them safely home.”

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“I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he call’d little children as lambs to his fold—  
I should like to have been with him then.  
I wish that his hand had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
‘Let the little ones come unto me.’”

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 30.

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“ The richest boon beneath the skies,  
In which the heart alone can share,  
Is Christian love—this never dies ;  
Oh, that its power was everywhere.”

*A continuation of our loving epistle to our fellow  
students.*

WE repeat what we have said in another part of this volume, and what we would repeat again and again, stereotype in GOLDEN CAPITALS, sound out louder than seven thunders to the four winds, that the merely intellectual light, educational, without light heavenly, saving grace, the more speedily will students build up the kingdom of darkness, death and damnation ! This is true of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Hume, and others despising the day of grace.

“ There is no God, the fool in secret said—  
There is no God that rules in earth or sky :  
Tear off the band that folds the wretch’s head,  
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.”

A learned man, without the fear of God before his eyes and grace in his soul, has it in his power to wield a more powerful and fearful influence on the side of evil. “ He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.”

“What is the world without Christ? What is human life without Christianity? What is knowledge without grace? Nothing but a showy deception, nothing but a specious vanity! If the age needs any one thing above another, it is Christ in the schools. It needs sanctified learning. No one has either a call or a right to teach the youth of the land, except those who are able to answer the question of the great Master, ‘Lovest thou me?’ Only to those who can say yes to this searching question, has Christ ever given the commission, ‘Feed my lambs.’ An institution of learning, where the Christian life is not made to underlie all knowledge, and held to be the principle that ought to control and direct all knowing, is nothing but a manufactory of brighter and sharper rogues than those which spring up from the vulgar crowd. Build up knowledge upon a bad heart, and you furnish its possessor only with a greater power of mischief. ‘Educated nature is educated vice.’ A wicked youth is only the more dangerous for his smartness.”

Finally and lastly, we beseech you, dear fellow students, in the name of the Lord, touch not, taste not, handle not these unclean things. Have you Scott, Byron, Shakespeare, in your libraries or on your tables? burn them up, consign them to the flames. There is “death in the pot.” Serpents coiled here, coiled there! Have you Godey’s novels, Harper’s, Peterson’s, Arthur’s, Demorest’s “Fashion plates,” of any kind, or comicals? Burn them up, set fire to them. The cloven foot is concealed here—concealed there.

Have you the novels of Dickens, of Beecher,\* or any other sugar-coated poison? Burn them up, bonfire them. Satan is intermingled, the spirit of the pit! Sooner or later, they bite like a serpent—sting like an adder. Commit them to the flames.

The good contained in any of these publications may be obtained elsewhere. And the good and beautiful things interspersed in those works of fiction are Satan's baits, sugared pills—that the poison of asps may be swallowed more readily—the gall and the wormwood. *Beware! Burn them up quick!* The ways of Satan are moveable, "thou canst not know them." But the end thereof is "bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword." "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Say, "get thee hence, Satan."

" Every word has its own spirit,  
True or false, that never dies ;  
Every word man's lips have uttered  
Echoes ever in God's skies."

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\* We beseech Prof. R. of Kentucky, to burn up that nest-egg of Satan he took from Brooklyn when here, and clasped to his bosom. It will hatch by-and-by, and bring forth a brood of little serpents or devils, to poison to death every student in the institution, and the whole community. "It's a present." No matter, burn it up, the devil is in it, burn up the accursed thing, commit it to the flames. Cleanse your hands from this filthiness—"wash you, make you clean."



## FALLEN ASLEEP READING THE BOOK,

### THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

“I HAVE a little book at home, it has been mine  
for years ;

There's many, many a leaf within that's blotted  
with my tears ;

The covers are defaced, and e'en the gilding worn  
with age,

And pencil-marks are scattered round on almost  
every page.

“My father gave this book to me, oh ! many years  
ago,

When little of its real worth or import I could  
know ;

It pleased my fancy and my pride ; I felt ex-  
tremely grand

That I had such a pretty book to carry in my  
hand.



“But when the first great sorrow came—my loving  
father died,  
And broken-hearted, how I longed to lay down  
by his side—  
Within this book I found that God would comfort  
and would bless,  
And be a heavenly Father to the poor and father-  
less.

“When I am saddened or perplexed, with trials  
sore distressed,  
I read that he will surely ‘give the heavy-laden  
rest;’  
In every trouble of my life unto this Rock I flee,  
And sweet refreshing streams of love seem gush-  
ing out to me.”

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THE BIBLE THE TRUE DOCTRINE.—Our praying, singing, and Bible-reading will not help us heavenward, unless we are just between man and man. The Christian profession is nothing without the Christian life. Our religion, to change us radically, must descend into all commonest duties. It belongs as much to the shop as to the family, and as much to the family as to the sanctuary. No man can be a Christian who is not faithful in his common daily-life pursuits. The judge must administer justice from equity, and not from favor or the lure of bribes. The physician must regard the life and health of his patient above all other considerations. The merchant must deal justly, and the mechanic execute his work in all things faithfully.



## THE VERSE-A-DAY SYSTEM. THE LITTLE ONES AT IT.

“Give us this day our daily bread.”

“Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;  
True manna from on high!”

LITTLE folks, do you commit a verse from the Holy Book daily; repeat it likewise at the table spread with heaven's bounties? How many verses will this be in one year? Three hundred and sixty-five? Yes, young friends, three hundred and sixty-five precious texts from the Sacred Volume, worth more to you, if hid in the heart, than so many gold eagles. Parents, what think you of this system? The responsibility of its success rests on you.

Says the Psalmist: “Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I sin not against thee.”

## A Savor of Life—A Savor of Death.

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### READING-ROOMS, PUBLIC AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

“ Good books and papers live while we are dead  
Light on the darkened mind they shed,—  
Good seed they sow from age to age,  
Through all this mortal pilgrimage ;  
They nurse the germs of holy trust,  
They wake untired when we are dust.”

Good books and papers preach ; bad books and papers preach. One is a savor of life to life, the other of death to death ! One preaches salvation, the other damnation !

Look at this subject, friends ; turn it over, view it on every side ; peep into Sunday-school libraries, public reading-rooms—what do you see ? Scorpions, adders that sting, serpents that bite, Satanic transformations, the old serpent the devil, with cloven-foot concealed !

Do you ask what harm books and papers will do tinctured with romance and folly ? The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad men who wrote them. “ That a man is known by the company he keeps,” is an old proverb ; but it is no more true than that a man’s character may be determined by knowing the books he reads. If a good book can’t be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one worse. A person may be ruined by reading a single volume. Bad books are

like ardent spirits, they furnish neither aliment nor "medicine"—they are "poison." Both intoxicate—one the mind, the other the body. The thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied: both ruin—one the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The makers and venders of each are equally guilty and equally corrupters of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.

The love of fiction is a growing appetite, and one which generally wastes more time than any other. It produces a distaste for healthful mental food, and a dislike to strengthening mental exercise. However good the tone of fiction may be, or its moral, the habit of craving fiction, once formed, cannot be prevented from gratifying itself with those novels and romances of the day, which may well be described as "Satanic literature." The person who enters upon a course of novel-reading may be said to be rapidly unfitting himself for a noble and useful life. Then, all this reading is positively worse than useless. We have no faith in the effect of teaching moral truth by fiction. No real knowledge is stored by it. After reading a thousand novels, the youth may be still unfurnished with the most necessary information.

Nothing should find lodgment for a moment in our families, Sabbath-school libraries, reading-rooms, or on our centre-tables, but the salt of the earth, light, heavenly, intellectual and spiritual, life-giving, soul-kindling; such reading as elevates, purifies, and sanc-

tifies. Family-books and papers should be of the purest kind; nothing should be introduced that tends in the least to pervert or corrupt the rising generation. It is truly painful to see in some reading-rooms popular works of fiction, novels, romances, and works positively infidel in their tendency.

Such libraries and reading-rooms are a curse instead of a blessing to the community. Many a young man has been ruined for time and eternity by this corrupting literature.

No book or periodical, whatever its merits in other respects, which takes the name of God in vain, uses it profanely or irreverently, which contains a profane oath, an impure or libidinous thought, or speaks lightly of the Word of God, should ever be allowed in a family or reading-room. A parent ought never to allow a fascinating writer to say that, behind the screen to the eye of a child, which he would not permit any one to breathe into the ear.

Byron, Scott, Shakspeare, Dickens, Beecher, are, more or less, defiled by profane and impure allusions, dashes or exclamations, that offend the ear of modesty and virtue. What Christian father or mother would allow Shakspeare, if he were now alive, to associate with a blooming circle of sons and daughters, or read his plays, just as they now stand in the best editions? Is it possible for them to pass through the youthful mind and not leave a foul stain behind? Read the "Personal Recollections of Charlotte Elizabeth," and see how narrowly she escaped the loss of both body



and soul by poring over Shakspeare's corrupting fascinations.

Are not editors and publishers rolling up a fearful account for facilitating the circulation of these reptiles, now flooding and cursing the land? Unless some means can be devised to arrest this rapidly-augmenting currency of licentious and semi-infidel literature, its demoralizing effects every where manifest, we are *lost ! lost !* Cease? When will this curse of all curses cease, that poisons the fountains of mercy, eats out the life-blood of spiritual life and salvation, ushering millions into the gulf bottomless? When will this death of deaths cease? Never, till God in mercy opens the eyes of religious editors to see the enormity of their guilt in offering polluted bread upon his altar !

“And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts.”—Mal. i. 7-8.

“O ye priests, this commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord of hosts, I will even send a curse upon you, and I will curse your blessings; yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart.”—Mal. ii. 1-2.

“I hate the work of them that turn aside. He that worketh deceit shall not dwell in my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.”—Psal. ci. 6.

Cast your eye, if you can, beloved brother and sister,

into the reading-room at the Cooper Institute—the “Young Men’s Christian Association,” in New York, and into libraries of a similar character in every city, what do you see? Some twenty, thirty, fifty, or more young men and women poring over what? The good, the solid, the virtuous, the pure, the elevating in these libraries, or the froth and scum of the pit?—the veriest trash Satan could concoct. The truth is, the taste of very many of the rising age is already formed for the devilish, and after the devilish they will go.

Bonfire, burn up one-half of the books and periodicals in these public libraries and reading-rooms—more yet, two-thirds at least. God of mercy, truth and love, speed the day—hasten the burning, scorching, consuming flames!

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SOWING? YES, WE ARE.

*“And whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”—Gal. vi. 7.*

“ We are sowing, we are sowing,  
In eternity to reap ;  
Day by day are harvests growing  
For us after death’s long sleep.

“ We are sowing, we are sowing,  
Thoughts are seeds cast in a field ;  
Every act that we are doing,  
Every word its fruit shall yield.”



### THE MOTHER IMPARTING HEAVENLY WISDOM.

*Young friends*, do you obey your mother cheerfully,  
heartily?

“Come hither to thy mother, boy,  
Obey her teachings well;  
For they will come to soothe thy heart,  
When sorrows round thee swell.

“And when she’s in her grass-grown grave,  
Hid from the light of day,  
Let not the world’s deceitful wiles  
Sweep all thy faith away.”

*(See article next page.)*

## Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 31.

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Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings  
Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring  
Make it a temple of holy revealings,  
And love its bright angel with "shadowing wing."

### LITTLE MARY KEEPING GOOD COMPANY.

BELOVED brother and sister, you may not only hinder dear Mary from coming to the blessed Redeemer for truth, but bar heaven's gate entirely and forever, by permitting her to mingle with evil associates. What company does this sweet child keep day in, day out, lying down, rising up, going out, and coming in, at home and abroad?—good, better, best?—the *very* best, and none other? Is she permitted, for a moment, to hold confab—talk familiarly, chit-chat, or prattle with persons of doubtful character or reputation?—with any one on whom rests the slightest suspicion of unchastity or looseness of morals? We trow not. We firmly believe it is your fervent wish and prayer that this little God-send should mingle or associate with those, and *only* with those, that are eminent for all that is pure, lovely, virtuous, heavenly—the salt of the earth!

As we say, and keep on saying, "Example kills, example cures"—"Evil communications corrupt good manners." \*

The thought even of little Mary courting the society of the loose, the vicious, or those of a profligate ten-

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\* Parents, beware of the street-school, it is Satan's!

dency, would be terrible, revolting, agonizing! Shudder, tremble, stand aghast! Yes, you would, dearest, at the mere suggestion of her spending one evening in company with those whom you did not *know* for certainty their influence would be on the side of virtue and Gospel purity, elevating and sanctifying.

“That no stain of sin may settle  
Like the dust on wayside daisies,  
On her soul, to soil its sweetness.”

You know, and we know, that the lodgment in her heart of a single thought, impure or lascivious, might terminate in the loss of her soul *forever*! Are Christian parents aware of this? What? when? where?

“How can ye hope your sons will live,  
If ye, for flesh, a serpent give?”

When you attire Mary in a beautiful white dress, and after a little you see it all smutted up, dark with greasy spots here and there on it, how speedily you *off* with it, and put on something in its place, nice, plain, neat, and comely. You can't endure to see her go slip-shod, or with dirty, or spotted garments, a single moment. Are you equally cautious, beloved, in keeping her soul unspotted by the flesh?

“Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his sons and daughters, when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

‘Father,’ said the gentle Eulalia, one day, when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother to visit the frivolous Lucinda, ‘father, you



must think that we are very weak and childish since you are afraid that it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda.'

Without saying a word, the father took a coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter. 'It will not burn you, my child,' said he; 'only take it.'

Eulalia took the coal, and behold, her tender, white hand was black, and, without thinking, she touched her white dress, and it was blackened.

'See,' said Eulalia, somewhat displeased, as she looked at her hands and dress, 'one cannot be careful enough when handling coals.'

'Yes, truly,' said her father. 'You see, my child, that the coal, even though it *did not burn you*, has, nevertheless, *blackened you*. So is the company of immoral persons.'

Of all the snares to which children are exposed, we know of none more fatal, more ruinous than those which spring from *improper companions*. The Word of God expressly forbids associating with evil companions. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." "Be not equally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor

sitteth in the seat of the scornful." "A companion of fools shall be destroyed."

The very atmosphere of the unchaste or vicious is infectious, malaria, more to be feared than the deadly sirocco, or a "bear robbed of her whelps." Run!—hasten!—escape for your *life*! RUN!

*Now for the sequel or application*: Is not reading an author keeping company with that author? whether he be virtuous or vicious—pure in thought or impure?

"As is the tree, so is the fruit." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?"

Books and papers have souls: they think, speak, and act, for evil or for good. A bad book or paper is more dangerous than a bad man or a bad woman, a bad boy or a bad girl.

Every book, every paper, has a soul, breathing a spirit good or bad. It is the soul of its author, and when spread over the pages of the book, that soul acts upon its readers as truly as when acting directly.

There is an atmosphere surrounding every human body which naturally affects every one who comes within its limits. There is something analogous to this with regard to a human spirit. If you continue long within the atmosphere, can you help being infected? The contagion spreads from soul to soul. The least spot on a beautiful white robe mars its beauty sadly. "We are known by the company we keep."

“ Just as the broadest rivers run  
From small and distant springs,  
The greatest crimes that men have done  
Have grown from little things.”

Do parents take this into due consideration when they permit their sons and daughters to pore over emanations issuing from hearts as black as jet?

Where is there a writer of fiction—sensational, that is not more or less tinctured with impurity of thought, and whose virtue is questionable? The writers of these love-stories and fictitious tales—novels and romances, who are they? With few exceptions they are *known* to be vile, lax in principle—lax in life. Shun their writings as you would a serpent—a poisonous reptile.

In reading these infected authors we keep them company—inhalé their very *breath*, unconsciously—though it be as morally corrupting and polluting as a brothel—a house of prostitution!—or hot-bed of lewdness!

There is far more danger, indeed, of becoming assimilated to the spirit of a corrupt author by perusing his works than by personal association.\*

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\* Grace in the soul eradicate Satan—the relish for the deadly upas? Nothing else—grace on grace. Impart the grace then!—the Holy Spirit helping, dictating.

Is little Mary's soul renewed in spirit, soul-kindlingly? How then? love fiction? Sooner clasp a serpent to her bosom! Here is safe-guard from the plague—the leprosy of the age. Let the dear child continue to wash and be clean in the open fountain for sin and uncleanness, and Satan finds no lodgment.

To choose between two evils, you prefer, doubtless, to see this dear child sit side by side with a loose, unprincipled character, then to place in her hands the writings of this same profligate? On seeing his gross visage—obscene—the picture of a serpent—she would rise up, *run*, escape for her life!—*screamingly*!

In the other case she might not see the serpent coiled or concealed in the grass till the fatal, forked-tongue, darted forth! Or if seen in comely form in the garb of pleasure, with fair face and flattering lips!—Satan transformed!

“Far off the road which leads to death  
Looks beautiful and fair!”

You are, we venture to say, beloved, guarding this precious little jewel, as the apple of the eye, against the first approach of evil—the least particle of contaminating influence, folding her in the very bosom of the Saviour’s love.

“If he lay His hand on the children,  
My heart will be lighter, I know  
For a blessing forever and ever  
Will follow them as they go.”

Nothing short of this continued, steadfast, Bible discipline will meet the emergencies of the case. This unwavering, ceaseless diligence in the path of duty and holy living is what God indicates in the precept, “Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it.”



HERE THEY ARE, FATHER, AND MOTHER, AND THE  
SWEET LITTLE ONES.

THESE parents united in family discipline harmoniously? Unquestionably; else, how clock-work, heaven in the domestic circle? What father says, mother says; what mother says, father says. When father corrects the little ones for disobedience, the mother coincides heartily, joyfully—says, “So let it be.” And when mother applies the rod of chastisement when it ought to be applied, does father interfere, say, “Spare the rod?” Not for a thousand worlds! He knows it would cause friction, and may-be the ruin of the child. Here lies one grand secret of success in household training. Without this united, harmonious union, where is hope of good family government, salvation?





## THE BIBLE IN HOUSEHOLD DUTY—THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

“ This Book of books I’d rather own  
Than all the gold or gems  
That e’er in monarchs’ coffers shone—  
Than all their diadems :  
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,  
The earth a golden ball,  
And diadems all the stars of night,  
This book were worth them all.

“ Yes, yes, this blessed book is worth  
All else to mortals given ;  
For what are all the joys of earth  
Compared to joys of heaven ?  
This is the guide our Father gave  
To lead to realms of day—  
A *star* whose lustre gilds the grave—  
‘ The light, the life, the way.’ ”



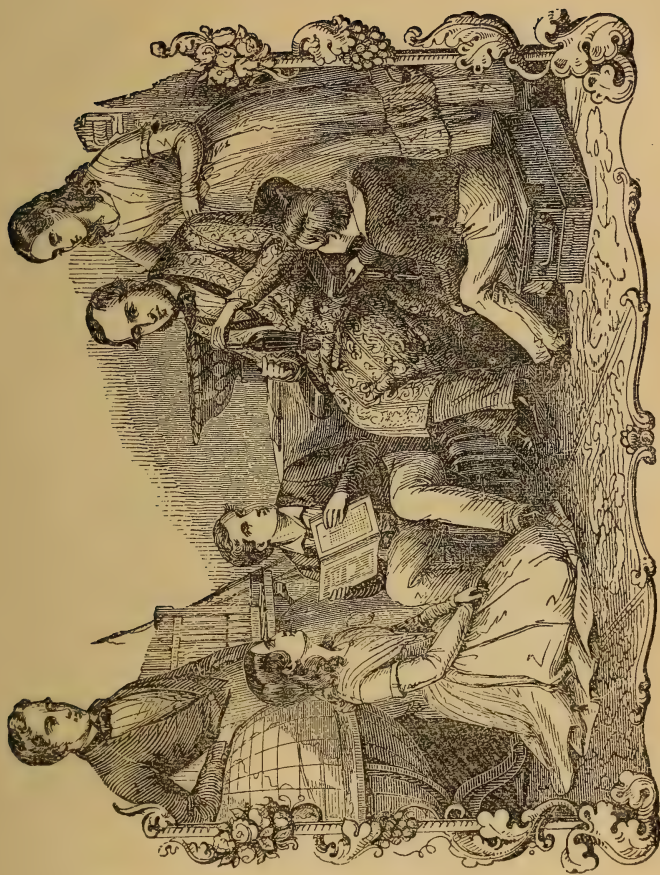
## THE BIBLE AND SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

“Oh speed thee, Christian, on thy way,  
And to thy armor cling ;  
With girded loins the call obey  
That grace and mercy bring.”

OUR *text-book*, the basis of all our attempts to instruct the rising age committed to our care, should be the *Bible*. This book, of all others, is the most lastingly interesting to children. Were it not the depository of *all-saving truth*, still there would be no book to compare with it in power to arrest and retain the attention of the young.

A very interesting and pious writer of the Sunday School Union remarks thus :

“Every Sunday-school teacher, however unlearned in the knowledge of this world, should be well versed in Scripture truth, and be a careful student of his Bible. ‘To the law and the testimony’ should be his appeal for the truth of every sentiment.”



THE FAMILY GROUP.

THE family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, the happiest, and the most hallowed spot on earth. It is the nursery of affection, of friendship, and of virtue.



## HINTS TO PARENTS.—NO. VII.

### BAD FOLKS.

#### CHILDREN AT HOME, CHILDREN ABROAD.

TEACH your children to behave well at home, politely, modestly, obediently—to know when to speak and how to speak—ere you take them abroad.

Never, dear parents, impose upon your neighbors or



friends with your unruly, self-willed, disobedient children, as you value your reputation, the peace, safety, good wishes and happiness of those around you, and the best interests of the community. What imposition greater could you possibly inflict on your friends? It's a bare-faced, outstanding violation of the golden rule principle! It's trampling, ungenerously, on good feeling, friendship, hospitality, and kindred affection.

We have known some parents make a long visit to the house of some friend or relative, with rude, ill-mannered, impudent, boisterous, outlandish urchins, disturbing the peace, quietness, and happiness of every one in their reach, ransacking every nook and corner of the house, turning and overturning! A bear robbed of her whelps could scarcely be more dreadful or annoying. Children are imitative beings, and good children are frequently spoiled or greatly injured by the society of wicked associations. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "One sinner," though a little sinner, "destroyeth much good."

Parents that have any just or due appreciation of the importance of training their offspring for God, in the way they should go, would rather see a serpent, a stinging adder, yes, the plague itself, enter their dwelling than these reckless, idolized, disobedient intruders. (See engraving.)

Parent, we beseech you, as you value friendship, kindness, hospitality, brotherly love, peace, harmony,



good will, eternal life, not to impose on good sense and good nature. How glad soever your friends may be to see you and entertain you hospitably, yet their rejoicing will be tenfold when you depart. Be wise to-day. Be wise for yourself, your children, your friends, for time, for eternity.

Train up your little ones early for God, in the way they should go, in strict obedience, in the path of duty, sobriety, in all that is lovely and praiseworthy. Make them polished stones, living examples of loveliness, purity, and consistency, olive plants around your table. Then their appearance every where will be hailed gladly, thankfully, joyfully. Otherwise, keep them at home till they learn good manners.

“O it is a sad’ning sight,  
When children go astray,  
Forsaking what is good and right,  
To walk in Satan’s way.”

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## BEAR AND FORBEAR.

IF we would have life move on smoothly, we must learn to bear and forbear. We must indulge the friend we love in the little peculiarities of saying and doing things which may be important to him, but of little moment to us. Like children, we must suffer each one to build his play house in his own way, and not quarrel with him because he does not think our way the best.



### GATHERING NUTS.

SEE that little girl holding her hat for the nuts as her brother gathers them? Is she not beautiful? Does not her whole countenance indicate modesty and purity.

## The Improvement ; or, Practical Application.—No. 1.

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“ Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight ;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
Trust in God, and do the right.”

BELoved friends, now for the application—the consequences—the results of this strategetic movement of Satan—of this corrupt, vitiated, mental taste. To what does it lead ?

1. To imbecility and puerility in thought, word, and action. It makes dunces of little folks, and great folks dolts. It makes them stupid, weak, silly, foolish, and vain.

Dr. Arnold says truly : “ Childishness in boys even of good ability, seems to be a growing fault, and I do not know what to ascribe it to except to the great number of exciting books of amusement. The habit is to the mind what indulgence in intoxicating drinks is to the body. In both cases there is a constant craving for excitement, and for an excitement which unfits the faculties and draws away the affections from duty, from heaven, and from God.”

Who questions this fact ? Look abroad, and see the fearful, alarming deterioration of the rising age every where !

2. You see children that are permitted to read silly, nonsensical things—not only become silly, foolish, non-

sensical, and duncified, but uncouth, rude, and boisterous in their sports. They take great delight in fun, frolic, romplings, and vulgar merriment, monkeyish behavior ! And editors and ministers, we find, who go in for this light, foolish and trashy reading, encourage these sportive tricks in children—this low wit, rude uncouthness—drollery, buffoonery, and monkeyisms. Shameful !

The mind of youth, yet in the tender and plastic state, receives evil impressions readily, and permits them to be moulded into a form which time cannot erase. There is no subject, therefore, to which parents should give greater attention than to the character of the reading matter that they introduce into their homes.

3. It retards education, every branch of it. This fact is shown clearly in our affectionate appeal to students, page .

The knowledge stored away in the minds of novel-readers is little more than a huge, unsightly mass of errors. The memory, having little or nothing to do, must wear out in its own indolence.

4. It weakens the judgment, the understanding, the perceptive faculties.

5. It corrupts the imagination—bewilders it. It becomes wild, extravagant, like a ship at sea in a storm, without compass or helm. A distorted imagination unfits human beings to live, think, and act, in this common-sense matter-of-fact world of ours.

6. It creates a distaste for solid and useful reading. Men and women do not like to go from the splendid

palaces of kings—from the soft and lascivious saloons and drawing-rooms of dukes and counts into the common walks of life—no, they would rather luxuriate amid the splendid castles and enchanted scenes of the novel-writer!

7. The expenditure is wicked—heaven-daring. One novel-reading Miss boasts of having paid \$70 in one year on fiction, including “fashion-plates.” And whose money was this, expended to gratify a perverted or vitiated taste? Is this laying up treasure in heaven with God’s money, or heaping fuel to feed the flames of woe eternal? And think you, beloved brother and sister, that this same lavisher of God’s bounty, on lust, presumes to call herself a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ? Permit us to say here, our exhortive warfare in these pages is not to the ungodly, the impenitent, or to outsiders—but the two-edged sword of God’s truth is aimed *exclusively* to those in the Church having a name to live and are dead—whose glory is their shame—who mind earthly things—“enemies of the cross of Christ.”—Phil. iii. 18–19.

8. Consider the time lost!—worse than lost! “That stuff that life is made of, and which, when lost, is never lost alone, because it carries souls upon its wings! What is time? Ask death-beds; the queen of England, who cried in her expiring moments, “*millions! millions!* for an inch of time!”

“I asked a spirit lost—but, oh! the shriek  
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!  
It cried, ‘A particle! a speck! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite!’”



9. It grieves the Holy Spirit, hardens the heart, sears the conscience, as we have already said.

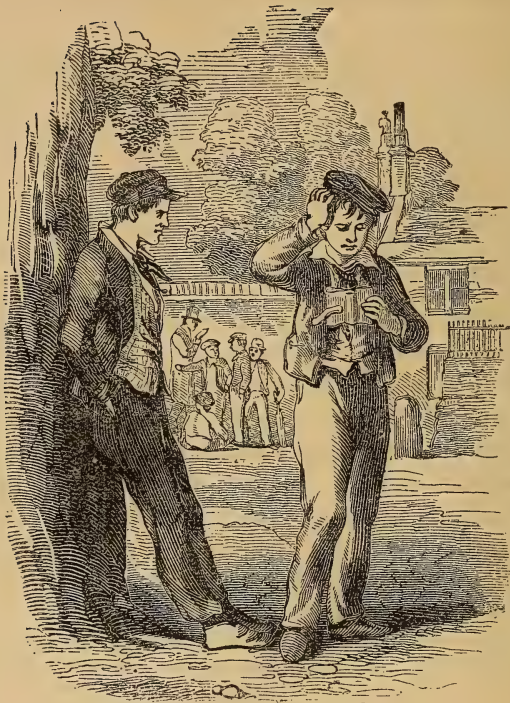
Here are bad boys, standing before you, readers. How came they so? Were their mental tastes formed on Bible truths or on Satan's baits?

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LITTLE FOLKS TRAINED IN THE RIGHT WAY.

A child, trained from infancy in the fear and love of God, is ready to "serve the Lord Jesus Christ with all humility of mind," in any work to which he is called, saying: "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O my God," in a meek, heavenly spirit—"the meekness and gentleness of Christ;" and as he goes forward from duty to duty, will be able to say with David: "My soul is as a weaned child:" "I delight to do Thy will, O my God!"

"Can other themes our hearts engage,  
And meaner things our thoughts employ?  
Why make the glittering things of earth  
Our greatest good, our chiefest joy?"



### WICKED BOYS.

WICKED? who doubts it? Look at them. A wicked boy or girl can not be wicked long without being known. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Guilt shows itself in every thought, word, and deed, and is sure to bring disgrace, shame, and misery.

Boys and girls are known by their looks and the company they keep.

## Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 2.

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“ Onward ! while a wrong remains  
To be conquer’d by the right ;  
Action is the pulpit’s part :  
Forward ! thou awakening nation,  
Action is the people’s part ! ”

10. These sugared pills, or Satanic transformations, lead people to talk religion and talk nonsense at the same time and in the same breath—mix up things solemn and heavenly with things facetious—intermingle the atoning blood of the Lamb—grace, hope, joy, life eternal—things momentous, bearing directly on the welfare of souls immortal, with things “light as air,” trifling, frivolous, foolish, nonsensical, without the slightest particle of holy unction, reverence, or godly fear ! What is this but offering strange fire?—sacrilege!—blasphemy !

This you often see and hear from the Plymouth pulpit ! Consequently everything pure, beautiful, lovely, and truthful, is poisoned—turned to vinegar, gall, and wormwood !

Is it not wonderful, grace, mercy, superabounding, that the Almighty does not, in His hot displeasure, send fire from heaven and burn up this man alive, as he did “Nadab and Abihu, for offering strange fire on God’s altar ?”—Lev. x. 1, 2, 3.

Look out, friends ! we live in a wondrous age. “If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of

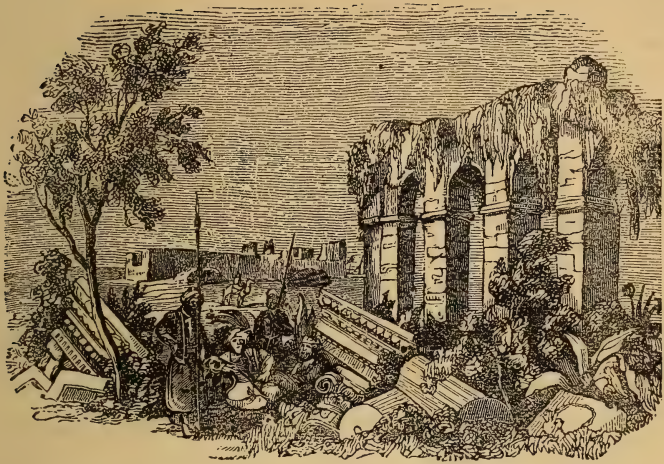
dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, . . . thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet or dreamer of dreams ; for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.”—Deut. xiii. 1–3.

And this mixing up things—Christ and Belial—is spreading like wild-fire through the length and breadth of the land !

“ Just God ! and these are they  
Who minister at Thy altar !  
Men, who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel’s Ark of light ! ”

Friends, are not the days spoken of in 2 Peter, chap. ii, at our very doors ?

Also in chap. iii. 7, he says : “ That there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, where is the promise of his coming, for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation.” The scoffers have come, and when they appear “ the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men ” is at hand.



### RUINS OF TYRE.

LITTLE readers and great readers, what proved the utter destruction of this once great and beautiful city—sin? Nothing else. God's wrath was visited upon it for the same reason that it was upon Sodom and the cities of the plain; the Canaanites, whose cup of iniquity was full; and upon Babylon the great, now no more forever! "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low." *Isa. ii. 12.*

Old Tyre withstood the mighty Assyrian power five years. It afterward held out thirteen years against Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, and was at length taken. There are now no signs of the ancient city; and as it is a sandy shore, the face of everything is altered, and the great aqueduct is in many parts almost buried in the sand. Thus has been fulfilled the prophecy of Ezekiel,



### Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 3.

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“ How fond is man,  
Dressed in a little brief authority,  
To play fantastic tricks before high heaven ! ”

11. This mock sentimentalism leads to insipidity—idle talk, frothy, vain, empty, unprofitable. Enter a social circle—a company of religious novel-readers—what do you hear? Good common-sense? Rationality, edifying conversation—instructive, administering grace to the hearers? Anything pertaining to the heavenly, soul-kindling, the higher Christian walks, glory eternal—or tittle-tattle, senseless gabble, cackling, trip-hammer nonsense? Instance the author of “ Norwood ”—the “ New York Ledger’s ” regular contributor. The man has been so long and so thoroughly saturated with fiction and frivolity that it ekes out at every pore in the pulpit and out of it. His whole contour, indeed every moving muscle bear visible marks of the garrulous or of the buffoon ! Were talents and learning ever more wickedly and shamefully desecrated or sacrificed to baser purposes ?

“ Familiarity breeds contempt,” is a truthful saying, and it gains strength as that familiarity is brought about by a trifling sociability. It always sinks one on a level or below those around us. The world will say : “ How much better is he than we are ? ”

Men generally, in a Christian community, believe that this declaration of God : “ That every *idle word*

that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," *is true*, and yet, at the same time, they do not believe it ; for there is no fear induced, no love fostered, as is perfectly evident from the words we hear.

How do people generally talk when they get together? Sensibly? to mutual improvement? to the improvement of the heart and mind? Is the mind generally furnished with that of which it will be pleasant and profitable to reflect afterwards? Are the affections called into exercise, purified, and strengthened? If these things are not the result of our intercourse with our fellow-creatures, it is not a rational intercourse, it is not sensible, and we are, by it, brought under condemnation. But, notwithstanding this fearful thought, is not this a *small-talking* age? Yes. It is an age, in which, socially, there is much talk, but, at the same time, very little is said ; or, in other words, it is an age in which there are a great many words spoken, but which convey a very few ideas ; an age in which language, that great gift of God to man, to distinguish him from the mere animal, has been turned out of its proper course, and, instead of being the channel for the conveying of thought, it has become a gas-pipe to carry off the vapor of volatile brains. Yes, an age in which God's great gift has become the sport of clowns and buffoons ; an age in which God and eternity are driven from the social circle because of the frothings of jesters and foolish talkers. To say nothing of the awful guilt of this age, because of its

open violation of the Lord's day, its drunkenness and gluttony, its lewdness, covetousness, infidelity, and blasphemy, is it not an age which has come under an awful curse because of its *small-talk*—that more refined but just as sure way of coming under condemnation? *More refined way?* Yes, only because men have made it so conventionally. The man drunk is called a brute, at least for the time. The man cursing God is pronounced, at least so far, a bad man. But the jester, the small-talker, is not only tolerated, but welcomed. Thus men, conventionally, have refined his sin. But not so God. His judgment is pronounced, and it is just as sure as the curse of the adulterer and the murderer. God makes very little difference, if any, between the man who murders his fellow-creatures and the man who murders his time—that precious gift to man, in which he may get ready for eternity. God makes very little difference, if any, between the man who prostitutes his person and the one who prostitutes his talents, subjecting his mind, which is capable of vieing with ever-thinking angels, to the studying of those things which serve to laugh off and kill the hour.

But is it not so, that men, conventionally, have refined this sin? Do not men not only tolerate, but welcome the jester? Oh, the writhing that shall be in God's judging-day because of this one sin? Oh, the darkness that shall be around God's pavilion, when the *livers* of the nineteenth of the Christian centuries shall come up there to be judged for this *one* sin! to say nothing of the *mountains* of transgressions, and

the rivers of woe-gurgling blood, which this century has caused to flow and be piled up. To say nothing of these, heaven, earth, and hell may well tremble with one universal groan. Oh, the condemnation of men called *Christians*, because of this *one sin* !

“ Just God and holy ! is that church which lends  
Strength to the spoiler, Thine ! ”

“ Foolish talking and jesting ” stand in the same cluster with “ filthiness, fornication, and all uncleanness,” as if they belonged to the same family.

“ ’Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul.”

If ever the arch-deceiver is transformed into an angel of light, it is when professing Christians talk nonsense, and laugh at nonsense.

“ There is nothing,” says Wilberforce Richmond, “ so opposed to religion—to the mind of Christ—as levity and trifling. It will keep you back more than anything. Take my solemn warning. I speak from my own experience. You will never be a consistent Christian, and you will never grow in grace, if you indulge in *habitual* trifling conversation. It is not like the mind of Christ.”

“ He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God’s ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech.”

*Note.*—Here is a bad girl, bad as she can cleverly be—disobedient, foolish, and vain. How came she so ? On what was her mental taste formed ? the Bible ? Judge ye ! (See opposite page).



## THE BAD GIRL.

SHE DOES JUST AS SHE PLEASES,

HAS her own way in every thing. Her parents seem to have lost all control over her—if they ever had any. Her will is her own. Self rules the day. She goes out when she pleases, comes in when she pleases ; chooses what books, papers, or company she pleases ;



runs about in stores, shops, houses, and the street school when she pleases ; dresses as she pleases ; gratifies her passions and appetites when she pleases ; plays, gads, and gabbles about on the Sabbath, when she pleases ; she comes to the table and family prayers when she pleases, and stays away when she pleases ; obeys and disobeys when she pleases. Her will is her own, self the governing principle, the controlling power ! Notice her guilty look in the engraving !

Parent, is this the way you train up your little daughter ? Have you no misgivings ? no fears ?

“The rod and reproof give wisdom ; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.” Prov. xxix. 15.

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, ripper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

“Now is the time each child should try,  
In life's bright sunny morn,  
To lay rich stores of knowledge by,  
Ere wintry age comes on.  
'Tis sweet, oh sweet, to know,  
If we our time improve,  
We shall be happy here below,  
And dwell in heaven above.”



No worse sign of a child's character can appear than a readiness to speak lightly of a parent's authority.



SEE THIS MOTHER, LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

WHAT is she doing? Imparting light heavenly to this child of hers—telling him about Jesus, who shed his precious blood on Calvary to save sinners, little sinners and great sinners—"the way, the truth, the life?" Beautiful, ain't it? Too soon? No, it ain't, mother. You should have commenced this blessed work at the earliest intellectual dawning, even before this little one of yours could utter a single syllable audibly. Begin where God begins. Let your smiles preach, your eyes, your inward thought, every muscle.

We say, and keep on saying, the Holy Spirit is waiting to be gracious, ready always to apply the truth, take the things that belong to Christ and show them even to the littlest of the little ones. The Spirit and the Bride say to the little folks, "Come." And let every one that heareth say to them, "Come."

The true ideal of Christian culture is—the salvation of childhood.

LYING AND THIEVING.

*"Thou shalt not steal."*

12. This religious nonsense, in the form of novels and romances, thrown upon the public so freely by professing Christian editors and ministers, leads to lying or falsehood. Lies beget lies. One liar makes other liars—not a few. The man that writes lies, preaches lies, publishes lies, puffs lies—sells and reads lies What next? Steal, rob, cut your throat? Look out, friends!

The man that tells lies—makes a business of it—is he any too good to steal your purse, rob you in the highway? See to it that your purse-strings are tightened—your money-till well secured, your front-door locked and barred firmly.

Merchants, have you novel-reading clerks? *Beware!*—look well to your safes!

Young men that have their minds vitiated, and their moral sensibilities perverted by novels, will not endeavor to procure wealth in the ordinary way, by labor and patience; this is too slow a process to satisfy the fevered and excited mind. Fortune must be made at once. It drives young men to the gambling-table, the theatre, the intoxicating bowl, and to the house of ill-fame.

We have become a nation of liars! Most people love to read and to hear lies quite as well as others like to write and to utter them. Indeed, the one is a pretty fair guage of the other. The market and the supply of lies are economically adjusted.

The public will have lies, and the man who must get his bread and butter by writing, must have no scruples about lying. One of the most popular writers of a New York journal said pathetically: "I detest this coloring of the truth, this eternal exaggeration of lying; but the people will have it, and I must furnish it or starve." Another popular writer, on recovering from a dangerous illness, told his physician that he should not be able to pay him until he had got his returns from furnishing the public another of his lucrative stories. That is, a pack of lies in the form of novels, romances, silly love-tales, to curse the rising age, pushed into public favor, by whom? Can you guess, dear reader? Tell it not, write it not—publish it not. Hush!

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"To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice."

"Do justice—'tis thy God's command,  
The mandate of thy King;  
Be prompt in rendering dues to all,  
And let no fraud, spot, great or small,  
Unto thy conscience cling."



## STEAL, LITTLE FOLKS OR GREAT FOLKS?

Not a pin, a pear, a peach, a plum.

“On the goods that are not thine,  
Do not dare to lay thy finger;  
On thy neighbor's better things,  
Let no wistful glances linger.”

A BOY or girl who will steal an apple, a pear, or bouquet, will doubtless, by and by, steal other things and greater things.



## Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 5.

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### *Lying and Thieving—Continued.*

“ Basest and meanest of all sins is theft ;  
Concealment, peculation, breach of trust,  
To practice it on others.”

SUCH writers, in the pulpit or out of it, are considered smart. They wake up our imaginations, rouse our sympathies, play charmingly upon our passions, and we pay them well for it.

The public hankering for something extraordinary, startling, highly-colored, and exaggerated, has crept into our churches, invaded the pews, and, to some extent, given laws to the pulpit. There is now a great demand for smart preachers. The question is not whether a preacher is pious, prayerful, faithful, sound in faith, and a winner of souls—one who rightly divides the Word of truth, and gives to every man his portion in due season—all this is behind the times, and old foggy. Is he smart? That's the question. Does he stretch the india-rubber to its utmost tension, and hammer out the precious grain of gold so thin that it has but one side? Can he do a splendid business on a small capital? Does he sparkle well? Oh, then, he is an angel standing in the sun! We must have him at any price. What's the use of going to the theatre when we can have what we want at church? But will he also, as

occasion may require, let off good round whoppers, thumping stories, and rouse us all up ? Then he is the man for us. He will fill the house, sell the pews, youthfulize the congregation, and make us a good speculation. What matters his tenets, what he believes, so long as he is popular ? “ Suppose he does fraternize error, false doctrines, universalisms, unitarianisms, Parkerisms, spiritisms, free-loveisms, his popularity will over-ride it all, and he will be number-one on all public occasions.”

Friends of salvation, truth and love, was there ever a climacteric of deviltry more climacteric or devilish ? And yet the picture is faintly drawn ; we have merely hinted of what Satan is doing in this direction.

“ Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth, which search and burn  
In warning and rebuke.”

Well did our blessed Saviour say, as he did to a class or a clique not very dissimilar : “ Wo to you, ye blind guides.

“ Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ; for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

“ Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.

“ Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed ap-

pear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

"Even so, ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, How can ye escape the damnation of hell?'—Matt. xxiii. 25, 33.

"The devil has had a long and extensive experience. If there has ever been a time in which he succeeded, this is that time. He never employed his skill at galvanizing and sugar-coating hypocritès more than at this day; and never before were men and women more willing to have it done than now. It seems there is an ambition to excel in wickedness. No character is so hateful to God as that of a garnished hypocrite. This species of hypocrisy is a blandly smiling at sin—an unbounded charity—a weak, religious sentimentalism—orthodox faith, but the heart of a Judas."

We live in an age in which men are sought after, who possess a good share of talent and shrewdness. Too many are mere hirelings, who care but little whether the devil gets the sheep or not, only so that they get the place and the fleece, betraying the Son of God! If one society does not pamper their pride, they go to a more formal one for better pay. In wickedness, they exceed Baalam—"who loved the wages of unrighteousness"—because they are *hired* to *bless*, and they curse instead.



## ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS. 1 KINGS, xvii. 5-6.

Elijah was a good man, perfect in his generation ; and, like Enoch and Noah, he “ walked with God,” and “ God took him.”

YOUNG folks, what think you—do you suppose the Lord would have sent Elijah food, night and morning, by these ravenous birds, if he had been wicked, a false prophet, man-fearing or time-serving—a wolf in sheep’s clothing? one that bowed to conservative, popular views, connived at sin, prophesied smooth things, healed slightly, cried, “ Peace, peace,” when there was no peace? Never, *never*.

Nor would He have translated him, taken him to glory in a “ chariot of fire.” See 2 Kings, ii.

“ God, give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands :  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;  
Men who possess opinions and a will ;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie.”

Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 6.

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COWARDICE AND WORLDLY POLICY.

“ Oh, blessed is he who can divine,  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side where seems  
Wrong to man's blinded eye.”

13. It tends to worldly policy and worldly expediency, compromising sin and Satan.

14. Make cowards of folks, little and big, base, pusillanimously? Invariably? Stand the fire? Nay, they skulk—skulk here, skulk there—dodge here, dodge there. “The children of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle.”—Psal. xxxvii. 9.

“Ephraim is a cake not turned.

“Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth *it* not; yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not.

“And the pride of Israel testifieth to his face, and they do not return to the Lord their God, nor seek him for all this.

“When they shall go, I will spread my net upon them, I will bring them down as the fowl of the heaven: I will chastise them as their congregation hath heard.

Wo unto them, for they have fled from me: destruction unto them, because they have transgressed against



me; though I have redeemed them, yet they have spoken lies against me.”—Hosea vii. 13.

Could there be a truer or more graphic picture of the present pulpit ministrations in many quarters? Look here, look there, see ye one, beloved, on the watch-tower of Zion that goes in for hotch-potch reading—novels and romances—the fiction of the day, that has any back-bone, soul-kindling, fire pentecostal, fire on *fire*, moral courage, holy boldness to stem the tide of popular iniquity, storm the fort of Satan, carry a holy warfare to the very *heart* of the enemy’s country, come life, come death? Where? O where? Do they not, to a man, bow, more or less, to the popular, conservative, heal slightly, daub with untempered mortar, confer with flesh and blood, cry “peace, peace,” when there is no peace?

The spirit of the holy prophets and apostles, and of the Lord Jesus, is scarcely heard of or seen.

“ The veriest coward upon earth  
Is he who fears the world’s opinion ;  
Who acts with reference to its will,  
His conscience swayed by its dominion.”

Sin is winked at, covered, passed over. What now? Prosper? God says not, and we believe God, what He says.

The doctrine of worldly expediency and compromise is, of all sins, the most destructive, soul-ruinous, to both church and State. And at no sin does God thunder anathemas more terribly! Instance the hypocritical and time-serving Scribes and Pharisees. Turn, if

you please, to Matt. 23—read the entire chapter. It speaks for itself, *precisely* what we speak, louder and still louder in the ears of those to whom we are now speaking in love, in humble, prayerful entreaty.

*What!* serve the Lord as opportunity offers, and Satan more generally and heartily, for the loaves and fishes? True? This moment, as we now move our pen, and the half is not told.

“ Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible  
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood,  
And in oppression’s hateful service libel  
Both man and God.”

Profess holiness? Indeed! What is holiness without God in it, the life that now is—without moral courage, holy boldness to obey God, stem the tide of incoming iniquity, ready to swallow us alive? What kind of holiness is that, that lets wolves into God’s enclosures, carry off and devour the sheep and dear lambs of the flock without a single warning—uplifted voice—“ Wolf, wolf!—stop the thief! kill the wolf!”

What saith our blessed Lord :

“ I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

“ But he that is a hireling and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth : and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

“ The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.”—John x. 11, 12, 13.

Beloved, “ let us not be deceived, God is not *mocked*.”

A holiness or sanctification that has not Gospel in it, the fire of heaven—the fire of the holy prophets and apostles, that thunders and lightens against sin in high places and in low, popular or unpopular—of thought, word, and deed, though the heaven's fall and the sun shines no more, we greatly fear it is not Bible holiness, but spurious.

What did Moses, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Nehemiah? What God told them? What was that? Look and see. Did God tell them to cry aloud, spare not, show the people of Israel and the house of Jacob their sins? What, now succumb, bow the knee to Baal? or cry “peace, peace,” when the very Satan held the field? O, that God in mercy would send us a few more of these sons of *thunder* just now.

Again, what did Jesus tell his chosen apostles to do? “Keep back part of the price, hold their peace,” while the enemy was coming in like a flood?

Turn to Matt. x, begin at verse xvi, and read to the end of the chapter.

Instance, if you please, what Paul says to Timothy, 2 Tim. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5:

“Are there no foes for me to face?

Must I not stem the flood?”

Reproving is one of those “weapons” which the apostle speaks of as not being “carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.”—2 Cor. x. It is one of those “daily crosses,” which Christ has commanded us to bear, if we would be His

followers. It is evident that if we love God with all our heart, we will hate sin in the same proportion ; and if we love our neighbors as ourselves, we will feel as deeply interested in their souls' salvation as our own ; and, consequently, we will not suffer sin upon them.

“ Holy Father ! in Thy name,  
Caring naught for sin or shame,  
Meeting boldly every storm,  
We would seek the world's reform ;  
Bravely may we bear the cross,  
Meekly suffer earthly loss ;  
Patient always in Thy sight  
May we struggle for the right.”

*Note.*—Friends, we see what Satan is doing through the medium of novels. One sin leads to another still more ruinous and devilish. One spark from the pit infernal kindles other sparks. One little fire kindles other fires more conflagratively, till the whole world is in a blaze. Bonner tells us, in his “Weekly,” aside from Beecher (we suppose), that the principal bishops, doctors of divinity, and clergymen, write for it.

Is this true? or is it false? If true, Satan has the field in very deed, and will keep it till God in judgment and mercy blow upon these writers, publishers, and puffers !

“Yea they shall not be planted, yea they shall not be sown, yea their stock shall not take root in the earth : and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.”—Isaiah xl. 24.

This lying process makes cowards every way—every how, temporally and spiritually. Instance George Washington: had he been nourished mentally on lies preached and written, what would he have been good for as a general on the battle-field, but to play the coward?—feed on lies from the press and the pulpit, brave danger, and then be called the “father of his country?” Paradoxical. George hated lying from his childhood. Glance at the next page; see the little fellow and his discreet, godly mother.

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“What I tell you in darkness, *that* speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, *that* preach ye upon the house-tops. And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”—Matt. x. 27–28.

“God sends some teachers unto every age,  
To every clime, and every race of men,  
With revelations fitted to their growth  
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth  
Into the selfish rule of the whole race;  
Therefore each form of worship that has swayed  
The life of man, and given it to grasp  
The master-key of knowledge—reverence,  
Enfolds some gems of goodness and of right,  
Else never hath the eager soul which loathes  
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,  
Found in it even a moment’s fitful rest.”





### WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

“The mother, in her office, holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin  
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,  
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.  
Then crown her Queen o’ the world.”

LITTLE folks and great folks, you have heard a great deal about George Washington, his early training, his habits of industry, economy, punctuality, his undeviating regard for truth, of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report. Very many, if not all these beautiful

traits of character are attributable to early instruction, wisdom from above, imparted by a discreet, faithful, godly mother. Behold her sweet, intelligent, lovely countenance, apparently fixed on little George, in the engraving.

The true explanation of George Washington's sterling integrity is to be found in that *happy and efficient maternal influence* which, it is well known, was exercised upon him in his early days. On the death of his father, which occurred when he was only ten years old, the charge of his education devolved upon his mother. All accounts concur in the admission that she was an extraordinary woman, possessing not only rare intellectual endowments, but those moral qualities which give elevation, worth, and dignity to the soul. Under the tutelage of such a mother, the foundation of a character was laid which was the admiration of the generation that was contemporary with him, which has lost nothing of its glory to the present time, and will lose nothing as long as his memory shall last.

Integrity of character! This is what we want in the magistracy of the land, in the senate chamber, in the pulpit, in the neighborhood, in the family, *everywhere*. What a world this would be were every one upright—a lover of truth, justice, and equality! What a world it is, because they are so seldom found!

Here, then, is ample scope for parental toil and watchfulness, for parental energy and wisdom. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," was verified in Washington: it must be verified in respect to others—in respect, mothers, to those little immortals whom you now press to your bosoms, and whom you love better than your own souls. So train them, that you may send them forth having on the breastplate of truth.



LOOK HERE, LITTLE FOLKS—WHAT DO YOU SEE?

BABIES, BABIES—LITTLE FOLKS AND LITTLE FOLKS?

BABIES here, babies there, little folks here, little folks there, heaps on heaps; and oh! what a blessing these sweet little godsend, trained in heavenly wisdom! Little folks make the world better and happier? Children trained for Jesus are the salt of the earth, lighthouses. The lambs, trained up lambs, mild, gentle, loving, in the bosom of redeeming, sanctifying grace, are polished stones, olive-plants, roses that bloom all the year, send forth a delicious fragrance sweeter than the perfumes of Arabia.

What were this world, what could it be to us without the purity, the innocence, the frolicsome happiness, the moral sunshine of little children, cheerful as larks, innocent as doves? They are, indeed, the very best fragrance that has survived the wreck of Paradise. And we can but pity the man who does not so regard them; nay, we more than pity him—we *fear* him, too, even as we would

“The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds.”

Happy the man that hath his quiver full of them, with wisdom and grace to make them like Jesus, ornaments, bright and shining, “olive-plants around his table.”

“Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.”  
“Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is his reward.”

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#### HYMN FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

“WHEN the Saviour’s words we read,  
How they stir the inmost mind;  
How the youthful soul they feed;  
What new sense of love to find!

“How they make us loathe all sin;  
How to love the good and true;  
How to cleanse the fount within,  
All his will to know and do!

“Blessed Jesus! sinless, pure,  
Help us all to live as well;  
Bitter crosses to endure,  
Songs of praise and joy to swell.”





OH! OH! WHAT A BAD GIRL!

BAD? She is ashamed of herself, covers her face. No wonder. And how many little boys and girls think you, reader, are in the very same predicament, or worse, if possible—disobedient, self-willed, petulant, proud as Satan can make them! on the way to ruin! Her temper subdued when a little one, brought into sweet, lamb-like, heavenly subjection? Not a word of it. She was pampered, petted, indulged, foolishly and wickedly! Now the mother reaps the fruits of her sickly charity, her false tenderness!

A girl that is petted in childhood will, in all probability, be a pet all her life. And what kind of a wife and a mother is a pet?

This mother, represented in the picture, have trouble with this troublesome daughter? Trouble on trouble, no end to it; and this trouble will doubtless follow her to the grave!



## The Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 7.

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### MAKING CRAZY FOLKS.

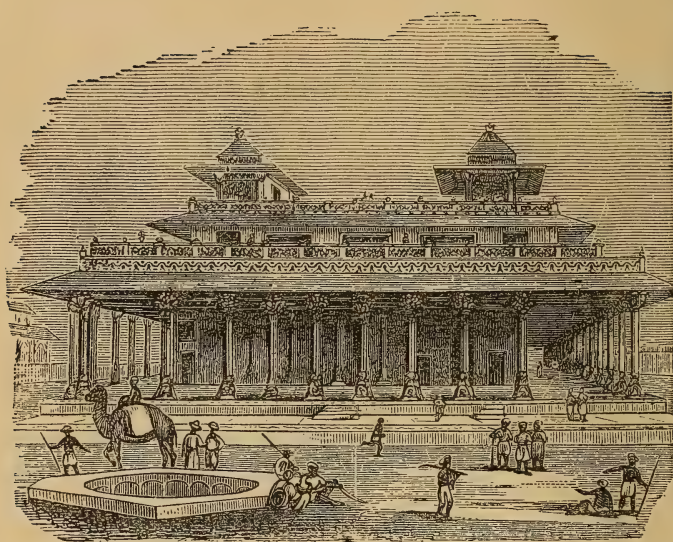
*"For every one that is mad put him in prison."*—Jer. xx. 26.

15. Crazy folks? this work of Satan make folks crazy? Multitudes have not only lost their reason and good common-sense, but become idiotic, unmistakably. The truth is, no one in his right mind will presume to write, read, sell, advertise, or puff these missiles of the pit. It is the worst kind of derangement or lunacy. Satan has much to do in this craziness from first to last.\*

There are, at this very day, multitudes in close confinement from this cause. And happy would it be—blessed, indeed, if every editor, minister, Christian professor, male and female—engaged in this wretched business—were taken to the lunatic asylum—the mad-house, or to Sing Sing forthwith. What an *avalanche* of misery it would save!

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\* Apologize for this outstanding, superabounding wickedness by referring to Bunyan's Allegory, the parables of our Lord and Saviour, as example! Is not this adding sin to sin? We say, with our good brother Vandoren, "This seems to us simple blasphemy!"



## THE PALACE OF ALLABAHAD.\*

A SPECIMEN OF ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY.

WE see from this engraving and from numerous historical facts, that the arts and sciences flourish where the gospel of Jesus never shines. The most valuable and wonderful discoveries have been by men destitute of heavenly light or saving faith. The mechanical arts were in great perfection before the Flood. Zilla, one of the wives of Lamech, bare Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. This same Tubal Cain was the great mechanic of the day, wicked as he was.

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\* We introduce these engravings as texts to preach short sermons to great folks and little folks, to saints and sinners.

## Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 8.

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“ This life is a battle with Satan and sin,  
And we are the soldiers the victory to win,  
And Christ is the Captain of our little band,  
Whatever opposes, for Him we shall stand.”

16. It leads to divorces, elopements—the enticing away of silly, giddy, light-headed females from the parental roof, “laden with sins, led away with divers lusts.” These terrible outbreaks and smash-downs in society are becoming more frequent and heart-rending as the morbid taste for the mock-sentimental increases, undermining, as it does, every virtuous and godlike principle, and prepares multitudes of young females to become an easy prey to the wiles of the vile seducer.

We inquire again, on whose shoulders rests this enormous guilt?

When will elopements, abductions, and seductions cease? How long ere lewdness, libertinism, and debauchery cease to stalk in open-day?

When will the lips of a strange woman cease to drop as a honey-comb, her mouth to be smoother than oil, but her end bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword? When will her house cease to be the way to hell, “going down to the chambers of death?”

Will it be deemed invidious or out of place to put these questions renewedly to our friend, and formerly our fellow-student, who now writes novels for the

“New York Ledger” and for theatres, for the ready cash? We beg him earnestly and affectionately to consider his responsibility in dealing with mind in its forming stage, destined to expand forever.\* Tell us what a man’s mental food is, and we will tell you where his heart is, for “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

“When the fool the wise man plays,  
Foolish and wise both let him be ;  
But when the wise man plays the fool,  
Both with pleasure stop to see.”

Wicked to attempt to cast out Satan through Beelzebub, the prince of devils? Could there possibly be anything wickeder? Will not God visit for this awful wickedness speedily?

“Be ye not partakers of other men’s sins. Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel than that which we have preached to you, let him be accursed.”—Gal. i. 8.

“Who is the honest man?—  
He that doth still, and strongly, good pursue,  
To God, his neighbor, and himself, most true ;  
Whom neither force nor fawning can  
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.”

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\* What we say to friend Beecher touching these coiled serpents, we say the very same to those who give favorable publicity to these Satanic transformations of his.



## THE GOOD SAMARITAN; OR, WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

“Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou  
Hast power to aid and bless—  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.”

AN impudent, hypocritical lawyer, “willing to justify himself,” said unto Jesus, “And who is my neighbor?”

And Jesus answering said, “A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed



by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor to him that fell among the thieves?"

And he said, "He that showed mercy on him."

Then said Jesus unto him, "Go and do thou likewise."

We see here the golden rule exemplified, a beautiful illustration of the law of loving our neighbor as ourselves.

Christ is the good Samaritan. "He came to seek and save that which was lost."

Christ suffered for our sins, "The just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit." 1 Pet. iii. 18.

"Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views  
With infinite delight;  
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths  
Are precious in his sight.  
To bear his name—his cross to bear—  
Our highest honor this!  
Who nobly suffers now for him  
Shall reign with him in bliss."



### PETER SINKING.

“Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,  
Above the tempest, soft and clear,  
What still small accents greet mine ear?  
’Tis I: be not afraid!”

“And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me! And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.” (See Matt. xiv. 29–33. Please read the whole chapter.)

Reader, are you sinking, or fearful you will sink, because of unbelief? Look to Jesus. Say as Peter

did, "Lord, save me." No one can sink with Jesus living and abiding in his soul—"the way, the truth, and the life."

"Do your sins rise up before you, and fill you with apprehensions of coming retribution? Look to Jesus. Do you desire to be freed from the power of sin, and be presented to God 'without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing?' Look to Jesus. Are you burdened with care, or do the storms of affliction gather around you? Look to Jesus. Is your temper unsubdued, do your appetites and propensities rebel, and call for unhallowed gratification? Look to Jesus. Do you need wisdom and grace for any exigency whatever? Look to Jesus. Whatever your condition or necessities may be, hear his gracious voice, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls.'"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last!"



GREAT ZIDON.

GREAT ZIDON was founded by Zidon, the eldest son of Canaan. *Gen. x. 15.*

Great Zidon fell to the lot of Asher. *Josh. xi. 8.* It is, at present, like most of the other Turkish towns in Syria, dirty and full of ruins.

It incurred the judgments of God for its sins. *Ezek. xxviii. 21-24.*

“Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! Wherefore, if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire.” *Matt. xviii. 7, 8.*

## Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 9.

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*“Wo to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house.”—Hab. ii. 9.*

17. It leads to church-gambling, the “sitting down to eat and drink and rising up to play.”—Ex. xxxii. 6.

Is it not so ? Look and see if you can lay your eyes on one professed disciple of the Lord Jesus in high life or low life that is bewitched or fascinated with this light, frothy literature—these mixed publications, partly good and partly evil—partly Christ and partly Belial—that does not, at the same time, go in heart and hand for *pic-nic* religion, sociables, festivals, oyster-suppers, fancy fairs, tea and strawberry parties, church-gambling, or revival killing in every variety and form ?\* As a general thing, this golden-calf business, and this kind of reading, go hand in hand—the one assists the other—like rum and tobacco.

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### LYING AND STEALING.

LYING is the first step or next door to thieving. No one becomes a thief at once. The beginning is small, but unless checked, the work goes surely on till great crimes are committed.

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\* The big folks gamble, and so do the little folks. (See next page).





## THE STREET SCHOOL AND ITS FRUITS.

“O, it is a sadd'ning sight,  
When children go astray,  
Forsaking what is good and right,  
To walk in Satan's way.”

MARBLE playing, copper-pitching, chess and checkers, are often stepping-stones to the gaming-table. Many of the most dissolute, degraded, miserable, and abandoned, date their first moving steps ruinward to marble-playing, the chess-board, or what is erroneously termed an innocent game at cards.

How then can parents, especially religious parents, consistently permit their children to engage in them? Time is lost, worse than lost, precious, golden moments, for which God will call you to account. A seared conscience, a callous heart, a turning away from the path of life to the path of death, is sure to accompany these games, sooner or later.

“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.”  
“Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away.” Prov. i. 10; also iv. 14, 15.

Recently two boys were playing at marbles, and several, as is usual, were looking on to see how the game went; and it went very peaceably for a time. At last “You cheat,” burst from one, “You lie!” cried the other. “Tell me I lie?” cried the first with an angry scowl. “Call me a cheat?” rejoined the second. “Call me a cheat again, and you take that,” doubling up his fist in the other boy’s face. “Get out,” cried the first, jumping up in a passion, “or I’ll pitch into you.” And pitch into each other they did like a couple of bulldogs. It was a regular fight, until one got the nosebleed, and the other was kicked over into the dirt.

A city missionary in an eastern city, visited a man in jail waiting his trial.

“Sir,” said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, “I had a good home education; it was my STREET education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; and in the street I learned to pilfer. Oh, sir, it is in the street the

devil lurks to work the ruin of the young !" Some boys are always in the street. They sleep and eat at home, but they live on the street ; seek amusement on the street ; do all the work they have to do on the street ; receive their education on the street ; they enter society on the street ; and the devil enlists them in his service on the street. Oh, parents, all the means of grace in the world can not save them if they go much on the street.

"There is no remedy for time misspent ;  
 No healing for the waste of idleness,  
 Whose very languor is a punishment  
 Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.  
 O, hours of indolence and discontent  
 Not now to be redeemed ! ye sting not less  
 Because I know this span of life was lent  
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness."



## SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

WHERE spades grow bright and idle swords grow  
 dull ;  
 Where gaols are empty, and where barns are full ;  
 Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn ;  
 Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn ;  
 Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride ;  
 Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied ;  
 Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
 A happy people and well governed state.



## TOYS FOR CHILDREN.

*"There is a path that leads to God,  
All others go astray."*

VICE and infidelity assail even childhood and in fancy, and by means so insidious and infamous, so seemingly innocent, that the child is not only captivated; but even the watchful and pious parent is likely to be deceived and beguiled, until the secret poison, thus artfully disguised, has been injected into the unsuspecting victim.

Such are the toy cards, toy dominos, and other games, artfully prepared with flowers and cuts, to catch the fancy of children, for the purpose of inducting them into the habit and love of the gambler's art, and imbuing them with the gambler's fiendish heart and hellish guilt.

We warn all parents against subjecting their children to the influence of these demoralizing and corrupting toys. They differ nothing from other gambling apparatus, but in their adaptation to the capacities of children; and on that account are the more dangerous, and therefore the more to be dreaded. They prompt the same feelings, fire the same unhallowed passions, are susceptible of the same uses, and work out the same results as any other, even the most fraudulent and corrupting gambling apparatus.

Take another view of this prevailing evil, considered by many as laudable or harmless—the toys and playthings of every description, with which all our fancy stores are filled during Christmas holidays.

The amount expended on these articles, of little or no value, is *immense*. Is this in accordance with Bible stewardship? Were children trained in the way they should go, nurtured from early infancy in the fear of the Lord, on gospel principles, would they delight, as they now do, in these trifling toys?

“With such poor *trifles* playing,  
Moments make the year and *trifles* life.”





**Gamblers and Gambling.**

*"The mystery of iniquity doth already work."*—2 Thess. ii. 7.

It has come to this at last, friends. See it, look at it. It is what we expected, foretold. Novels, gamblers, and gambling are in the same neighborhood, intimately associated, equally yoked. If the church gamble and help on gambling, set the ball in motion, what else look for in the world's "sons and daughters of Belial?" The church is helping the world—projecting it into amusements. Novels lay the ground-work for gambling. What kindled the fires of hell, first of all, in the bosom of that prince of gamblers at Saratoga? in that club-house? A silly novel or love-tale? Then, games of hazard, termed innocent, by teachers in Israel?

And how is this burning, desolating curse to be removed from this delightful, healthful spot—a second

Eden or Paradise in beauty? so long as professed disciples, ministers, and religious editors assist in kindling these fires of the pit? while away precious golden hours at their childish games,—giddy, trifling amusements—license social dissipation? Look at those men at Saratoga in ministerial boarding-houses (some of whom are styled doctors of divinity) at their coquet, conundrums, dominoes, bagattelle, cards, checkers, fox-and-geese, etc., telling long yarns, cracking jokes, cackling nonsense? while Satan rules the day. What impenitent sinner and professed gambler, on seeing these pleasure-seekers, foolish talkers, novel-writers and readers, and jesters in the church, does not exclaim in his inmost soul, “these are hypocrites, surely, and their Christianity is a lie!”

Friends, is it at all strange that Saratoga, which should be a little heaven on earth, is becoming more and more a cage of unclean birds—a pandemonium, a place of demons or evil spirits?

Speak we thus in disrespect of the Saratogians themselves? A more respectable, courteous, morally refined people you will seldom find in any community—and not a few among them are devotedly pious, and weep over this deluge of iniquity from abroad. It is the foreign rush during the warm season, that corrupts everything—turns honey into gall and wormwood; dancers, frolickers,\* horse-racers, gamblers, novel-puffers

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\* On the dancing mania (intimately connected with novel-writing, reading, etc., puffing as it is) we give our views in the pages following this article.

and readers, lewd persons—"lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." And, O what a burning shame that any one, naming the name of Christ, should put shoulder to the wheels of these works of Satan !

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#### PIETY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE use of wine—not to say strong liquors, at the dinner-table, is not unfrequent in so-called Christian homes. Attendance at the opera or theatre is no more classed among interdicted amusements. The sons and daughters of Christian households are to be trained in dancing-schools, permitted to give juvenile balls, taught to play checkers, chess, billiards, and even cards. Opposition to these indulgences is pronounced Puritanism, and Christianity is to be made so tolerant that such time-honored phrases as self-crucifixion, self-denial, keeping the body under, spiritually-minded, and the like, are to be cast out of the Christian vocabulary. Piety is no longer to be armor-clad, armed in the battle-field ; but is to be clothed in gay dressing-gowns, slippered, lodged in well-stuffed easy-chairs. The road to heaven is to be traveled in railway-cars, with ample accommodations for the world, flesh, and the devil, in suitable portions of the train.

That this spirit of self-indulgence is cherished and defended in and by numerous Christian families, is undeniable. That it is increasing is equally true. That it will become general, if not sternly checked, we greatly fear.



## THE DANCING MANIA.

“ 'Tis not for man to trifle : life is brief,  
And sin is here ;  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours ;  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.”

WAS there ever a period when this bewitching, fascinating amusement raged more intensely—when more time, talents, health, wealth, right reason, and conscience were sacrificed at the altar of this Belial? The whole world is on fire, “setting on fire the course of nature!” Even religious parents yield the palm to this Moloch!

The name of the evils resulting from this dancing mania is legion. The reasons against the practice are more than can be numbered.

We mention only a few. The end is bitter as wormwood, “sharp as a two-edged sword,” like the feet of her who goeth down to death, and whose steps “take hold on hell.” See Prov. v. 4–5.

1. It leads to expense in dress, to late hours, to

the neglect of moral and intellectual culture, and to various evil practices.

2. Dancing, more or less, leads in close contact with promiscuous company—an impure atmosphere. “Evil communications corrupt good manners.”

3. It mars social intercourse, and unfits the mind for real, useful, substantial enjoyment.

4. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer.

5. The most wise, considerate, judicious, consistently and devotedly pious in all ages have looked upon dancing, as an amusement, not only as useless, but of decidedly evil tendency.

6. Those who delight in the ball-room or dancing parties, are generally fond of the wine-cup, novel reading, and the card-table.

7. Dancing is a favorite amusement of the savage nations, and usually forms a very important part in the worship of heathen gods.

8. Social dancing, so often advocated by some professing Christians, is a stepping-stone to the ball-room and theatre—the top rounds of a ladder that leads down, down to the *pit*! “A prudent man foreseeth the evil, but the simple pass on and are punished.” Prov. xxvii. 12.

9. Dancing-masters and dancing-mistresses are generally of low standing in society, not even welcome at the homes of their pupils as guests. They are classed with theatricals of loose habits, whose morals will not bear scrutiny, and whose language is often very contaminating and corrupting!



10. The freedom used between the sexes in certain forms of dancing is exceedingly immodest, and often results in the most serious and pernicious consequences !

11. Dancing is a most useless art—none more so.

12. The evils flowing from dancing, and from inspiring children with a dancing mania, may be summed up in pride, folly, irreligion ; an excessive love of pleasure ; and finally, in the loss of the soul !

13. Dancing, as now practised by the sexes as an amusement, is unscriptural. Those men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement, were deemed infamous !

14. No instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible in which the two sexes were engaged in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement. Neither is there any instance on record of social dancing for amusement, except that of the vain fellows devoid of shame, or the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety and ended in destruction ; and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of Herod and the murder of John the Baptist.

15. And, finally, “ Let us for a moment look at a dance. We will get off at a distance, and through a telescope whose achromatic is truth, contemplate one of these rigadoons. Some dozen or more ladies and gentlemen, so called, all dressed as splendidly as their purses will allow, and as lasciviously as the modesty of fashion will permit, upon the floor.

There they go, in and out, right and left, up and down, cross and back, involuting, hopping, tripping, smiling, smirking, here a skip and there a jump, now a desperate fling and anon a subdued courtesy, till, panting for breath and tired, they sit down exhausted, and give place to a second round.

“A little fanning and reviving salts, spiced with equal portions of nonsense; a few words of small-talk, and, it may be, a glass of hock, or sherry, or champagne, fill up the circle of folly and complete the bill of fare of a convivial dance till supper-time. The first question we ask ourselves is, what does all this mean; for what purpose is all this labor, not of love, but of legs; all this outward adorning, not of good works, but of costly apparel; all this display, not of a meek and quiet spirit, but of pride and tumultuous vanity? Is it for the glory of God? No. Is it to feed the hungry? No. To clothe the naked? To visit the widow and orphan in their affliction? No. Is it to prepare us for the house of God? Is it to teach self-denial or lead to the foot of the cross? There was no dancing there. Is it to prepare us for family worship? It will be too late, and worship too dull and serious an exercise to break in upon the ‘voluptuous swell’ of music, and stay the rapture of scenes where ‘all goes merrily as the marriage-bell.’

‘On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.’

“Is it to prepare to meet the king of terrors; to

remind them that it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment? Ah, no! This is no place to meet thee, death; for—

‘Come, when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
And thou art terrible!’

“No thought like these is in all their hearts; God nor Christ, heaven nor hell, judgment nor death, ever enter there; but, light of heart and vain of head, as ever child in the butterfly sport of spring, they frolic upon the brink of eternity, nor know that beneath every spring in the giddy dance it is fearfully crumbling. These are solemn thoughts; and with them we should pause and consider.”

“For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption.”

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### TESTIMONIALS.—No. 1.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE “GOLDEN RULE,” ON THE  
IDEA OF GRACEFULNESS.

“*To be graceful.*” That’s it, parents, to be graceful. You send your children to the dancing-school to learn the art of grace. Whence this idea; from the Bible? Is this learning to be graceful at the dancing-school, in the ball-room, the teachings of Christ, of Paul, Peter, James, or John? Is the dancing-school a school of grace? Does it lead any of your “little ones” in the path of virtue, the

narrow way to life eternal? Have any of your children been convicted for sin, converted to God, born into the kingdom, become holy, in the dancing-school? When Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go," did he suggest the dancing-school as a means to this godly training? When the apostle said, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was a dancing-school proposed? Are dancing masters and mistresses examples of virtuous purity and humility? Are these schools opened by reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer? Is God's blessing invoked when about "to chase the glowing hours with flying feet?"

"In all their ways Christians acknowledge God," but prayer would not be tolerated at the opening of balls, nor any other distinct invocation or acknowledgment of His presence.

Are there any intimations in these schools touching faith that works by love and purifies the heart; repenting for sin, a holy life, death, judgment, and eternity?

#### PARLOR DANCINGS

Are becoming fashionable in the higher walks, as a kind of substitute for the ball-room and the opera-house. Members of churches, professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, male and female, married and unmarried, instead of doing good, attending meetings for prayer and praise, warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, spend even-

ing after evening in fashionable circles, in dancing, hopping, skipping, even to a late hour. This gay, fashionable, and Christian hilarity usually takes place at the close of a levee or pleasure party.

So very popular are these parlor dances that some professed ministers of the gospel sanction them!\* on the plea that many other practices are far more exceptionable.

On the subject of parlor dancing we give the testimony of the beloved sister Eaton, now in glory, while editing the "Friend of Virtue." Though dead, hear her speak :

"Do the precepts of the gospel require dancing as one of the means of grace? We are exhorted by the word of God to do all things to His glory. Can you promote the glory of God in the dance? Before engaging in this exercise can you retire into your closet and pray for divine assistance, that you may dance with credit to yourself and to the admiration of others? Can you pray that you may enjoy the light of God's countenance in the performance? Will it strengthen your faith in Christ, your humility, meekness, sobriety, or your charity and

\* A dancing clergyman soon finds his level in the estimate of all, but no higher standard is imposed upon him than upon other Christians.

Christians whose memory is preserved in the Church, such as Baxter, Bunyan, Edwards, and Harlan Page, were not dancers.

Dancing is the distress of churches in which it is practised; it paralyzes the minister, and grieves the most devoted members of the body.



benevolence? Will it, in short, aid you to walk more humbly before God, or more circumspectly before men? If you can reply to all these questions in the affirmative, then dance, and dance often—the oftener, the more holy and the more useful as a follower of Christ. Dancing is a virtue, a high mark of civilization, and of a refined, cultivated intellect! You, church members, who cannot or will not dance, to what degradation does the want of this accomplishment reduce you! You are ranked with the vulgar and lowly—the doors of the first circles are locked against you! Yes, dance on, Christian, and thus with all diligence add to faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. If ye in this way give evidence that these things abound in you, then are ye ‘neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.’

“There may be no sin in the physical exercise of dancing. We call it sin on the same principle that we denominate theft or murder a sin. There is no sin in the act of stealing or killing, so far as the act is predicated upon the action of mere bone and muscle; but the sin is the disposition of the heart which causes the act. So of the act of dancing, we call it sinful, because it is prompted by a frivolous feeling—a love of conformity to the world, or by any thing but a Christian spirit. This is enough to convince the Christian that the practice of parlor

dancing is repugnant to the spirit and character of his holy profession. And, aside from this internal argument, let him consider the influence of his example. If the social dance in the private room be attended with less evils than the more public one of the ball-room in their immediate effects, it certainly cannot be in those more remote, for however plausible may be arguments that are offered in its justification, the world will laugh them to scorn, and say, 'If you dance, why not we?' And sure enough, why should not the irreligious dance with such examples before them? They may and will dance, when and where they will, and you, Christian dancer, can utter no voice of rebuke. 'But my parlor,' you say, 'is not a ball-room. I allow nothing unbecoming a well-regulated and refined social circle—nothing to offend the most fastidious taste—nothing to corrupt the mind or heart.' This may quiet your own conscience, but it carries no conviction to the pleasure-seeking world, that your parlor dancing is so dissimilar from that of the ball-room, that you can, without the contradiction of your own example, preach Christian sobriety to others. Say what you will, you cannot convince the devotees of vicious amusements that there is more sanctity in a promiscuous assembly of saints and sinners in a parlor, than in one of sinners only in a ball-room. You cannot convince them that there is more of the divine in the sound of the piano measuring the nimble movements of Christian feet in the parlor, than in the twang of the fiddle regu-

lating the scientific convulsions of the ungodly in the ball-room. Neither can you exonerate yourself from the pernicious influence of your example by pleading the greater respectability of the social party in a private room. Respectability is not piety, nor is it morality *per se*.

‘ Wasted—youth’s rich golden hours!  
 Wasted—loftiest, mightiest powers!  
 Wasted—manhood’s glorious prime,  
 Hopes, and aims, and thoughts sublime!’ ”

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### 3. TESTIMONY OF MRS. BAKEWELL IN THE “MOTHER’S PRACTICAL GUIDE.”

“I am aware,” says Mrs. Bakewell, “that some plead for dancing as an exercise that contributes to health, as essential to give children a graceful and an easy carriage, and as an agreeable amusement for a social party. If, indeed, these ends could not be secured apart from dancing, there would be some weight in the considerations adduced; but facts prove that health, gracefulness, and social amusement may be realized without resorting to a practice, however fashionable, which is attended with both physical and moral evils. It is not, be it understood, the mere *act* of dancing to which we object; it is the feelings which it excites, the circumstances by which it is surrounded, and the associations to which it leads, that stamp it with odium. Children accustomed to the display of the ball-room, or even of the social dance, become dis-

contented with the quiet, unobtrusive pleasures of home, and have a constant hankering after visits and visitors. But it is not while children are entirely under your own control that the worst effects are to be feared. If you train them up to love the world, with its forms and fashions, and to seek their happiness in worldly amusements, rely upon it, that when they are at an age to choose their own acquaintance, and their own recreations, the gay party will have more charms than the fireside circle, and the fashionable entertainments of the world will be far more attractive than either the house of God or the retirement of the closet.

“To these, other objections may be raised to dancing, especially in religious families, to which my remarks have primary reference. Whatever may be said *in its favor*, I am bold to say, much more may be said *against it*. I am in no sense unfriendly to cheerfulness, and the various sociabilities of life, provided they accord with the high principles of Christian faith and hope. But I must protest against an accomplishment which generally gives a distaste for better things, which calls into operation feelings of vanity and pride, which consumes so much precious time, which interferes with the sacredness of domestic worship, and in most cases leads to its abandonment.

Who shall recall the vanished years ?

Who shall hold back the ebbing tide

That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,

And washes away all things beside ? ”

## TESTIMONY.—No. 4.

The celebrated Adam Clark, the commentator, says : “I consider dancing a branch of that worldly education which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will, I know it to be an evil, and only evil. ‘No man in his senses would dance,’ said Cicero, a heathen. Shame, then, on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many sons have become profligate, and many daughters have been ruined.

‘Oh, world ! how deeply fallen from thy sphere !  
 Oh, mind ! how lost thy noblest wing of thought !  
 Oh, soul ! how base thy form—how lost art thou  
 To God’s similitude—how deep thy stain !’ ”

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“Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the streets.

“She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates : in the city she uttereth her words, saying—

“How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity ; and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge ?

“Turn you at my reproof : behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.”

“ Can we peruse a book like this,
And seek a Father’s blessing here ?
Forsake the path that leads to bliss,
To shed o’er fiction’s page a tear ? ”

18. LOOSING GRACE.

Loosing grace ? What kind ? Bible ? Salvation grace, purchased with blood ? Who has saving grace, keeps it, loves it, but those who fear God and keep his commandments, “ abstain from all appearance of evil ? ”

“ What is not of faith is sin.” *What*, talk about grace—the life and power of God in the soul, and serve the wicked-one—clasp Satan to your bosom ?

Loose grace ? What grace ? The grace of the novel-writer, reader, and puffer ? These have grace ? If grace they once had—the least spark, where now ? If the light that is in us be darkness, how great that darkness ! Salt that has lost its savor is fit for what ? The dunghill ? No, it is not.

Do novel-readers love the Bible ? embrace it heartily, practice its holy precepts ? Is the Word of God sweet to their taste as honey and the honey-comb ? Do they make the Bible their counsel, their guide, their lamp, and their light ? meditate on it day and night ?

Who ever knew a young convert—a newly-born soul, bright and shining, mounting up on the wings of redeeming, sanctifying grace, to the third heavens, mean-

while poring over the light and frothy readings or love-tales of Harper, Godey, Peterson, Arthur, Leslie, Dickens, Beecher, and other mixed publications of a similar character? Salvation in Christ is as opposite to these miscreants as light is from darkness, as heaven is from hell. Live and breathe in this atmosphere? Where now the grace, the life, the hope, the joy, the holy unction, the fire, the pentecostal of the young disciple? Is the closet now sweet to him as heaven can make it? The Bible, honey to the soul? more precious than gold?

Novels kill out prayer—God's holy Word, salvation's fire! When the devil is *in*, the Lord of glory is *out*. The blessed Bible is no longer sweet as honey and the honey-comb. Prayer is no longer delightful, soul-ravishing.

Do not ministers and religious editors, who commend these reptiles, these serpents coiled, know they are helping Satan to do his devilish work?

What a fearful, *awful* woe is denounced against those who offend one of God's little ones, cause him to stumble!*

Oh, if there be a doom more dread
Than others on the judgment-day,
It sure must be for him who led
A pure and gentle heart astray.
There may be pardon for the knave,
And mercy for the wretch that stole ;
But heaven, I fear, will ne'er forgive
The murderer of a human soul.

* See Matt. xviii. 6-7.



THE FOOLISH BUILDERS, BUILDING ON THE SAND!

FRIENDS of the Bible, turn to Matthew vii. 24, 25, and you will see how beautifully the engraving illustrates the sentiment of our blessed Lord in closing his Sermon on the Mount. Those who build their houses on a sandy foundation are the foolish ones—the first sweeping rain that comes with gushing winds, down goes their houses! The loss is

irreparable! This represents the sinner, the false professor. How many at the present day are building their hopes for eternity on a sandy foundation!

It was so in Christ's time, it is so now, and doubtless will be to the end of time. There are hypocrites in abundance, professing godliness, rotten at heart, selfish, sensual, serving divers lusts and pleasures, "spots in our feasts."

There are others again self-deceived, who flatter themselves they are on the way to heaven, glory eternal, while they have no saving knowledge of Jesus. Their hope is compared to a spider's web. They attend the house of God, take their seats at the communion-table, pay tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, and omit the "weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith." Matt. xxiii. 23. They are like the foolish virgins, who took their lamps but took no oil in them.

When the marriage feast was ready, they entered not in. When they cried, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" the reply was; "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." Matt. xxv. 11, 12.

"Many will say unto me in that day: Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works. And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Matt. vii. 22, 23. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

Improvement ; or, Practical Results.—No. 11.

“ False lights are darting all around,
And voices thro’ the air resound
To lure us from the Truth away,
’Mid all uncertain wilds to stray.”

19. Look once more, friends, at the results of these false readings, mock-sentimentals, serpents coiled, imps of Satan !

Mark the rotation, or what follows : 1. Lightness of speech, frivolous conversation, senseless gabble. 2. Pride of fashion, idolatry in dress, personal decorations. 3. The pleasure-party, the ball-room or dance-house, the theatre and opera. What next ? The way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

The following lines were found in a wretched garret, after the decease of a young female of superior connections and education, who became the victim of disease, poverty, and wretchedness :

“ When pamper’d, starv’d, abandon’d, or in drink,
My thoughts were rack’d in striving not to think ;
Nor could rejected conscience claim the power,
To improve the respite of one serious hour.
I durst not look to what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish’d to be no more !
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old, ere of age, worn out when scarce mature ;
Cover’d with guilt, infection, debt and want,
My home a brothel, and the streets my haunt,
’Till the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shatter’d fabric failed at TWENTY-TWO !
Then death, with every horror in its train,
Here closed the scene of naught but guilt and pain.

Ye fair associates of my op'ning bloom,
Oh, come and weep, and profit at my tomb ;
Then shun the path where gay delusions shine :
The lesson yours—the *sad experience* MINE !”

Is this a solitary case ? Speak ye wretched beings at the Five Points—speak—speak from the tombs—speak, ye lost souls—speak—that the living may hear.

Inquire of the inmates of these wretched abodes—houses of debauchery, of prostitution—the first step to their hell of hells ! In nine cases out of ten, the reply will be—“a novel—a silly love-tale sent forth by men and women calling themselves Christians.”

Cases frequently transpire in which some lost one, at the close of a life of crime, tells how he or she was led from the ways of rectitude by nonsensical reading. And the instances which thus come to light are only as one in ten thousand.

PARENTS, SEEK PURITY FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

Did parents realize the infinite importance of seeking to promote the purity of their children, did they feel as deeply, think as strongly, and act as efficiently, as they do in reference to some other subjects, the supposed difficulties would flee as clouds before the wind.

“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not, If they say, Come with us, let us wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause ; my son, walk not thou in the way with them ; refrain thy foot from their path.”—Prov. i. 10, 11, 15.



SEE THIS WOMAN ON A BED OF LANGUISHMENT
NIGH UNTO DEATH.

WHAT for? What the first cause—sin? Had not sin entered, there would have been no sickness, no pain, no death.

Sins of Thought—Sins of Deed.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Prov. xxiii. 7.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

SINS.—The most outrageous, soul-ruinous, begin in thought and terminate in deeds of darkest and blackest hue.

Why do the thoughts of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wander "like the fool's eye" to the ends of the earth? Why does she advocate worldly pleasures, billiard-tables, nine-pin alleys—stages for getting up tableaux, dramatic performances, and other games of chance—utensils of Satan leading to gambling dens and gambling hells?

These carnal implements of the evil-one are commended to the church of Christ in preference to Sunday-schools! *

Did she ever dream of putting her hands to this iniquity, outstanding and heaven-daring, till she fell into the trap of Satan, viz.: the the reading novels and writing novels?

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

* We quote from public records, but the half is not told.

“Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.”—James iv. 4.

“If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”

Was not this the starting-point that led her to deny the Lord that bought her? Once she commended nobly and blessedly the bread of heaven, angels’ food, to the rising age, but now “Husks—swines’ food—food for swine!”—Luke xv. 16.

“What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord.”—Jer. xxiii. 28.

Alas! how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished! Tell it not, publish it not! “Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.”—2 Sam. i. 20.

There is no offence upon the face of the earth which causes such deep, overwhelming, heart-burning grief and sorrow as does this one single crime of seduction, of leading the youth of our cities astray in paths of vice and sinful amusements.

Who knows what multitudes will go to billiard-rooms, theatres, gambling-dens, and “the house of her whose steps take hold on hell,” through the instrumentality of this one novel-writer and publisher?

Will not the judgment-day reveal terrible things? “For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.”—Ec. xii. 14.

Previous to this woman's commencing her novel career, very many religious editors thundered terribly against these bubbleings of the pit—novels and romances, but now their lips are closed—hush as the tomb! It has become popular to serve the devil, so they go it! If *Old Nick* himself *could* and *would* pen a popular, fictitious, *devilish* tale, and cash could be made by it, how many of our editorial brethren in the church would hesitate, for a moment, to give it a puff? commend it to public favor?

It is the duty of every man and woman who loves their country, and its better and nobler social life, to exert a positive influence against this entire class of perdition literature. It is poisoning and corrupting the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the youth of our country to-day. It is leading scores of thousands insensibly but surely into the maelstrom, where they will be swallowed up forever.

THE CRACKLING OF THORNS.

“It is better to hear the rebukes of the wise than for a man to hear the song of fools. For, as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool.”—Eccles. vii. 6. “The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.”—Eccles. vii. 4.

PERVERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES BY WICKED MEN.—No. 1.

“Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compared with thine
How mean their writings look !”

It is not a little remarkable, as well as painful, to see with what ease and readiness the Scriptures are used to sustain some of the most anti-Christian notions. These errors are imbibed by adopting the sayings or opinions of others, without taking the pains to search the Scriptures impartially and prayerfully for ourselves. We Protestants claim to have the individual right to search and understand the Scriptures for ourselves. Indeed, this is our prominent peculiarity. It was not enough for the noble Bereans that the great Apostle of the Gentiles had said thus. They searched the Scriptures daily, to see if he had told them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. How dangerous and inconsistent the course of those who “pin their faith on their preacher’s sleeve,” or do no more than follow in the wake of their popular author or favorite commentator ! The worst errors that ever cursed the church and the world, have insidiously stolen upon the people just in this way.

Very many of the profoundest intellects, men of high standing, of boasted talents and erudition, have darted off like a tangent, or like a planet from its orbit, spreading widely death, desolation, and damnation in their train.

“Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky ;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
 Being on being wrecked, and world on world ;
 Heaven’s whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And Nature tremble to the throne of God.”

So it has been, so it is, so it will be, we fear.

God gives over wicked men to judicial blindness,
 “strong delusion, that they should believe a lie ;
 that they all might be damned who believe not the
 truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness.”

“But better had they ne’er been born,
 Than read to doubt and read to scorn.”

Their character we must of course judge by their teachings. Lord Herbert, a noted deist, maintains, “that lusts or passions are no more blameworthy than hunger or thirst.” Hobbes, that “right and wrong are mere quibbles of men’s imaginations, but that there is no real distinction between them.” Lord Bolingbroke asserted that “the chief end of man was to gratify his lusts and passions ; that he was so made, and that in gratifying them existed his greatest happiness.” Hume declares, that “self-denial and humility were positive vices, and that adultery rather elevated than degraded the human character.” Rousseau taught that, “whatever man feels is right.” Paine, the gross blasphemer, was a drunkard. Voltaire advocated the very depths of the lowest possible sensuality. And, if we are permitted to judge of their characters by their doctrines, then they are really a sorry recom-

mentation for the party who propose to improve the world without the Bible.

“First, Appetite enlists him Truth’s sworn foe,
Then obstinate Self-Will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders—that his error leads
To fatal ills—that, though the path he treads
Be flowery, and he sees no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of hell attend him there :
In vain ! the slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.”



Reader, admitting the Bible to be true, have you taken its precepts for the rule of your every-day life, endeavoring to conform all your actions to them? It professes to reveal God’s richest grace, to open up the depths of God’s infinite love, to make full provision for all men’s maladies and wants, and to present a rule to regulate the whole of man’s conduct in all the walks of life. Nor does it more require us to believe its doctrines, rely on its promises, or prove its veracity, than it does to observe each and all its precepts. Neither can we really rely on the atonement of Christ for our acceptance with God, or enjoy the work of the Holy Spirit in our hearts preparing us for heaven, without making the holy precepts of Jesus the rule of our life, and his example the lovely pattern after which we work. If, therefore, you do not act upon, and walk by the precepts of God’s word, *you do not do justice to the Bible.*

PERVERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES BY WICKED MEN.—No. 2.

“Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision.” *Psa. ii. 1-4.*

It is to be expected that wicked men will oppose the Gospel, and we must not think some unusual thing has happened in our times, when atheists, infidels, and heretics renew their oft-repeated but futile efforts to overthrow evangelical religion. It is very natural and proper that Christians should be grieved to witness such exhibitions of wickedness and folly, but there is no occasion for fear, or that nervousness which is sometimes shown by faithful though timid disciples.

The foolish man who tries to countervail the purposes of the Almighty deserves pity. It reminds one of the picture of the infuriated viper gnawing a file.

As we look back over the history of the church and notice the fate of the opposers of religion, we cannot fail to commiserate them as we witness their utter overthrow and miserable end. Those who fight against God, in every age and nation, seem to share the same fate. Nor does it make any difference whether they carry on their warfare with tongue, or pen, or sword, their defeat and disgrace are equally sure and complete.

Cain, Pharaoh, Haman, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar (See engraving, p. 120), Herod, Pontius

Pilate, Judas Iscariot, Ananias, Simon Magus, Porphyry, Celsus, Galevis, Voltaire, David Hume, and Thomas Paine are united witnesses that "the way of the transgressor *is hard*." The shocking fate of all these men should teach modern opposers of religion the end to which they are hastening. What cause have Christians to fear when another madman raises his puny arm against the Creator and Ruler of all things? Do we fear that God cannot govern the world?

Let us rest assured that He can restrain the wrath of man and turn the residue thereof to his praise. Let us, then, trust in God and fear not. Let us be willing to submit to Him in all things, and He will work in us and by us both to will and to do. We rejoice in the thought that our Father rules the world, and that wicked men cannot resist His power or defeat His gracious purposes. The Rock hewn out of the mountain without hands, shall roll on till it fills the earth as the waters cover the sea.



"In the wilderness I wander—
Dangers press on every side;
Foes around me watch my stumbling,
But thou art still my faithful guide:
Thou dost light the rugged pathway;
Show me all the dangers there;
Point me to the better country,
Where a radiant crown I'll wear."

THE END OF SCOFFERS AND BLASPHEMERS OF THE BIBLE.

Hear the Apostle Peter (chap. ii. 3, 4): "Knowing this first, that in the last days scoffers will come, walking after their own lust, saying: Where is the promise of his coming?"

THE scoffing and blaspheming Voltaire said to his physician: "I will give you the half of my property, if you secure me my life for six months longer." But when the answer came that he could not survive so many weeks, he exclaimed: "Then I must go to hell!" Afterwards he alternately called upon Christ, and blasphemed God. Mirabeau cried, in the agonies of death: "Give me more laudanum, that I need not think of eternity, and of what is to come." Hobbes fared no better. His atheism, also, left him without a foundation in that trying hour. He exclaimed: "I am about to take a leap in the dark." It is true, the truthfulness of these citations, which might be multiplied, is denied by the Infidels of our day; but it must be remembered that it is to their interest to deny statements, however truthful, which might work detrimental to a cause to the support of which they are pledged. It is a tacit confession, on their part, that a cause which forsakes its adherents in the most perilous hour is a bad one.

Says an eminent divine: "I have seen Universalists and Infidels die, and during a ministry of fifty-five years I have not found a single instance of peace and joy in their views of eternity."

nothing but an accusing conscience and the terrors of apprehension. I have seen men die who were men of mercurial temperament, men of pleasure and fun, men of taste and literature, lovers of the opera and the theatre rather than the house of God, and I never saw an instance in which such persons died in peace. They died as they lived. Life was a blank, and death the king of terrors; a wasted life, an undone eternity."

How is it with you, skeptical reader? Have you no doubts about your sentiments? Is your mind at rest, both day and night? Do you hear from within no whispers of alarm—no forebodings of trouble yet to come?

Whence did you learn that the Bible is false, and Jesus Christ an impostor? Did you from the death-bed of the Deist, or of the Christian—from the despair and horror of the one, or from the joy and triumph of the other? *Are you CERTAIN that the Bible is false?* If you are not, *beware*. If it is not false, the certainty of your eternal perdition as a skeptic, is as unquestionable as your existence. Only lodge the thought in your heart that *you may be on a false foundation*, and then judge for yourself of the prospect before you.

Perhaps another reader respects the Bible, and says he believes it, but is unconcerned. Have you no fears about your salvation? Are your nerves firm when you look upward to the judgment-seat? Do you desire to depart from this world of sin, to be with Christ; or do you tremble when you think

of the hour of departure? Remember, dear friend, "the fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him."

Fly, then, from these fears—*instantly fly* to the Lord Jesus Christ. He only can save you. But if you will not repent, and believe in Christ, then sit down and weep, and forget not your eternal inheritance: "The fearful and unbelieving," says the immortal God, "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

"'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

"They have a freedom then, indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know."

Reader, where are you? Do the unseen things revealed in the Bible more deeply affect you than the visible objects around you? Are you carnally minded or spiritually minded? Have you read the second chapter of Isaiah lately, commencing at the tenth verse? How sublime, how powerful the appeals and descriptions there presented! Isaiah saw the day of the Lord coming, and that day is to be distinguished by two features; the haughtiness of man is to be bowed down, and the Lord alone is to be exalted.

Calling Names.

“ Speak thou the truth. Let others fence
And trim their words for pay ;
In pleasant sunshine or pretence
Let others bask their day.”

CALL names? Who can help it? Who dares? Wherefore specify? Because God does—good names and bad names, from Genesis to Revelations—holds up wicked folks to the gaze of the universe to look at, and also the good folks—the blessed evermore. See Abraham, the father of the faithful, look at him. Moses, also the meekest of men—Joshua who, in answer to prayer, caused the sun to stand still. David the sweet singer of Israel, Solomon the wisest of the wise. The good Hezekiah and Josiah, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, sons of thunder—sons of *fire*! The three blessed ones cast into the fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than is wont. Wherefore called? for examples? Assuredly.

O, for a host of Shadrachs, Meshachs, and Abednegoes, who will stand the fire—fires on fires, come life, come death. Lord, send them. But stop, where is Job, the patientest of the patient? Pass him by? Never, nor the true Bible reformers, Ezra and Nehemiah. Praise the Lord for these—bold ones for God, truth and love. Come nearer home, take a peep at John the Baptist, filled with the Holy Spirit from his

birth, shrink from truth, from reproof, at the loss of his head? When? where? God of mercy send us more of these *thunderers*, who spurn from their utmost *soul* cowardice in the field of battle—its thunder, *thunder*, THUNDER! Load and fire—load and *fire*! Hot bombshells of God's truth, red hot are thrown into the very midst of Satan's camp; leaving consequences with God for execution.

Then comes on the docket, Paul, Peter, James and John. What were they? sychophants? Ephraims, turning aside in the day of battle? time-servers, intemperate daubers, bowing here, bowing there, to popular conservatisms? loving the praise of men more than the praise of God? Look and see, friends. These names are called out—what for? For us to look at and imitate, with the Lord of glory himself!

Who is on the Lord's side? Who? Turn now your eyes to the bad folks—seest thou Cain, the first murderer, and first Unitarian? His name is called out blazingly, so is Pharoah's, the oppressor and slaveholder—Balaam, the false prophet, rebuked by the dumb ass, for his madness and money-loving. Look at him, ye false prophets and soothsayers, lovers of "ill-gotten gains." Mark also Nebuchadnezzar, what did he do? Seek his own glory and not God's? What now? Driven from men and made to eat grass as oxen, for seven long years, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws!

"I am the Lord; that is my name; and my glory

will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.”—Isa. xlii. 8.

Did time and space permit, we might allude to the bloody Manasseh, Ahab and Jezebel, the hypocritical, time-serving, money-loving Scribes and Pharisees—Simon the sorcerer, Demetrius the shrine maker, Alexander the copper-smith, whose names are called out—held up as beacons of warning, as pillars of fire, blazing out. Thus in imitation of the blessed Lord, and his faithful ones, we call names for the same reason—the same motives.*

The sinner that raises the puny arm against the Most High, in open day, is called out that heaven and earth may hear: “They that sin openly, rebuke openly.”

When King David sinned, and his son Solomon—the greatest and wisest of men—mark how their names were called out, and held up to the gaze of all on earth and all in heaven, forever and forever! Even Peter, though he sinned under the pressure of a powerful temptation, is not screened, concealed, or kept behind

* Call names? How help it? The very stones would cry out. Call names? Louder and still louder, thunder them from pole to pole, thunder on thunder—peal on peal. Every one in public life, in the church professing discipleship and still on the side of Satan, upliftedly, should be held up sky-high in all his naked, devilish deformity, in characters of blood! as a beacon of warning to young and old, little and big. *What*, kill folks body and soul, murder in open sunshine deliberately, and no one to *scream* out, “murder! murder! MURDER!” stop the murderer, hang him! *Quick!* haste, hang him fifty cubits high.

the curtain. The denial of his Lord and Master stands recorded to this day, for everybody to look at. Nathan said to David, "*Thou art the man.*" No concealment here. This blood-guiltiness of David stands out prominently in all its naked deformity. Behold the adulterer and the murderer ! Take every instance of open transgression and public outlawry, from Genesis to Revelation—and is there any covering up of the offence, the guilt, or the criminality ; any thing like daubing with untempered mortar, or prophesying smoothly ? God speaks once, twice, three times—that all may see, all may hear, all may fear. These are Bible facts, placed on record for examples. The prophets called things by their right names, and so did the apostles. "Them that sin openly, rebuke openly, that others may fear." Paul tells Titus not only to rebuke these open transgressors, but to "rebuke them sharply." "Thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him."

"I am not come to send peace on earth," saith the Lord, "but a sword."—Matt. x. 34.

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They view the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

AGITATING AND AGITATORS.

AGITATE, AGITATE, AGITATE!

KEEP on agitating ; cease not, day nor night.

“ Go boldly forth, and fear no ill,
Though fierce oppressors rise ;
Though trials gather thick and fast,
And all the world be wrong :
Onward, still onward to the last,
And in the right be strong.”

Agitation is the soul, the life of salvation. Let agitation cease, and soon we are morally and spiritually dead. Where agitation ceases, lips are sealed against popular sins, sins in high places—then formality, moral corruption, spiritual death.

Suppose the sea, the vast ocean, ceases agitation by stormy winds, ebbings and flowings, how soon it stagnates, spreads disease, corruption, and putrefaction? So with ministers and people, whole denominations lose their vitality ; the life, the soul, the power, the holy fire, become a stench, a hissing, a byword! The salt loses its savor. This is why so many have a name to live and are dead ; they refuse to agitate, open their lips wide for God and his cause. Some of our most beautiful cities and villages are languishing, perishing, becoming moral pestilences, lazar-houses. The love of many waxes cold by ceasing to agitate, and the enemy rushes in like a flood. All this, and still more, is

the result of ceasing to agitate, to cry aloud and spare not.

Afraid to agitate? Afraid to live? Cease to agitate, you die the death. Where sin is, there must be agitation, else our world becomes a hell! How was it in heaven when rebellion arose, the usurpation of Satan? Agitation! To arms! *to arms!* All heaven is in uproar. Lightnings *flash!* thunders *crash!* The elements melt with fervent heat, till Beelzebub and his legion are hurled—cast down to the pit bottomless!

Sin was cast out of heaven by agitation. Where sin is, there is war—as in heaven, so in earth. Satan is now the same usurper, and nothing but continued agitation will dethrone him, chain him to the bottomless pit. The patriarchs were agitators. Moses was an agitator, noble, glorious! He set all Egypt in a flame! Nor did he cease to agitate till God's people were set at liberty, and oppressive Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the depths of the sea. Slavery was banished from England by agitation—Wilberforce, the holy agitator, leading the van. And nothing but agitation hurled the snaky monster from our own nation. Praise the Lord for agitation and agitators. Lord, send them!

Moses was an agitator. Joshua, Elijah, Elisha, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Nehemiah, all who stood for God and the oppressed—a glorious band, mighty in words and in deeds. God wrought wonders by these holy agitators. John the Baptist was a noble, whole-

souled agitator, the forerunner of the Messiah, clad in camel's hair, with a leathern girdle about his loins, feeding on locusts and wild honey. He blew the trumpet of agitation long and loud. He set Jerusalem and all Judea on fire by agitation. This great and holy man, one of the greatest ever conceived or born of woman, went on agitating till he agitated into heaven. God took him in the very midst of agitation. Glorious departure ! What an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom ! This one noble specimen of agitation has stimulated millions on millions to agitate and go on agitating forever and *forever*.

“Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.”
Oh, for such agitators !

Christ was the greatest of all agitators, from the time he entered the public ministry till he hung on the cross. It was Christ's agitation that saved a lost world, brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. It was Christ's agitation that led to his persecution and crucifixion. He came not to send peace on earth, but a sword. Agitation led him to the cross, to glory at the right hand of the Father, where now he is worshipped by angels and glorified spirits, where every knee bows, of things in heaven, things on earth, crying, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive glory and honor, forever and *forever* !

Millions on millions of unborn souls will bless God as eternity rolls on, for this one example of agitation. The apostles and primitive disciples were agitators.



SAMUEL AND ELI.—1 Samuel i. and ii.

“The little child who loves to pray,
And read his Bible too,
Shall rise above the sky one day,
And sing as angels do ;
Shall live in heaven, that world above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.”

YOUNG readers, had we the pen of an angel, the fire of holy eloquence like to that of Isaiah or the Apostle Paul, we could not begin to portray the beauty of Samuel's character as it is portrayed by the inspired penman.

His whole life, from infancy, was bright and shining, “apples of gold in pictures of silver.” Like little Timothy, he knew the holy Scriptures from his childhood, and became wise unto salvation.” His mother lent him to the Lord as long as he lived. See 1 Samuel, i. 26, 27. Though this dear child was surrounded by wicked influences, a corrupt priesthood, he kept his garments unspotted. He would not suffer sin to rest upon his neighbor.

When Saul refused to obey God in the destruction of the Amalekites, what did Samuel do? heal slightly, prophesy smoothly, daub with untempered mortar? Hark! hear him. "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold! to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." 1 Samuel, xv. 22, 23.

Young friends, we entreat you, fail not to read the books of Samuel, first and second. They are gold, pure gold—gold seven times purified.

"O precious book of love and truth,
Of wisdom bright and fair!
Well may the olden and the youth
Have thee in special care."

Read the Bible with a heart devoted to God. Have a fixed determination to give up every thing the Bible condemns, and to do the whole will of God. Read the Scriptures practically. Keep in mind our Lord's direction, and depend upon his promise, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Renounce, then, your own will and affections, and devote yourself simply to the will and service of your Maker. Determine, in a better strength than your own, to "have respect unto *all* God's commandments;" and this will remove a thousand difficulties in understanding and embracing the truth.

SHOW YOUR COLORS—HANG OUT YOUR SIGN!

“Stand up for Jesus! all who lead His host!
Crowned with the splendors of the Holy Ghost!
Shrink from no foe, to no temptation yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
Stand up for Jesus.”

READER, are you for Christ, or for the world and Belial? Do you walk as the world walks, talk as the world talks, dress, eat, drink, rise up, lie down, go out, come in, make merry as the world does? Your sign is out—“Belial”—read and known of all men. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” “No man can serve two masters.”

Are you for Jesus? Show your colors, hang out your sign—“love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.” Do as Jesus did, walk in his steps, go about doing good as he did; take up your cross and deny yourself, resist unto blood, striving against sin, as he did.

When you walk, let it be said of you, “There goes a Christian.” “Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.” *Rom. xiii. 14.*

Hoist your colors, and let your watchword be known. “Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.” *Phil. iii. 20.*

Hang out your sign, unfold your colors, and let the record on your action be legible.

THE FIRE GOING OUT, GONE OUT!

OR,

DEAD CAPITAL IN OUR CHURCHES.

“There’s words and there’s pens to be wielded,
There’s thoughts that must die if unsaid;
Wouldst thou saunter and pine among roses,
Or sepulchre dreams that are dead?”

WHO can estimate the vast amount of dead capital, the unsanctified talent in all our churches?

From every point of observation we see slumbering energies, buried talents, forcing conviction on the mind that the great mass of professing Christians are at ease in Zion.

Hundreds and thousands have never put forth one single earnest effort to persuade men to become reconciled to God. They are waiting for the Church to do the work that they are required individually to do; and under the delusion that the Church has duties separate from those of her individual members, many excuse themselves from all personal labor.

This is a fundamental error of the age, a practical heresy of the most pernicious and deadly influence! The Church was never designed to absorb, so as to neutralize the personal element, and to render it more effective—that every energy, and influence, and power might tell in the great work of saving souls. And yet the dead capital in every church is very great.

WAITING FOR A CALL, ARE YOU?

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO WAIT?

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. xx. 6.

"Why do you idle stand?

There is something for all to do;

Look forth on the wants of our teeming land—

The sorrow and sin on every hand;

Say, is there no work for you?

There is work in the crowded street;

There is work in the silent cell;

'Mid the noisiest hum and the busiest feet;

In halls where thronging multitudes meet,

In the hovel where outcasts dwell."

A STAND-STILL FIRE, OR DO-NOTHING HOLINESS. Can such a thing be? Here is a professed minister of the Gospel waiting for a call to some parish, some opening for ministerial labor. Some four or five years since, this same pulpit orator inquired of us for a vacant pulpit, where he could hold forth the word of life; and here he is still waiting, while fields are white for the harvest in every direction.

Multitudes on every side are perishing for lack of spiritual food. Thousands on thousands are rushing on to woe eternal before the eyes of this ministerial brother—and yet no opening for labor in God's vineyard. He is still waiting for a call, when all heaven and earth ring peal on peal with lightnings' flash and thunders' crash! "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" "*Go work in my vineyard.*"

DRAGGING AND LAGGING.

IT IS THE DRAGGING THAT KILLS FOLKS.

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."—2 Cor. iii. 6.

It is the dragging that kills so many, not preaching or hard study. The machinery is not oiled by the grace of God—the Holy Spirit's sanctifying influences. Consequently, students, editors, ministers of the Gospel, superannuate, drag out a wretched imbecile life. It is the "*dragging*" that kills them, does the mischief—the lack of soul, spiritual life, holy unction, animation, power with God, the tongue of fire, the not breathing the life apostolical and pentecostal. Did Paul, Peter, James, or John retire from their fields of labor till they had fought the good fight, finished their course with joy? Preaching in the Spirit with power from on high is healthy work—the more of it the better. Instance the immortal Wesley, whose whole life was on the perpetual stretch for glory till threescore and ten. Who ever labored harder, studied more intensely, preached more constantly? He could preach three times daily, with soul kindled to a flame, year in and year out, and then mount up on eagle's wings, or as Elijah in a chariot of fire, to receive a crown that fadeth not. His eye, like that of Moses, was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

The same is true of Whitfield, the Tenants, and other evangelists on mercy's wing.

“WHERE NO WOOD IS, THE FIRE GOETH OUT.”

REVIVALS HINDERED—THE WORK OF GRACE.

“*Turn you at my reproof.*”—Prov. i. 23.

REVIVALS hindered. When? how?

1. Neglecting to enforce proper discipline. Achans are in the camp; Israel cannot move a step. “A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.”

2. Variances in the Church unreconciled. “If ye bite and devour one another, take heed ye be not consumed one of another.”

3. Neglect of suitable confession or restitution.

4. Neglect of fasting and humiliation.

5. Long prayers and exhortations, without any point, pith, *soul*, or special aim.

6. A few principal members occupying most of the time in prayer and conference meetings, while others are silent, or not called upon. Ruinous!

7. For some brother to rise in the meeting and say, “There is a lion in the way, a lion!” Awful!

8. Not praying to the point, fervently, in faith, in the Holy Spirit, perseveringly, Jacob-like, saying, “*I will not let thee go.*”

9. Neglecting to bring *all* the tithes into the storehouse.

10. Preaching without the Holy Spirit, point, pith, condensation, practical application, and not making every one feel, “THOU ART THE MAN.”

11. Preaching three long sermons on the Sabbath to one congregation.

12. Reading sermons instead of preaching them.

13. Preaching on popular subjects, merely to excite public attention, without special aim at holiness of heart and life, or the conviction or conversion of sinners. Quite common.

14. The *life*, out of the pulpit, not corresponding with the life *in* the pulpit. Alas, how frequent!

15. Preaching to sinners over the heads of lukewarm, worldly-minded, covetous church-members! Horrible!

16. Neglecting to break up the fallow ground thoroughly, remove every stumbling-block, and elevate the Church to a holy standard.

17. Not making every church-member feel that *he* has something to do.

18. Not removing every drone from the hive.

19. Neglect of faithful and continued pastoral and church visitations.

20. Preachers carrying on other kinds of business, and not giving their whole time, talents, and *soul* to the work.

21. Want of union—united and hearty co-operation between the Church and the minister.

22. Narcotic poisons—tobacco, opium, etc.—Though their power to excite the baser passions may not equal that of alcohol, yet their sedative effects, in destroying the sensibilities, as effectually incapacitates its victim for spiritual exercises. Though those under the in-

fluence of narcotics, or of alcohol, may appear to themselves and others quite devotional; may write, preach, pray, and exhort; it is all spurious—the offering of strange fire. God abhors it!

23. Another stumbling-block or hindrance to revivals and an onward movement of salvation is light, popular reading—works of fiction, novels, romances, fashion-plate magazines, and comicals. These are the most potent engines the devil ever planted upon the earth, to undermine the principles of virtue and subvert the morality of the Bible. They drive individuals from the sanctuary, close the Bible, alienate the heart from God, and plunge the soul into temporal ruin and eternal death!

24. Again: one great and special hindrance to revivals in our cities, is worldly and carnal excitements, “picnic religion,” sitting down to eat and drink, and “rising up to play.”

Is money to be raised for church debts, church building or repairing? for a Sabbath-school or a missionary enterprise? for the increase of the minister's salary? is money wanted to relieve the poor or for any benevolent operation? What now? How is this money to be forthcoming? In a sober, rational, Gospel way? Nay, a feast is prepared; a soirée introduced, a fancy fair, a picnic, a concert or exhibition of some kind, a donation, tea, or strawberry party, a sleigh-ride, oyster-supper, a tin or gold wedding, something to inflame the passions, excite and enlarge the appetite,

HINDRANCES TO REVIVALS.—CONTINUED.

“ *Why stand ye here all the day idle?*”

“ The fields were all white with the harvest,
But the reapers were few.”

25. *Preaching without meaning somebody—away off*, to the inhabitants of the moon, or some distant planet, without special aim, object, or practical application; without bringing the truth of the Gospel *home* to every heart, every conscience. Alas! how many sermons are lost, *worse* than lost, by this milk and water, “linsey-woolsey” system, this half-hearted indefiniteness!

Did John the Baptist preach thus? When the Pharisees and Sadducees came to his baptism, what did he say? “Peace, peace,” when there was no peace? Hark! “O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?” *Matt. iii. 7–10.*

When some were present that told Jesus of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices, Jesus answering said unto them, “Suppose ye that those Galileans were sinners above all Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.” Every heart must be probed to the bottom, every Achan searched, every Agag and false hope slain. Awake, awake!

26. *Not keeping the track*—following up sermon after

sermon, conviction after conviction, till the fallow ground is mellowed, thoroughly broken up—till the Syrians in Aphek are consumed. Elisha said to the king of Israel: "Smite on the ground. And he smote thrice and ceased. And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times, then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." 2 *Kings*, xiii. 18, 19.

27. *The ungodly, disobedient, conscience-seared children of Christian professors*, is another special hindrance to revivals or the conversion of sinners!

What stumbling-block can be greater than the awful, horrible, heaven-daring inconsistency of parental training! Parents pledge themselves, enter into solemn covenant, ratify the same in the presence of God, angels, and men—vow, most *positively*, to train their children for God, *wholly* for God, and then trample this vow under foot, stamp it *down!* suffer their little ones to grow up in the service of Satan, play truant, drink the cup of pollution to its very *dregs!* Look at that Christian mother, decking her daughter in robes of gayety, fashion, and folly—for what? Moloch? for hell? or for heaven? For the inquiry-meeting, or for some sinful amusement, some pleasure-party—the dance, the ball-room, the foolish and fashionable concert?

Is not the course of some parents sufficient to *kill* a revival—extinguish the last spark of holy kindling?

drive away every serious and solemn thought of repentance, of death, judgment, and eternity?

Oh, woman, where is thy faith? Wilt thou murder the soul?

28. *The ungodly, reckless, conscience-seared, case-hardened children of ministers.* Oh, what tears of blood are called for! What killed the influence of Eli, the priest of God? What poured out the vials of God Almighty's wrath on his devoted head? His sons were vile, and he restrained them not. A minister may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and what avail, so long as he violates, openly and continually, a prominent, a *special* requisition of ministerial qualification? His words fall comparatively powerless. The cry, "Physician, heal thyself," rings!

29. *Sectarianism—the many-headed monster!*

Perhaps there is no greater hindrance to the conversion of sinners, the final triumph of the gospel, than party spirit, a spirit of rivalry—"I am of Paul, I am of Apollos, I am of Cephas." What is this but selfishness, hateful and abominable in the sight of God and man, a stumbling-block over which thousands and millions have stumbled into the bottomless pit! Whenever and wherever God's people have laid aside their "Shibboleths," their selfishness, childishness, narrow-mindedness, and bigotry, united honestly and heartily in demolishing Satan's kingdom, has not God invariably poured out a blessing uncontainable?

LOVING FOLKS, HONEYING FOLKS.

“Speak with earnest, holy daring;
Zion’s children heavenward go,
Duties doing, crosses bearing.

“I love everbody.”

You do, friend? how much? And what kind of love is it? Bible? the love of the holy prophets and apostles—of Jesus Christ? Is your love Gospel? If not it is spurious, false, sickly, sentimental, or hypocritical. Does this love of yours lead you to obey God in rebuking sin of every kind, rise up against evil-doers, and stand up against the workers of iniquity—reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine?

Have you the love of Phineas, when he executed judgment, and the plague was stayed? (See *Num.* xxv. 7, 8.) Have you the love of Nathan the prophet, when he said to King David, “*Thou art the man?*” Have you the love of Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, who set their faces like a flint against every sin, cried aloud and spared not? Have you Samuel’s love, who hewed Agag to pieces, and re-proved King Saul to his face for his wickedness?

Have you the love of John the Baptist, who laid the axe at the root of all evil, rebuked Herod for his incest, at the risk of his head, and who said to self-righteous Sadducees and Pharisees, “O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?”

Matt. v. 7, 8. Is your love like Paul's love, who said to Elymas the sorcerer, "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" *Acts*, xiii. 10, 11.

If you have not the love here specified, it is spurious, false, sickly, sentimental, hypocritical. Indeed, what you call love is hatred. "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart; thou shalt in any wise rebuke him, and not suffer sin to rest upon him." *Lev.* xix. 17. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked."

Some parents profess to love their children very much, but how much do they love them? enough to subdue their stubborn wills and restrain them from wickedness? What kind of love was Eli's toward Hophni and Phineas, sons of Belial? Did he love them well enough to correct them betimes, teach them to obey God, have respect unto all His commandments? What did God think of Eli's love in household discipline? Turn to 1 Sam. ii. 27. How readest thou? What kind of love was David's toward his children, in letting them do as they pleased, serve Satan and their own lusts, pride, and ambition?

How many parents love their children in the same way! Eli and David suffered their "little ones" to grow up in idleness, in all manner of sin and folly, to live as they listed, to be "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." Instead of love, God calls this hatred. "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son; but

he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." *Prov.* xiii. 24.

Beloved reader, do you love enough to confess your faults, to go to those you have injured, and on your bended knees make hearty confession? If not, your love is spurious, false. We know a church-member who professes to "love everybody," even with a sanctified love; and this same individual has been instrumental in sundering the tenderest ties of kindred love and affection, marring the peace of families and the peace of Jerusalem, sufficient to cause angels to weep tears of blood. And yet he asserts his innocence, and refuses to make any reparation or confession of his guilt, or acknowledge the evil he has done and is now doing; meanwhile, he continues his profession of perfect love. Could Satan himself desire a love better calculated to suit his infernal purposes? "He that hateth his brother is in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness (sin) hath blinded his eyes." 1 *John*, ii. 11.

We know a flaming professor, professing to "love everybody," while at the same time the words of his mouth, the tone of his voice, the look of his eye, and every moving muscle of his face betrays him, gives the lie to his professions. We have meetings for prayer, praise, and testimony so full of this kind of love, that the individuals composing them have so much love they cannot find it in their loving hearts to rebuke popular sins, staring them full in the face. Is this the love

God requires? or is it spurious, false, sickly, sentimental?

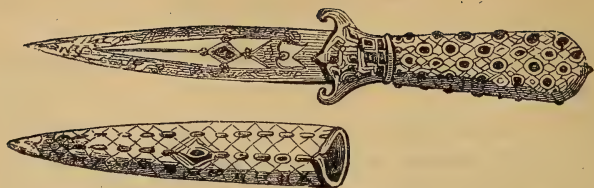
To profess to "love everybody" is popular and fashionable; it requires very little, if any, self-denying or cross-bearing. One can profess love, perfect love, the love that "loves everybody," and the Lord with all his "heart, soul, and strength," and still love the world, be proud and covetous, follow worldly fashions, adorn the exterior with artificials, "gold, pearls, and costly array," read novels, romances, silly love-tales, talk nonsense, attend pleasure-parties, fancy fairs, sit down, eat, drink, make merry, and rise up to play, sip the wine-cup and brandy-bottle, chew and smoke tobacco, wink at popular sins in the pulpit and out of it, advocate the doctrine of expediency and compromise, carry religion in one hand, the world, sin, and Satan in the other.

Friends, is this exaggeration? "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

"Who is the honest man?

He that doth still and strongly good pursue;
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due."

ANY minister or editor, who will be cramped in his public or private ministrations, by a conservative Church—who will not be free, outspoken against all sin, in the name of God, is unworthy a place in the pulpit or editorial chair.



SIN A DAGGER—TERRIBLE!

HAVE you not felt it, reader, piercing your inmost soul? “Sin is a dagger, more fearful than the dagger of Ehud, which had two edges, of a cubit’s length.” *Judges, iii. 16.*

Bitter to sin—more bitter than death. The rebel angels found it so; so did our first parents; so did Jacob, Moses, David, Solomon, Peter. The redeemed soul feels it keenly, heart-piercingly. Every one having tasted the sweets of redeeming love, sees clearly how hateful, abominable, God-dishonoring, soul-ruinous, soul-damning sin is. It’s the serpent’s bite, the adder’s sting. It crucifies the Lord of glory afresh, drives the cruel nails, poises the bloody spear! Oh! what pangs of remorse does sin bring upon a consecrated soul! It is like a dagger!

When Christ looked on Peter, after his denial of him, he went out and wept bitterly. “Even the smallest transgressions,” says Madame Guyon, “cannot fail to separate from God. The wretchedness it produces is inexpressible. An unguarded look, a hasty word, cost me bitter tears.”

THE TONGUE, AND TONGUE-TAMING.

“If wisdom’s ways you wisely seek,
• Five things observe with care :
To whom you speak, *of* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.”

READER, do you *think* before you speak? Better do it; one slip of the tongue, unguarded, may do great mischief.

Look up—be on the watch-tower. The Psalmist prayed earnestly for a watch to be placed at the door of his lips. He promised the Lord also that he would bridle his tongue, especially in the presence of the wicked or ungodly. “The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright.” “A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.” “The lips of the wise disperse knowledge.” “The heart of the righteous studieth to answer; but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things.” *Prov.* xv. 28. “Be more ready to hear,” says Solomon, “than to give the sacrifice of fools.” “Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God, for God is in heaven and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.” “A fool’s voice is known by a multitude of words.”

James says: “If a man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, able also to bridle the whole body.”

These passages from inspiration of God are applicable both to prayer and conversation.

ALL TALK, AND NO JESUS.

"A child of *words* and not of *deeds*,
Is like a garden full of weeds."

TALK and laugh, laugh and talk? Yes, you do ; we see it, hear it, and are sick of it. When a friend calls, you talk and laugh, laugh and talk. Why not read the Bible a little, pray a little, talk about Jesus a little, things spiritual, heavenly, divine? You meet a friend in the street, by the wayside, at school, the social party. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk, and not a word about Jesus, salvation, light, hope, joy unspeakable, glory, glory! It is all "small-talk," no Jesus in it.

You meet around the table, the fireside, in the sitting-room, the parlor. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk, and it is all "small-talk"—no Jesus in it. You talk and talk, laugh and laugh, giggle and giggle ; but what about Jesus, life, soul-life, life that *is* life, life now, life everlasting? Where, oh where?

You travel in the stage-coach, the steamboat, the rail-car. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk—anything about Jesus, heaven, heaven's glories, glory on glory? Not a word. You talk and laugh, laugh and talk, day in and day out, week in and week out ; but where is Jesus, the light, the life, the hope of glory? It is all "small-talk," and no Jesus in it.

Church folks? Certainly.

LAUGH AT THIS; LAUGH AT THAT.

“A pleasant smile for every face,
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing;
It will the lines of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring.”

LAUGH? Yes, you may: it is right to laugh—to laugh heartily, with all the heart, soul, and life. There is no harm in the exercise of laughing. The Lord would never bestow the faculty for laughing were it sinful to laugh. To laugh in the spirit is scriptural. We have authority for laughing from the highest source. It is no part of Christianity to make sad the countenance, disfiguring the face, which should be sunny under the sunshine of a pure conscience—of a loving God.

To laugh, in the Bible sense of the term, is not only commendable and praiseworthy, but healthful to spirit, soul, and body—invigorating, lifegiving. We are to laugh to the glory of God as truly and heartily as we are to eat, drink, sleep, or whatever we do. If the ploughing of the wicked is sin, is not their laugh also? The apostle tells us, “Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him.” *Col. iii. 17.*

There are various kinds of laughing, as there are various kinds of talking. There is the vain laugh, the silly laugh, the foolish, nonsensical laugh, common to the world—to persons of weak minds, of corrupt, un-

sanctified hearts. In this kind of laughter "the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

Prov. xiv. 13.

Individuals given to light and frivolous reading are almost sure to be tinctured with this foolish, nonsensical laughter ; they laugh at mere trifles—at their own follies and mistakes, and the follies and mistakes of others. They often laugh without knowing what they are laughing at, or laugh because they see and hear others laugh.

It is fashionable to laugh, and to laugh at trifles, or things not worth laughing at. When a fashion is once introduced, no matter how absurd, foolish, ridiculous, or soul-destroying, it will be followed, more or less, by the world and the Church. Is it fashionable to read nonsensical things, talk nonsensical things, and laugh at nonsensical things? These fashions are followed by professors and non-professors. Fashion rules the world and curses the world. What wicked fashion will the devil introduce next?

"Trifle not ; for from the fulness
Of the heart the mouth doth speak,
And from clear and rock-bound fountains
Never will foul waters break."

Foolish talking and jes'ing, and foolish laughing, go hand in hand with foolish reading, the light, insipid, ephemeral publications of the day. This kind of laughing is grating to the ear, heart-sickening and corrupting.

Again, there is a holy laugh, a laugh of repentance, faith, hope, joy—joy unspeakable and full of glory. This holy laughter, proceeding from a pure heart, a heart of joyfulness in God, is frequently alluded to in the Scriptures. Abraham laughed at the prospect of a son in his old age—fell on his face and laughed. *Gen.* xvii. 17. “When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion then our mouth was filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.” *Psalms* cxxvi. 1, 2. “Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh.” *Luke*, vi. 21.

Persons filled with faith and the Holy Spirit are frequently constrained to laugh—give vent to their joyful emotions in laughter. This holy laughter is not only commendable, but blessed in its effects; it is blessed to the one who laughs thus joyfully, and likewise to those who hear it. This laughing that originates from the Holy Spirit's operations on the soul exhilarates—carries a sanctifying thrill of ecstatic joy to those who love the truth, and often strikes home conviction powerfully to the hearts of unbelievers.

With this kind of laughing God is well pleased; it is unselfish, benevolent, and redounds to His glory. Oh for a host of such laughers—the world over!

Again, there is a cheerful laugh or smile playing upon the lips of the upright in heart—a constant, sweet, heavenly complacency beaming forth upon the countenances of the pure in thought and life, like the distilling dews of heaven, or the rain upon the mown grass.

A Word on Cheerfulness.

" If self must be denied,
And sin no more caressed,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best."

BE cheerful? Certainly, who questions it? Who is cheerful? the sinner in his sins? Novel writers, publishers, readers and puffers? Was Ahab cheerful, and his wife Jezebel? the bloody Manasseh? Balaam the false prophet? Simon Magus the sorcerer? Ananias and Sapphira, who kept back part of the price? Alexander the copper-smith? Is Satan cheerful? Friend, you talk about cheerfulness, what do you mean by it, serving the Lord or Satan?

Who is cheerful and who has a right to cheerfulness? God's true servants or Satan's? Cheerfulness is a Christian grace—the fruit of the Holy Spirit, and is as far from levity, lightness of speech, foolish talking and jesting as light is from darkness, as heaven is from hell. A man that has God in his soul, fire pentecostal, fire on *fire* for doing good, in imitation of his Lord and Master, does not trouble himself about being cheerful or how he shall be amused. Nor does he go in for games, chess, checkers, nine-pins, billiards, dominoes, bagatelle, back-gammon, charades, conundrums, or the giddy dance in the parlor or out of it. These

are Satan's implements to kill time, and murder the soul! *

Nor does he go in for "tittle-tattle," senseless gabble, and the fool's laughter. Furthermore he does not encourage children in romplings, frivolity, fun and frolic, vulgar and boisterous merriment, buffoonery or monkeyisms. He has no idea of serving the Lord a *little* and the old Serpent the devil, a *good deal*. Christ is his portion, his life, his heaven, his all in all, for time and eternity.

" All our capacious powers can wish,
In Thee most richly meet ;
Not to our eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet."

All the pleasure that is found in social parties, novel reading, or games of chance, for mere amusement, will prove in the end to have been too dearly purchased. Such pleasure-seeking on the part of Christians distracts their attention from worthy objects, renders them barren of religious enjoyment, and destroys their Christian influence with the impenitent. It is equivalent to acknowledging that there is not enough in the religion of the Bible to employ and satisfy the mind. This is an alarming inference ; but there is no escape from it.

The religion of the Bible rejoices the soul, fills it

* Sorry ? Who ain't ? weepingly, that the "Young Men's Christian Association" have fallen into these traps of Satan, mixing up Christ with Belial, in their reading-rooms and departments of recreation. The Lord frown upon this wickedness ? He has, he does, he will.

with unspeakable delight. The word of God is sweeter to the taste than honey or the honey-comb. Those who most fully appreciate the magnitude of the duties of life—*the work of living for eternity*—will have the least concern about *pleasure* of any kind.

We kindly and respectfully say to that D.D. in Brooklyn, who makes funny speeches at tin and gold weddings: “Dear sir, when you and your family are seated around the table spread with fox and geese, chess, or checkers, and other games of chance (stepping-stones to the gambling-table, which you enjoin parents to introduce) whiling away precious, golden seasons, accompanied with lightness of speech and frivolity at your tongue’s end—do you ever picture to yourself how Jesus would appear thus at the head of a table, and the twelve apostles around him?

Sir, we have been at a loss, frequently, in deciding whether you were doing more evil or more good in the world; whether you were doing more to further the cause of Satan than that of the Lord. ‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.’”

“The church and world amalgamate
A union worse than that of state.”

All who walk with God are serious, taking their Lord for their example, and walking by Scripture precepts and warnings.

“But, are we to renounce all mirth, and be dull and melancholy?” Answer. Seriousness and solid happiness are inseparable.

“Is there not time for all things?” Answer. There is no time for sin and folly. “Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” “If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man’s religion is vain.”—James i. 26.

We are not unaware of the value of a cheerful religion. We respond to the reasonableness of the command to “rejoice evermore.” And yet we read that the “joy of the Lord is your strength,” and that our rejoicing must be in God to make it a religious joy. It is not a religious joy, where professedly religious men indulge in gratifications that are worldly, sensual, and frivolous.

A passion for amusement wastes time, enfeebles the body, dissipates the mind, destroys usefulness, and leads to great expense. “He that loveth pleasure,” says Solomon, “shall be a poor man.”

“Fathers, mothers, when your sons
Look to you for daily bread,
Dare ye, in mock’ry, load with stones
The table that for them is spread?
How can ye hope your sons will live,
If ye, for fish, a serpent give?”

Amusements and Recreations.

“ Be hopeful, cheerful—faith will bring
A living joy to thee,
And make thy life a hymn of praise,
From doubt and murmurs free ;
Whilst like the sunbeam thou wilt bless,
And bring to others happiness.”

OBJECT to amusements for little folks or great folks ?
When—on what occasion ? Not a breath of it. We
delight to see every one, little and big, mounting up
on eagles’ wings joyfully.

Sooner hush the tuneful lark, tie the legs of the skipping squirrel, stop the flowers from blooming, or the woods and the fields from growing green, as deprive the buoyant youth of innocent recreation.

The question is not between amusements and no amusements, but between those that are innocent and those that are hurtful. The world is on *fire* for something to feed the passions, gratify a corrupt taste. Volumes on volumes are written, regions above and regions below ransacked to amuse. The rush is perpetual after the ephemeral or evanescent, the *thirst* to sip at the foul sediment of corrupt pleasure, which, at last, biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder ! when every sunbeam is winged with glory, every snowflake drops heavenly benedictions from the skies for our pleasure.

God is love. Gladness meets us at every step; our walks, our rides, our pleasant labor, our social interviews, our books, our innocent, virtuous, hallowed festivities, afford ample and varied means for rational exhilaration. Who, then, but a fool or a madman, would plunge into the whirl of fashionable dissipation?

Some of the amusements we consider lawful and innocent, and which may be safely recommended to persons enjoying health, strength of body and mind, are gardening, walking and riding, sacred music, drawing, painting, botany, a survey of natural and artificial curiosities, the use of the globes, the telescope, the microscope, useful company, agreeable conversation, and entertaining books.

The cultivation of flowers, besides being a healthful exercise for young ladies, softens the disposition and refines the taste. You will almost invariably find that the woman who likes to cultivate these beauties of nature is a kind and affectionate companion, and keeps a well-ordered household. It also gives them a taste for the beautiful, and the mind will naturally pass to a love of all that is grand and sublime in nature. Even the Saviour drew some of his most excellent illustrations from the "lilies of the field."

What is better calculated to ennoble and elevate the human mind than studying the works of the Great Architect of the universe?

"BEHOLD the boundless store

Of charms which nature to her votary yields,
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,

All the genial ray of morning yields,
All that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

"Let us not so wrong and vilify the bounties of Providence, as to allow for a moment that the sources of innocent amusement are so rare that men must be driven, almost by constraint, to such as are of doubtful quality. On the contrary, such has been the Creator's goodness, that almost every one alike of our physical, intellectual, and moral faculties, and the same may be said of the whole creation which we see around us, is not only calculated to answer the proper end of its being by its subserviency to some purpose of solid usefulness, but to be the instrument of administering pleasure.

"Our Maker, also, in his kindness, has so constructed us, that even mere vicissitude is grateful and refreshing, a consideration which should prompt us often to seek, from a prudent variation of useful pursuits, that recreation for which we are apt to resort to what is altogether unproductive and useless.

"Yes, rich and multiplied are the springs of innocent relaxation. The Christian relaxes in the temperate use of all the gifts of Providence. Imagination, and taste, and genius, and the beauties of creation, and the works of art, lie open to him. He relaxes in the feast of reason, in the intercourse of society, in the sweets of friendship, in the endearments of love, in the exercises of hope, of confi-

dence, of joy, of gratitude, of universal good-will, of all the benevolent and generous affections, which, by the gracious ordinance of our Creator, while they disinterestedly intend only happiness to others, are most surely productive to us of complacency and peace."

We might mention numerous other things equally innocent and useful; but this is sufficient to prove how easy we may be amused, without running after the silly frivolities of an unsanctified world, and which, under the pretence of enjoying necessary recreations, debase our nature, and involve us in misery and disgrace.

All will agree that it is the first duty of parents to make home as pleasant as it can be made, and where loving hearts are moved by the wisdom which is from above, there will be little danger of the introduction of forbidden or dangerous indulgence. The cultivation of the domestic affections is one of the chief sources of enjoyment, and it is the great safeguard against vicious habits. We find cause for alarm in the disposition so manifestly prevalent, to foster the desire for social dissipation. Gay parties are not calculated to make the quiet of home more attractive to young people who, from early childhood, have been taught the way of life through Jesus Christ. Parents, who have the Lord for their portion, have no need of worldly amusements to make homes attractive—their households will be all aglow with the presence of the blessed Saviour.

“ As bird from fowler’s share set free,
Soaring sings ‘ Sweet Liberty !’
As the roe from the hunter’s hand,
Darting, bounds o’er stream and land ;
So, from Satan’s slavish band,
So, from this world’s iron hand
Our soul’s set free !”*

Recreation is a demand of our nature, and is profitable not only for *young* people, but for children of larger growth also. The important question is, What kind of amusement should be allowed ? The taste for games of hazard is growing upon our people, until gambling is rapidly becoming a national vice, and it is, therefore, questionable whether any game of “ chance,” however innocent it may seem in itself, has not in it a tendency to cultivate a desire for the excitement of technical gambling.

“ A man’s heart deviseth his way ; but the Lord directeth his steps.”—Prov. xvi. 9.

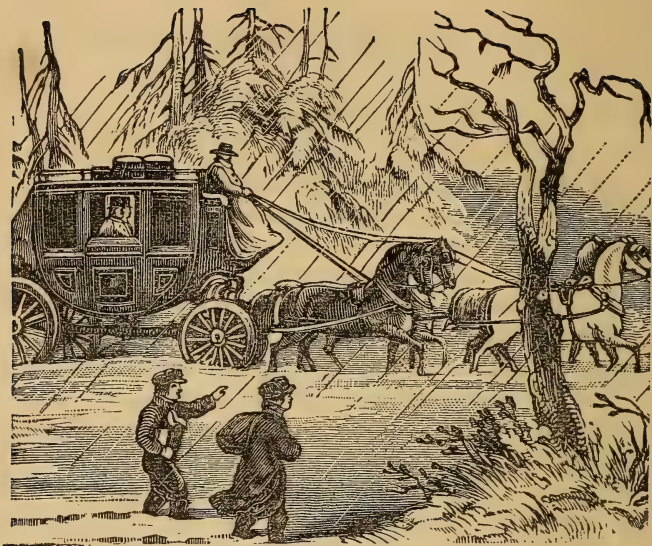
* “ Why do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.”—Isa. lv. 2, 1. “ O that men were wise, that they understood this !”

EARTHLY BLISS UNSATISFYING, EVANESCENT.

“ The spider’s most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man’s tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.”

THE pleasures of this world are so transitory and fleeting, that it seems a crime for man to pass his days in frivolous pursuits, or stake, as many do, their whole mind upon what, before to-morrow’s sun shall go down, will become as mist and vapor. The uncertainty of life, the dark veil which covers the future from the piercing eye of man, the ignorance of what a day may bring forth, have a salutary effect upon the thoughtful, and wean them from a too great love of the world and its pleasures, or of themselves. Though there be a few that live to the age of threescore years and ten, it is no guarantee that we shall live till then. Health and youth are not to be relied on, for the nipping frost often destroys in an hour the fairest flower, and the lightning from heaven often rends the sturdy oak. If we place our hearts upon the riches of the world, they fade away before our sight, and the hard earnings of years perish in a day.

“ Why should we lay up treasures here below,
Where moth and rust corrupt ? Why fix our heart
On that from which so quickly we must part ?
Why on an ocean where such tempests blow,
Embark so rich a freight ? Why, ’midst the snow
Of so unkind a winter, plant a flower
So fragrant, yet so frail ! Why build Hope’s tower
Where lightnings flash and whelming torrents flow !
But if our highest energies are bent
In God and heaven a portion to insure,



WINTER, WINTER! WHAT A LESSON!

YOUNG friends and old friends, do you consider how many ways God speaks—gives line upon line? Nature speaks, the Bible, the word of grace. The heavens declare the glory of God, the varied seasons—summer and winter, spring and autumn. The spring season pictures youth, blooming life; winter is emblematical of old age, declining years, tottering on the grave's brink.

“ We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.”

How fleetly the passing moments glide away! How soon are life's golden dreams and bright visions of

worldly bliss forever flown! Time, ever-rolling time, writes the impress of decay everywhere, and upon everything we behold in this beautiful world of ours. There is nothing of earthly beauty or of earthly grandeur that can bid defiance to the storms of time, or nothing too sacred or holy to elude the destruction of its fatal blast!

“I saw him grasp the oak—

It fell; the tower—it crumbled; and the stone,
The sculptured monument, that marked the grave
Of fallen greatness, ceased its pompous strains
As TIME came by.”

Flowers, that fill the ambient air with sweet odors and ambrosial incense, bloom, fade, die! Our earth, at one season of the year, is clad in her beautiful dress of living green; and the bright rays of a vernal sun enrich, expand, and beautify every scene in creation. The soft, warm air is filled with music, sunshine, and perfume, and all nature shines out in unrivalled splendor and loveliness. But how soon does the withering breath of a few revolving months rob the fields of their blooming verdure and beauty, the forests and trees of their foliage and drapery, and cause the green-robed earth “to lay her glory by” till the time shall again come for the reproduction of flowers, plants, and herbs upon the face of nature! Change and decay are impressed upon all things earthly. The eye lingers not upon an object, however beautiful and attractive now, which the corroding finger of time shall not one day mar or efface!

But TIME does more. It invades a holier sanctuary, and introduces man to a brighter destiny and a happier climate beyond the grave. Piety and virtue may well consent to the blight and ruin of time, since it leads to their coronation amid the thrones and palaces of eternity! The changeless and the eternal of heaven will amply compensate for the changeful and evanescent of earth. Time flies ; but with it the pure and holy are on the wing to brighter skies and nobler joys! Beautiful, but to every earnest thoughtful heart true as beautiful, are the lines of the poet :

“Roses bloom, and then they wither ;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die ;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by.”

STANDING FOR THE TRUTH?

In silver slippers, can you?—without being clothed with the panoply of heaven, armed with God’s complete armor?—unless filled with the Holy Spirit? Who ever did?

“Come out,” is the watchword. “Come out and be separate ; touch not the unclean thing, have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.” Profess to stand for Jesus, and yet not rebuke sin in high places and in low—sins of omission and commission?



SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

WHAT'S going on here, think you, little readers? Teaching the way to heaven? It looks like it, don't it? What more beautiful? Would that the world was full of it! Soon the earth would blossom as the rose. There is a right way and a wrong way. "There is a way which seem-

eth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." *Prov.* xiv. 12. In which way are *you*, young friends, the safe way, "straight and narrow, leading unto life eternal, the way the holy prophets went," spoken of by Isaiah xxxv. 8? "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men though fools, shall not err therein."

Is this the way you are in, little folks and great folks? If so, all is right, safe, joyous, glorious! keep on in this way to the end, and you will land safely on Canaan's happy shore. There are often many ways to go to this place and that place, to this city and that city. One may take this road or that, this route or that. One may take a stage-coach, another the railway, a third the steamboat or sailing-vessel. But to heaven, the seat of glory, peace everlasting, joy inexpressible, there is only one way, the way of the cross; only one sailing-vessel, "the old ship Zion," that will take us to the happy land. Are you on this vessel, little readers? Have you taken passage on the "old ship Zion?"

You hear it said frequently, that such and such children have been trained "in the way they should go," and after all, turn out badly, when, in fact, they have not taken one step "in the way they should go." They are in the broad road to ruin till they are led to Jesus for a new heart, a heart of love, till transformed into Christ's image. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." If no man or woman can enter the pearly gate of glory, till regenerated, "born of water and of the Spirit," no more can any little boy or girl. It is just as necessary for little folks to be born again, to enter heaven, as it is for the big folks.



THE FOX IN SEARCH OF HIS PREY.

ARE foxes cunning, crafty? No animal more so. So are the wicked—little folks and great folks in the service of Satan, that cunning, subtle old serpent that deceived our first parents in the garden of Eden. (See Genesis, xxx. 1–4.) The fox is not only cunning but voracious and mischievous. (Ezek. xiii. 4. Luke xiii. 32.) He is fond of grapes, and does much harm in vineyards. (Song, ii. 15.) The fable of the fox and the sour grapes is well known both to our little folks and big folks. Herod, that monster of wickedness and cunning craftiness for Satan, is termed a fox by our blessed Saviour. Turn to Luke xiii. 32, and see. Christ said to a certain scribe, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

“And didst thou, Saviour, have no home,
Nor place to lay thine head?
Was all the universe too poor,
To offer thee a bed?”

Educating Little Mary for the Heavenly Kingdom.—No. 32.

“ ‘ And what, O what is good ?
'Tis first to seek the favor of thy God ;
Let thy will blend with his, and honor him
By walking in the way thy Saviour trod.”

BELoved brother and sister, allow us to say, that this dear child of yours, so beloved, thoroughly indoctrinated gospelly, born of the Holy Spirit, regenerated, her taste formed on the side of virtuous purity—our fears of her falling into these traps of Satan, measurably subside.

Love or relish puerility or hanker after it, things vain, trifling, sickly, sentimental, foolish, or nonsensical? Not a breath of it. If so be God is in her transformingly with hope buoyant, on solid rock firmly, and her soul on fire for good, justice, mercy and truth, “ *Get thee behind me, Satan,*” is evermore uppermost at her tongue’s end, whenever and wherever she is tempted in the least to swerve from the paths of virtue. Her garments are “ unspotted,” undefiled—white and beautiful.

“ A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge and the light of virtue wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues.”

When the Lord is *in*, Satan is *out*. And so long as the Lord, by his Holy Spirit and word, retains full possession of her heart, she is safe—“ the wicked one toucheth her not.”

Children born of the Holy Spirit, regenerated, washed in the blood of the Lamb—lust after evil things, delight in novels, conforming to the world in dress, folly, fashion, sinful amusements? “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away: behold all things are become new.” 2 Cor. v. 17. What avails a religion that does not cast out Satan and let in Christ? To bring up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, is our blessed privilege. Besides, God commands it—Eph. vi. 4. See also Dent. vi. 6–9., Prov. xxii. 6. A child disciplined gospelly from the first dawnings of infantile life, molded over and over in the gospel mold, “trained,” as he should be, “in the way he should go,” as God requires, is measurably proof against the wiles of Satan and every temptation.

What child was ever surrounded with evil influences more fearfully corrupting and contaminating, soul-destroying, than little Samuel? The sons of Eli were sons of Belial. The whole atmosphere around was morally contagious with spiritual malaria, and yet he let his light shine, walked in white, kept his garments unspotted, had no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reproved them, “cried aloud, spared not,” showed the people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins. He was strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. One thus trained will chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

“ Fill first the bushel with the wheat,
With wisdom—food for souls to eat ;
Then chaff, the fiction of the day,
Will find no place and blow away.”

We speak thus from happy, joyful experience. The truth of God

‘ Where’er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.”

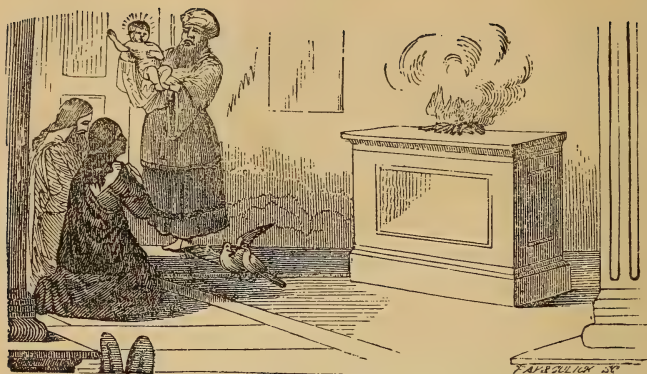
“ Thy word have I hid in my heart,” says the Psalmist, “ that I might not sin against thee.”* This bring-
ing home to our inmost soul the truths of the Bible,

* To such a soul Christ is a *satisfying portion*. Having Christ, all its wants are supplied. The pleasures of sense no longer have a place in a soul thus filled with the love of Christ. “ In his presence there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures forevermore.”—Psal. xvi. 11. Having had a taste of better things, it no longer has a relish for the pleasures of sense. Abiding in the presence of Jesus, it is very careful not to do anything to grieve his loving Spirit. It loathes the pleasures after which the worldling seeks, and after which so many of the professed followers of Christ seem to hunger and thirst.

Parents thus walking before God with perfect hearts, will, like Abraham, command their children after them.—Gen. xviii. 19. Not permitting them to spend their precious time in reading soul-destroying literature, or to engage in amusements of a doubtful nature, but always pointing them to Jesus as the source of all joy. Many parents make a fearful mistake when they suppose that, to make home attractive, they must introduce all kinds of amusements. Games of chance are just as pernicious, when played in the parlor, as they are in the saloon, begetting in the young mind that love for excitement that grieves the loving, tender Spirit of Jesus away, and too often ending in the gambling saloon.

destroyed entirely and *forever* all relish for insipid, frothy, and ephemeral publications—the popular periodicals of the day, the fashion-plate magazines and comicals, the multitudinous mixed-up things of the bitter and the sweet, God and Mammon, Christ and Belial. When once the truths of the Bible have taken firm root in the heart, and become more precious than gold, sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb, these sugar-coated poisons, snakes in the grass, satanic transformations, appear disgusting and heart-sickening, and are repudiated, as the froth and scum of the pit, fit neither for the land nor the dunghill. Whenever you see persons poring over these “literary serpents” with evident delight, you know certainly that they have not yet learned the first principles of true discipleship.

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, for if any man *love* the world, the love of the Father is not in him; for all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—is not of the Father, but of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.”



OLD SIMEON HOLDING JESUS IN HIS ARMS.

“AND he came by the Spirit into the Temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for Him after the custom of the law, then took he Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”
Luke, ii. 27-30.

Simeon was endowed with the spirit of prophecy, and by immediate inspiration he was assured that he should not die till he had seen the Lord's Christ. Thus, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he came to the Temple at the very time when Joseph and Mary presented Jesus there, and so he witnessed the first accomplishment of a very remarkable prophecy concerning Him.

Seeing, therefore, the infant Redeemer, and knowing who He was by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he took him in his arms and “blessed God.”



THE OLD TESTAMENT IS GOLD, FINE GOLD.

“’Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.”

THE USEFULNESS AND FULNESS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

CHRIST and His redemption is the great subject of the whole Bible. Concerning the New Testament, the matter is plain : it appears to be so with respect to the Old. Christ and His redemption is the great subject of the prophecies, as well as the songs of the Old Testament ; and the moral rules and precepts are all given in subordination to Him. Christ is also the great subject of the history of the Old Testament from the beginning all along ; and even the history of the creation is given as an introduction to the history of redemption that immediately follows it. The whole book, both Old Testament and New, is filled up with the Gospel ; only with this difference, that the Old Testament

contains the Gospel under a veil, but the New contains it unveiled, so that we may see the glory of the Lord with open face.

Thus we may see the usefulness and excellency of the Old Testament. Some are ready to look on it as being out of date, and as if we, in these days of the Gospel, have but little to do with it. But this is a very great mistake, arising from a want of observing the nature and design of the Old Testament, which, if it were observed, would appear full of the Gospel of Christ; and would, in an excellent manner, illustrate and confirm the glorious doctrines and promises of the New Testament. Those parts of the Old Testament which are commonly looked upon as containing the least divine instruction, are mines and treasures of gospel knowledge; and the reason why they are thought to contain so little is, that persons do but superficially read them. The treasures which are hid underneath are not observed. They only look on the top of the ground and suddenly pass a judgment that there is nothing there. But they never dig into the mine: if they did, they would find it richly stored with what is more valuable than silver and gold, and would be abundantly requited for their pains.

“’Tis a pearl of price exceeding
All the gems in ocean found;
To its precepts ever listening,
In its truths may I abound.”



RAMA, OR ARIMATHEA.

RAMA, or Arimathea, was the native place of Joseph, a rich man, who went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus, and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in a rock. *Matt.* xxvii. 58. This was also the birthplace and residence of Samuel. *1 Sam.* i. 19. "And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life. And he went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places. And his return was to Rama, for there was his house; and there he judged Israel, and there he built an altar unto the Lord." *1 Sam.* vii. 15-17.

"HE that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person." *Prov.* xxiv. 8.

READING THE BIBLE SYSTEMATICALLY.

“Read the Bible ; it will point you
To bright scenes of bliss on high,
Where there’s rest for all the weary,
And our loved ones never die.”

“THE Bible holds the first place among the means of implanting and promoting divine life in the soul ; and the Christian who fails to keep in some way the great truths of the Bible steadily before his mind, will find the vigor of his graces departing. No other reading will serve as a substitute for reading the Bible. No other study or meditation will answer the purpose of the word of Christ, dwelling in us richly in all wisdom. If we look for religion to be revived, our expectation will be realized, only by the mind of the Church being brought in steadier contact with the lively oracles. When the Christian mind awakes from its comparative coldness to a higher state of vitality and devotedness, the word of God invariably does the work of an instrument of the quickening. And when conviction of sin, and those struggles of mind which are wont to precede conversion, are experienced by the impenitent, it is the contents of the Bible which have introduced them ; and that religious experience which holds the Bible at a distance, or that does not stand immediately connected with some fact or principle of the divine word, is spurious.

“The habitual reading of the Bible, joined with prayerful meditations, becomes then a duty of the

first importance. Other ways of bringing the contents of the Bible to bear upon the mind have each their suitableness and proportionate value; but none of them can supersede the habitual reading of the word of God. And hence it becomes an important question how we shall engage our minds, so as to secure the advantages of this steady draught from the fountains of divine truth; and not be robbed of it by the rush of worldly cares, and the multiplied calls upon us for secular employment.

“To this end, we need to seize the advantage of system and habit; and for the sake of a system which shall hold the mind to the engagement, it is well to take up the purpose of reading the Bible through, once a year. If this purpose be adopted and pursued, it will insure to us an amount of Bible-reading which we should not probably attain without it; and this circumstance alone might be the means of giving a new impulse to our growth in grace. By holding the mind upon the word of God, as we should by that means, we soon create another power to help us on in our course; we mean the power of habit. After we become for a course of years accustomed to such an amount of application of the mind to the Bible, it will not only become easy and pleasant to find the time to devote to it, but it will have become in a measure necessary. We shall be uneasy and dissatisfied without it.*

* Read three chapters every week-day, and five every Sabbath, and you will go through the Bible in a year. A better plan still is, to divide the Bible; to begin with Genesis, Job, and Matthew,



SIDON.

SIDON is one of the most ancient cities in the world. *Gen.* xlix. 13. Many of the Sidonians became followers of Jesus. *Mark*, iii. 8. Many of them resorted to him in Galilee. *Luke*, vi. 17. Paul visited Sidon on his voyage to Rome. *Acts*, xxvii. 3. Our Saviour refers to both Tyre and Sidon in reproaching the Jews, who were more highly favored. *Matt.* xi. 21, 22. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you."

How fearfully applicable to our city, State, and nation! "Where much is given, much is required."

THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF THE BIBLE.

THE TESTIMONY OF A BLIND GIRL.

THE Bible is the Book of books. In comparison, Byron loses his fire, Milton his soarings, Gray his beauties, and Homer his grandeur and figures. No eye like rapt Isaiah's ever pierced the veil of the future; no tongue ever reasoned like sainted Job's; no poet ever sang like Israel's Shepherd King, and God never made a wiser man than Solomon. The words of the Bible are pictures of Immortality, dewdrops from the tree of Knowledge, pearls from the river of Life, and gems of celestial thought. As the moaning shell whispers of the sea, so the Bible breathes of love in heaven, the home of angels, and joys too pure to die. Would I had read it more when my poor eyes could see! Would more of its pure precepts were bound about my heart, and I had wisdom to make them the mottoes of my life! The world may entertain its idea of a magnificent Deity, whose government is general; but let me believe in the Lord God of Elijah, whose Providence is entire, ordering the minutest event in human life, and with a father's care arranging it for the greatest possible good. Yes, Lizzy, when storms gather, and my sepulchred way is dark and drear; with no star to guide, nor voice to cheer, my sinking spirit finds refuge in the world-wide sympathies of a Saviour, who did not chide Mary for her tears,

and came Himself to weep at the grave of His friend.

“Here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe,
And he that seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.

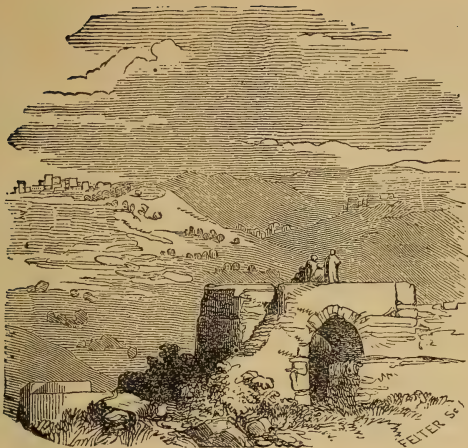
“Here he who died on Calvary’s tree
Has made that promise blessed—
Ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest.

“A bruised reed I will not break—
A contrite heart despise :
My burden’s light, and all who take
My yoke shall win the skies.

“Yes, yes, this blessed book is worth
All else to mortals given ;
For what are all the joys of earth
Compared to joys of heaven ?

“This is the guide our Father gave
To lead to realms of day—
A *star* whose lustre gilds the grave—
‘The light, the life, the way.’”

OUR CONVERSATION SHOULD BE TRUTHFUL.—It should be truthful. “Let your words be Yea, yea, and nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.” The way to prevent idle words is to study the Scriptures and cultivate benevolence of heart, and a sense of responsibility to God for every thing we say. When David said, “I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue,” he made a resolution against “idle words.”



GIBEON.

GIBEON, formerly a city of the Hivites ; afterward a Levitical city, in the tribe of Benjamin. *Josh.* xviii. 25. The Canaanites secured a treaty with Joshua by stratagem. *Josh.* ix. 8-14. The fault of Joshua was, he did not seek direction from above in a matter of so great importance. “And the men took of their victuals, and asked not counsel of the Lord.” A sad mistake, and yet how frequent ! “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.”

“If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.” *James*, i. 5, 6.

THE BIBLE COMMON TO ALL.

A WORD TO INQUIRERS AFTER TRUTH.

"This is the guide our Father gave
To lead to realms of day ;
A star, whose lustre gilds the grave ;
The Truth, the Life, the Way."

THE Bible is the commonest of books, but we must not permit its commonness to blind us to the fact that it contains the mind of God made visible. It is an oracle as real as that "within the veil," where the splendor of the Shekinah flashed on the jewelled breastplate of Aaron. It contains the history of the "mighty acts" of the Redeemer of Israel; the inspired choruses of prophetic inspiration; the fourfold biography of the Word made flesh—of Humanity transfigured by the indwelling Divinity; the most secret revelations of the apostles on the mysteries of heaven. The mind that draws nigh to God in the patient and reverent study of these books, as Mary drew near to Jesus with tears of penitence, shall find the fulfilment of the promise, "God shall draw nigh to you." The understanding shall see, and the heart shall feel, that "the Word" which is "nigh" is the voice of God; that the Bible is, "in very deed," the voice of Omnipotence; not speaking to the angels in distant thunders, or rolling among the far-off spheres, as when by his word the heavens were made; but talking with us close at hand, "as when a man talketh with his friend." All the servants of Christ shall exclaim at last, when retracing their early journeys and their Bible

studies, "Did not our hearts burn within us, as he talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" The Bible, which is like the sleeping face of Jesus to a sinner, opens its eyes and smiles ineffable love upon the saint, as when Jesus awoke radiant in the storm at the disciples' cry.

Reader, clasp it to your bosom, give yourself up to be influenced, unreservedly, by its precious precepts every step; and as certain as you live you will not be disappointed. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

"O ye simple! understand wisdom, keep my commandments and live," saith the Lord.

"Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck; for the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

"To the law and the testimony."

"Upon this life's uneven way,
As we are swiftly driven,
It sheds a bright, celestial ray,
It points to an eternal day,
And bids us strive for heaven."

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"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. xi. 13. "Jesus answered, Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad." John viii. 56.



THE VALLEY OF JORDAN.

THROUGH this valley flows the river Jordan, which overflows its banks in the spring. It was during the annual swelling of Jordan that Joshua and the Israelites crossed it. *Josh.* iii. 15. Yet the swift and swollen current was arrested in its course opposite to Jericho ; and while the waters below the city rolled on to the sea, those above it were miraculously stayed, and left in the river-bed a wide passage for the host of Israel. Twice afterward the Jordan was miraculously crossed by Elijah and Elisha. *2 Kings*, ii. 8-14. In its waters the leprosy of Naaman was healed, and the lost axe-head floated at the word of Elisha. *2 Kings*, v. 15-66. Here, too, our Saviour was baptized. *Matt.* iii. 18.



## THE WONDERS OF THE BIBLE.

"Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord."

THE more we read it, the more we love it—admire it.

Search the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation with prayer a thousand times, and new beauties will appear—bright, shining, glorious! like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Is it so with human compositions?

Says Rev. James Hamilton: "If we have ever tried it, we must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas which survive the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings; and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first reading, on reverting to them you find that many of these were not so striking, or weighty, or original as you thought. But the word of God is solid, it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and carefully is the surest of finding new wonders there."

Professor Woods says: "When I commenced my duties as professor of theology, I feared that the frequency with which I should have to pass over the same portions of the Scripture would abate the interest in my own mind in reading them. But after more than fifty years of study, it is my experience that with every class my interest increases."

"No writers, from the invention of letters to the present time, are equal to the penmen of the books

of the Old and New Testaments in true excellency, utility, and dignity."

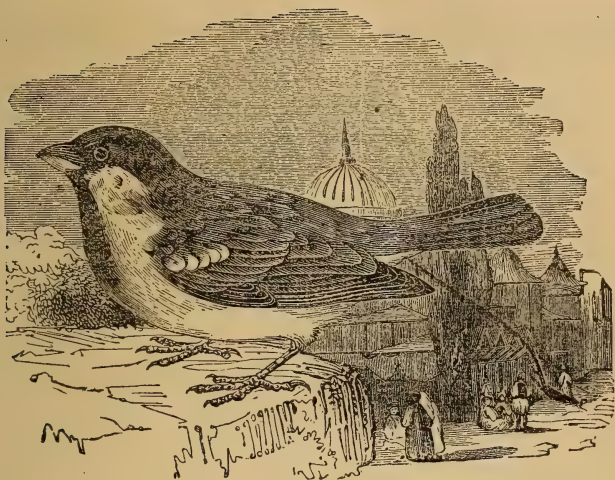
"Every word, every syllable ought to be admired, with *glowing* admiration."

John Quincy Adams remarks thus: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to be the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

"No treasures so enrich the mind;  
Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold."

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"Christ suffered, the just for the unjust." 1 Pet. iii. 18. "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Phil. ii. 7, 8. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed." Isa. liii. 4, 5.



### THE SPARROW ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

SPARROWS abound in all Palestine, and are beautifully referred to in the Scriptures. They are still sold at a price not greater than that mentioned by our Saviour in Matt. x. 29 : "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"

When a sparrow loses its mate, he will sit on the house-top through the whole day mourning. David, in allusion to this characteristic, speaking of himself, says, "I watch, and am like a sparrow alone on the house-top." Ps. cii. 7. See also Ps. lxxxiv. 3.

"As on some lonely building top,  
The sparrow tells her moan,  
Far from the tents of joy and hope,  
I sit and grieve alone."

## TASTES DIFFER—BIBLE TRUTH, NEVER.

“’Tis a lamp forever burning,  
By whose never-dying light,  
Sinners, from their errors turning,  
Are directed through the night.”

“ALL Scripture is given by inspiration of God,” and the several parts of it are of equal authority; but this does not forbid that some one portion should be, without disparagement to the rest, regarded by any reverential reader with a peculiar relish, as best suited to his wants and tastes.

Perhaps it is the experience of most Christians that certain portions of God’s Word come home to their hearts with greater force than others, and hence are more habitually referred to, or perused with greater interest. One dwells more constantly on the gospels than the epistles, and in either case one gospel is a favorite above others, or one epistle is dwelt on in preference to another. In regard to the Old Testament, one never tires of the historical books, and another loves to pore on the prophetic, while many find a never-failing feast in the Psalms.

Thus all who love the Scriptures find “green pastures and still waters” everywhere, while each may have his favorite walks in the richly adorned garden. Each book of the Scriptures teaches the same doctrine, and directs to the same end, and yet they are so diversified that all tastes may be satisfied, and all states of mind suited; “milk for

babes and strong meat for men" are provided in rich abundance, and parcelled out to each as he feels the pressure of his spiritual wants.

"'Tis a mine of richest treasure,  
Laden with the purest ore;  
And its contents, without measure,  
You can never well explore."

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THE BIBLE A PERFECT RULE.—In human affairs the Bible should be the supreme arbiter; the inquiry always—"what saith the Lord?" and the answer obtained binding in obligation and decisive. Our faith should be that which was "once delivered unto the saints." We should make it our own, "contend earnestly for it." As over the gateway of a market in the city of Perth, is engraven in antique character on a mouldering stone, "A false balance is abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight;" so not only over our markets but over the proceedings in our stores, offices, manufactories, and dwellings should the word of God have controlling power, be appealed to as the divine standard, and continually govern. The principles and directions of holy writ should be laid as a golden rule along every human tenet and transaction, and between these and the rule there should be complete correspondence. "To the law and to the testimony," agreement with these is right, and disagreement is wrong.





### ANATHOTH.

ANATHOTH, some four miles north by east of Jerusalem. *Joshua*, xxi. 18. The birthplace of Jeremiah, the prophet. *Jer.* i. 1. The people rejected his words and sought his life; but the Lord delivered him and destroyed his enemies. "Therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts, behold I will punish them; the young men shall die by the sword; their sons and their daughters shall die by famine." *Jer.* xi. 22. They could not endure the faithful, pungent appeals of this outspoken servant of God. Whoever ventures to use the sword of God's truth against the sins of carnal and presumptuous professors of religion, may expect to be hated for their faithfulness, how much soever they weep over them, pray for them, and labor for their good.


**"I THOUGHT EVERYBODY LOVED THE  
BIBLE ;" OR, A LEARNED INFIDEL CON-  
VINCED OF THE EXCELLENCY OF THE  
BIBLE BY A LITTLE GIRL.**

"Happy the soul that reads the page  
That guides our youth and cheers our age ;  
Yea, blessed evermore is he,  
O Lord, who learns to come to thee."

THERE was once a very clever and learned gentleman, but an infidel—that is, one who did not believe the Scriptures—and he was travelling among the mountains and valleys of Wales. He came to a roadside cottage in a lonely, lovely spot ; and, as he was very tired and thirsty, stopped to ask for a cup of water. It was a little girl he spoke to, sitting at the cottage door with a book on her knee. She instantly rose, and said, " Will you not have a cup of milk, sir ? for you are hot, and the cold water would hurt you." He was very pleased with her kindness, and thought he would like a little chat with her. So when she came out with the milk, he said, " I see you are getting your lesson there, my dear." " No, sir," she answered ; " I am only reading." " Why, what book ?" " The Bible, sir." " What," said he, half smiling to himself, as he gave her back the cup, " do you like that book, then ?" For a moment the little maiden did not answer for surprise ; then, lifting her bright eyes to his face, she said, " Why, sir, I thought that everybody loved the Bible." And the gentleman bid the child good-

by, and slowly rode along. I did not know what he was thinking of then ; but years after, when he had become a true and humble Christian, he used to tell of that little Welsh girl, and to say, "And I, too, now that I understand what the Bible is, am almost as ready to wonder at my question as she was ; for every one who really knows it must surely love it too."

"Here brightest glories meet and shine ;  
Here mercy smiles in every line ;  
Here justice, with a frowning face,  
Is answered by our Saviour's grace."



THE PRAYER OF KEMPIS.—Reader, can you adopt it? Is it not the only one for Christian lips to utter?—"Lord, thou knowest what is best : let this or that be done, according to thy will. Give me what thou wilt, and in what measure, and at what time thou wilt. Do with me as thou knowest to be best, as most pleaseth thee, and will tend most to thy honor. Place me where thou wilt, and freely dispose of me in all things. Lo, I am in thy hands ; lead and turn me whithersoever thou pleasest : I am thy servant, prepared for all submission and obedience. I desire not to live to myself, but to thee : oh, grant it may be truly and worthily !"

All that has been written on repose and resignation seems comprehended in that single petition of the Saviour's, "Thy will be done."



MICHMAS.

MICHMAS, a town of Benjamin, was nine miles north by east of Jerusalem. *Neh.* vii. 31.

Herè Jonathan and his armor-bearer performed wonders. They climbed up between two steep hills or rocks, and boldly attacked and routed the whole army of the Philistines ! Reader, seest thou what faith can do ? Jonathan had faith in God. He honored God, and God honored him. Hypocrites, time-servers, and men-pleasers often detect their indifference, even about the religion they professedly choose ; for as it has no practical energy upon them, a small matter induces them to dispense with the useless form. No warning or examples are sufficient to convince men of the folly and danger of trusting in the forms of worship, while they neglect the power of it.

## THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

“Holy Bible—Book of Truth,  
I loved thee from my early youth;  
And thou shalt ever be my guide,  
More precious than all else beside.”

A LITTLE girl who loved the Bible dearly became blind, and when she could no longer see to read it she only loved it more. A kind friend gave her a New Testament, printed for the use of the blind, in raised letters, which she could feel with her fingers, and so make out. Never was a child more delighted than she. It was a touching thing to see her, every moment she could spare, passing her fingers slowly over the page, as her lips silently uttered the precious words. But her touch was not quick enough for her; her finger-ends, poor child! were rough, and sometimes she had to stop a long time over a word. So one day she took a penknife and lightly pared away the skin from just the tips of her fingers, hoping that so her feeling would be more tender, and she could get on faster. What was her distress in finding, after a few days, that her skin had grown again, but so hard that she could not feel the shape of a single letter! She tried and tried, but all in vain; then, bursting into an agony of tears, she pressed the much-loved pages to her lips, to bid them, as she thought, a last farewell. But, as she did so, she suddenly found out that her lips had the feeling which her



fingers had lost. The letters, the words, were quite plain! I cannot tell you her joy that she still could read. And hundreds of times since the blessed book has been held to her lips, not in sorrow for a farewell kiss, but in thankfulness and joy, that even she can read the words of everlasting life.

“ Let this blest volume ever lie  
Close to my heart and near my eye;  
To life's last hours my thoughts engage,  
And be my chosen heritage.”

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The Bible is the only true and infinite source of all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus, designed to strengthen, elevate, and encourage the faith of God's elect, in the midst of the moral darkness, apostasy, and perils of this last degenerate age. It is the sure word of prophecy, or history of the world given in advance, by which the Christian mariner discovers his latitude and longitude, or near proximity to the haven of eternal rest and glory, where he is safely anchored from all the dangers and disasters of a perilous voyage. It is the Book of books, from which we derive all the faithful promises of God to the children of men, relative to the advent of the Messiah, the resurrection of the saints, the kingdom of God, the crown of life, the mansions of bliss, the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, etc., etc., which constitute the true hope of every devoted believer in our Lord Jesus Christ.



### TIBERIAS.

TIBERIAS, a city of Galilee, situated on the western shore of Lake Genesareth. The lake also is called the Sea of Tiberias. *John*, vi. 1, 2.

“After these things Jesus went over the Sea of Galilee, which is the Sea of Tiberias. And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased.”

Here, at this time, Jesus fed about five thousand with five barley-loaves and two small fishes. “When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”

What a lesson here! Save? Yes; time, talents, property, everything valuable for your own and others’ use; little things and great things.

## THE FRIENDS OF THE BIBLE; THE ENEMIES OF THE BIBLE. AS THEY LIVE, SO THEY DIE.

“The hour of death tries man, tries his works and teachings.”

IN the controversy between the friends and the enemies of the Gospel, the former can point to many expiring mortals, and with unanswerable argument can say, “See how a Christian can die!” But where are the models of composure and triumph among those who are not Christians? What are the names of the unbelievers, who at the hour of death have exhibited any enviable elevation of soul? In the faded eye of what dying infidel has the light of eternity kindled a splendor, which has brightened and brightened till the curtain of death has spread over it?

It appears that Paine, like Gibbon, was unwilling to be left alone as he drew near to the confines of another world. Although in conversation he professed to be perfectly willing to die, yet if his curtains were at any time closed, he would literally scream till they were opened, and till he could perceive that some fellow-man was nigh him.

Was this courageous in a dying man? Did it appal a bold infidel to have living beings withdraw for a moment from his eye, and to be as it were in the sole presence of his God? Did a sense of desertion come over him when his earthly friends were not by his side?

But we will leave it to you, now, to compare with

the death of these just-mentioned characters, as well as with that of many others whom we might select from the front rank of Bible-rejecters ; with the host of Christians who have died victorious even in death, triumphing through a living faith in Christ. And in this comparison we are particularly struck with this great and important fact, that never, as yet, has a believer in the doctrines of the Bible regretted or renounced such a faith on the couch of death. He who believes until then is glad for his faith, grasps it with a firmer hold, and thanks God for it!

In the Bible we have the most perfect revelation concerning the future. That which the acute eye of philosophy could not espy is here brought to light. While Socrates, who was one of the noblest sons of philosophy, was in the end obliged to confess, that, "unless the gods interfered he must be annihilated," and while others of modern times—who claim to have made great progress since his time—have died in despair, there are numbers of believers in the Bible dying daily, with a full assurance of an immortality.

How did the patriarchs die, the holy prophets and apostles? Die? They did not. They fell asleep calmly, sweetly, heavenly! "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," said the blessed Saviour. John ii. 11. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John ii. 26. How did the martyrs die, who resisted unto blood, striving against sin? To them, death had no terrors; they praised God

in the flames. Witness the last moments of Luther, Wesley, Fletcher, Bunyan, Baxter, Doddridge, Payson, Edwards. The kingdom of God was in them, heaven began below.

The last words of Wesley were: "The best of all is, God is with us."

Rev. Edward Bickersteth said: "What a comfort it is not to have to seek salvation now! I enjoy a salvation found."

Richard Watson, an eminent Wesleyan minister exclaimed joyfully in his last moments: "The atonement," he repeatedly remarked, "is the sinner's short way to God. On this Rock I rest, and feel it firm beneath me.

'How firm he proves!  
The Rock of Ages never moves:  
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow  
Attend us all the desert through.'

Yes, I feel that I am on this Rock; in the Lord I have righteousness and strength."

Rev. George Burder was continually "looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

Said Payson on his dying bed: "The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached; and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float, like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable



wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion."

Senator Foot, who fell asleep in Jesus recently at Washington, said in his expiring moments, "What! can this be death?" And then lying a few moments longer with eyes all full of a celestial radiance, he lifted his hands and looked up, exclaiming, "I see it! I see it! The gates are wide open. Beautiful! beautiful!" and without a movement or a pang, immediately expired.

We could fill volumes of similar testimonies of the truth that

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

In conclusion, hear the testimony of the inspired Apostle Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

"'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion will supply  
Solid comfort when we die:  
After death its joys shall be  
Lasting as eternity."



NAIN.

NAIN was a city of Palestine, where Jesus restored a widow's son to life, as they were carrying him out to be buried.

“And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain ; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow ; and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier ; and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.” *Luke*, vii. 11–15.

## A BELIEVER'S ESTIMATE OF THE BIBLE

“Thy word is power—thy word is life.”

I LOVE the Bible. As the storehouse of religious knowledge ; as the instrument of ministerial usefulness ; as the test of Christian experience ; as the guide of social order, and guardian of civil freedom ; as the only sure barrier against the desolating inroads of fanaticism, Socinianism, and Atheism ; as the friend of the people, irrespective of condition or class ; and as the “world’s best hope,” I love the Bible. I love its testimonies, for their truthfulness and moral grandeur. I love its arguments, for their fairness and cogency. I love its invitations, for their condescension and freeness ; I love its promises, for their appropriateness, vastness, and certainty. I love its prayers, as models of filial freedom and believing reverence. I love its songs, for their solemn gladness and their godly bearing. I love its precepts, for their equity and chasteness, their accordance with the principles of grace, their affinity with the promises, and their applicability to the vicissitudes of my heavenward pilgrimage. I love it for its Author and authority ; for the evils it rebukes and removes ; for the good it does and designs ; for the goodness it reveals and requires ; for the fellowship it creates, and the friendship it sanctifies and cements ; for the happiness it diffuses, and the prospects it unfolds. I love it as a record, a memorial, a standard, a treasure, a companion, and a guide. As a law-book, it is the cheapest and safest ;

as a prayer-book it is full and infallible ; as a hymn-book, alike faultless are its theology, poetry, spirit, and style ; and as a school-book, it surpasses every other for fixing the attention, feeding thought, controlling the imagination, informing the judgment, training the conscience, educating the superior affections of the heart, and in every respect fitting for society. Therefore I love it in the study, the pulpit, and the pew ; in the counting-house and the workshop ; in the garden and the field ; in the sitting-room and the bedchamber ; in the railway-carriage and the steamboat ; in the morning and the evening ; in sickness and in health. In every case and place, be it near me for reading or hearing, for counsel or comfort.

Because of its divine origin and originality, it is the best of books ; and in religion is the sole authority, infallible and absolute. It needs not, and will not sanction a companion volume, as being equally with itself a test of truth or rule of practice. To "the Bible, the Bible only," every one who would learn "the good and the right way," must apply his mind and yield his conscience. He must resort to it, not to obtain support to opinions previously adopted, but to receive meekly, unreservedly, and unhesitatingly whatever is really taught therein. "For instruction, for conviction, for reformation (or restoration), and for education in righteousness," the Scriptures "given by the inspiration of God" are "profitable" and sufficient. No tenet is true, no principles are sound, no motives are pure,

no conduct is correct, no hope is well founded, no precepts are binding, no ordinances, rites, or ceremonies are becoming, and no worship is acceptable, except in harmony with this sacred volume. It alone is the standard of morals and prescriber of piety. It is not a book of science; yet every science is false that is contradictory to it. It is not a book of politics; yet all politics which are adverse to its principles are unjust and mischievous. It is a book for time, to guide through it; a book for earth, to lift above it; a book for society, to regenerate and elevate it. It is a book for man, in relation to man his brother—and for man the sinner, in relation to “God the Saviour.” It is “the book of Jehovah,” because it, and it only, teaches us of the One eternal Being, who of himself alone is immutably existent; who in himself alone is absolute perfection; who is the first cause of all things good, and the end of all things, both in the way of terminating what is to be concluded, and of consummating what is to be completed. It is “the word of Christ,” because “the testimony of Jesus;” the God-man Mediator, the appointed Redeemer of sinners and Lord of saints, is its alpha and omega—beginning and end. It is “the word of truth,” because its records are facts, its gifts are substantialities, its requirements are righteousness, and its predictions and promises are but anticipations of Providence, which, without exception, in due time and order, become verities. It is a book of purposes, not experiments; of realities, not fancies; and of pos-



activities, not possibilities. It is "the book of the law," because it admits of no appeal from its decision.

No other book is so wide in its range, so lofty in its aim, so benevolent in its spirit, so dignified in its character, and so happy in its influence. Its depth is the mystery of truth; its height is the splendor of purity; its mission is the mercy of love; its course is the path of wisdom; its sphere is the world of fallen mankind, and its end is the glory of God. It is, therefore, and it only is, of universal utility. The philosopher, by the study of it, may extend his knowledge of the laws of matter and the properties of mind; the statesman may learn from it precedents and principles applicable to national government; the poet may find in it inspiring aids to his noblest conceptions; the painter may depict from it scenes of loftiest grandeur and holiest awe, and portraits of goodness and beauty affording the fullest scope to his artistic genius; while the ploughboy and "the maid behind the mill" may, by means of it, learn the most exalted lessons, and attain unto the divinest skill.

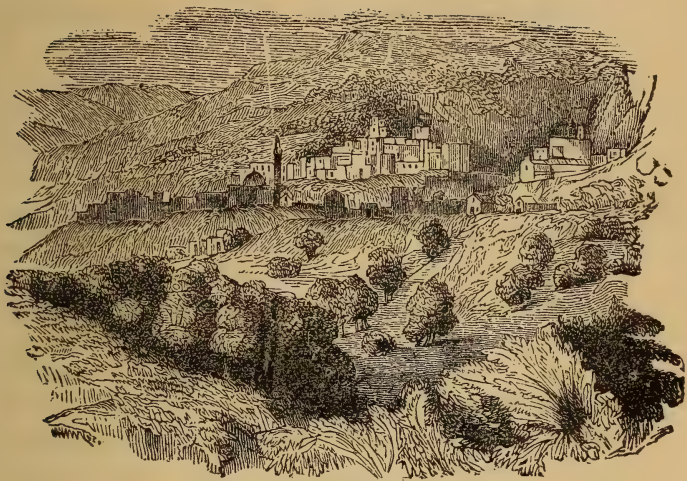
Whoever is humbly led by it, is safely led to heaven. It confounds the conceited, baffles the speculative, rebukes the proud, frowns upon the formal, denounces the ungenerous, dooms the profligate and the impenitent, smiles upon the meek and self-denying, assures the fearfully contrite, and refreshes the way-worn follower of Christ with living water from the crystal fountain of eternal love. Like all the works of God, his word

is diversified and harmonious, plain and profound, simple and sublime, suitable and serviceable. It contains the developments of the eternal will, the thunderings of righteous and reasonable wrath, the benefactions of unmerited favor, the rebukes of fatherly fidelity, the beauties of holiness, the glowings of love, the counsels of wisdom, and the index of futurity. By it, faith unto gratuitous salvation is authorized, penitence is evoked, prayer is instructed, hope is uplifted, love is attracted, obedience is guided, affliction is irradiated, zeal is animated, praise is inspired, and death is conquered. It is the dissecter of the human heart, the charter of the Christian Church, the specular of the Deity, and the telescope of eternity. This is the book—the one book of my heart. “Oh, how I love thy law,” Father of lights and God of truth! “The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.”

“Dear to my soul the ‘truth and grace’  
Unfolded in this book;  
Grant, Lord, the beamings of thy face,  
When through its leaves I look.

“From Christ that I may not depart,  
Nor yield to sin or sense,  
Engrave thy word upon my heart,  
By gracious influence.

“In every trouble let me find  
Thy wise directions bless;  
Let truth support and cheer my mind,  
When sore afflictions press.”



NAZARETH

### NAZARETH, THE PLACE OF JESUS.

*"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth—John, i. 46.*

YES, salvation on salvation, glory on glory! "Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people *from* their sins." Not *in* their sins.

Nazareth is said to be "The city of Jesus," because it was the place of his usual residence during the first thirty years of his life. *Matt. ii. 23; Luke, i. 26; Matt. xiii. 54-58.*

From this place a light went forth, enlightening the whole world. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will to man."

## THE BIBLE SUITED TO EVERY CASE.

“ 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise ;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.”

THERE is evidently something in the oracles of God suited to every character and situation in life. Let the wordly-minded “seek out the book of the Lord, and read” Ecclesiastes, to learn the vanity of the world ; the moralist, the book of Proverbs, and the Sermon on the Mount, to learn true morality ; the man who depends on his own merits, the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, to know the true way of acceptance with God ; the unfruitful professor, the Epistles of St. James, St. John, and St. Peter, to discover the genuine fruits of a living faith ; the profane and unbeliever, the Second Epistle of St. Peter, and the Epistle of St. Jude, to know the fearful consequences of sin and unbelief ; the heart in danger of apostasy, Hosea and Hebrews, to preserve it, or to recover it from its wanderings ; the man observant of Providence, the book of Esther, in which, though the name of God is not found, the hand of God is so clearly seen ; those who are engaged in great undertakings for church or state, the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, that they may proceed in the fear of God, and in dependence on him ; the devotional, the Psalms of David, to purify and heighten their devotions ; the afflicted, the books of Job and Jeremiah, that they may know how to endure trials ; the true believer, the Epistles

to the Ephesians, Colossians, and Philippians, that he may perceive what it is to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour; and the prophecies of Isaiah and Zachariah, that he may rejoice in the prospect of the future glory of the Church, and in the final triumph of the Christian cause; and the preacher, the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, that he may "take heed to himself and to his doctrine, and continue in them, and save himself and them that hear him." Not that any should confine himself to one part of Scripture, however appropriate to him; but let all search every part, and read doctrines for their edification, promises for their comfort, precepts for their guidance, invitations for their encouragement, examples for their imitation, interrogations to awaken their minds, and threatenings to deter them from sin and unbelief.

Let no difficulties discourage you; they will vanish by degrees. Compare one part with another; and, as you read, examine yourself, and inquire—What doctrine does this chapter contain? Do I believe it?—What promise? Do I need and desire the blessings?—What precept? Do I make it the rule of my life?—What good example? Do I follow it?—What bad example? Do I avoid it? And as you read, also pray, "Lord, give me faith in thy truth; cause me to walk in the way of thy commandments; what I know not, teach thou me; let thy word be a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."





### SITTING IN THE TENT DOOR.

YOUNG readers, this man sitting in the tent door (as you see in the engraving), is not Abraham, the father of the faithful mentioned in Gen. xviii. 1-2. Nor is it Lot, who sat in the gate of Sodom, and seeing two angels, rose up to meet them. Gen. xix. 1-2. But this cut represents the descendants of the Midianites, children of the East, ravishing the country, and destroying the increase of the earth—thieves and robbers. Job, in chapter thirtieth, alludes to similar characters. (Please read the whole chapter.)

“Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him.” “The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them.”

“Buy the truth, and sell it not; also, wisdom, instruction, and understanding.”

## READING THE BIBLE—WHEN, WHERE, HOW OFTEN?

“To all who in its truths confide,  
A hope divine is given;  
That they, through grace, shall firm abide,  
And every threatening storm outride,  
And rest, at last, in heaven.”

How often should we search the Scriptures? Daily?—Yes, daily; we need daily food. How frequently do we require the food that nourishes our bodies, to sustain our physical system healthfully, vigorously! Do we not require spiritual food, the bread of heaven, as frequently as temporal food, to strengthen and invigorate our Christian graces? Without constant, healthful nourishment for the body we perish—we die! So also in furthering our speed heavenward, in sustaining life eternal, we need constant aliment, angels’ food, whereof if a man eat he shall never die. The children of Israel gathered manna daily.

“Bread of our souls! whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky.”

“Lord, evermore give us this bread.” “Give us this day our daily bread,” is recorded in the Lord’s Prayer. The soul must be nourished with heavenly food daily, else spiritual starvation is certain. The noble Bereans searched the Scriptures daily. Search the Scriptures daily in your closets, your

secret retirements ; drink into the spirit of inspiration on your bended knees, before God. No one neglecting his closet duties is prepared to stem the popular current, rise above the world, fight the good fight, triumph in God, overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. In the closet, in humble, fervent supplication for angels' food, with the heavenly pages open before us, we renew our strength from day to day, make rapid strides heavenward. The word of God is a special aid in these retired, devotional communions. It opens the door of utterance, lets in the light of heaven—glory eternal ! The most holy and useful in all ages have spent hours on hours alone with God, lifting up " holy hands without wrath or doubting." David meditated on God's word day and night (see Psalm i.), and thus he was like a " tree planted by the rivers of water, that brings forth his fruit in his season." Our closet duties prepare for family duties, social duties, public duties.

We should read the sacred oracles in our families daily—morning and evening, around the sacred altar. In gathering your household's friends, as you rise up, and as you lie down, *be sure* to open the volume of divine truth. Let God speak, hear what the Lord from heaven will say ; His word is life—*life*, " quick and powerful ;" it produces solemnity, holy reverential fear, opens to the mind and heart new fields of thought ; provides suitable, appropriate language, soul-cheering, divinely eloquent, for approaching acceptably the most High. Again,

read the word of life eternal in your social gatherings, in meetings for prayer and praise, in the great congregation, in all assemblings for God's service.

A prayer-meeting without a Bible is *not* a prayer-meeting as God would have it. Family prayer is *not* family prayer, as God would have it, without the Bible. This excluding the Bible from our regular seasons of social or family worship is unwise, the policy of the evil one. You suffer immense loss by so doing. The Bible is the watch-word, the motto, the text-book, the guide, the safeguard, the soul, the life, the power, the foundation for prayer, the prayer of faith. The Bible opens the way, prepares the way for acceptable, heartfelt devotion. The Bible enlightens, invigorates, stimulates, kindles the soul joyfully, brightens hope, confirms faith. Reading the Bible adds interest to your social gatherings, holy unction. It fills the mouth with arguments divine, supplies appropriate spiritual language for supplication. Let God speak, utter His voice in your families and prayer-meetings. Friends, read the Bible; read it in your meetings for prayer and praise; read it in your families while gathered around the family altar. Read it attentively, reverentially, prayerfully, with self-examination. Read it, meditate upon it, digest it, bring it home to every heart. The influence of this sacred volume on the mind and heart of the hearers, is salutary on the hearts of your little ones; often quick and powerful; sharper than a two-

edged sword, convicting and converting. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Take the Bible, beloved, *be sure* to take it—the Book of books. Make the Scriptures your sun, your shield, a lamp to your feet, a light to your path. The Bible is the bright and morning star, the hope of glory.

"The Bible is the Christian's prize,  
The source of all his happiness;  
He feeds upon its sacred truths,  
And drinks the streams of heavenly bliss."

The studying the Bible must be not only a daily business, but a business of life, business unceasing. Once reading of other books may suffice: not so with God's Book; the longer we live, the more earnestly, perseveringly, and prayerfully should we examine its sacred pages, and treasure their contents in our hearts. The Bible must be our guide, our counsellor, our instructor, a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path as long as we live, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me," saith the Lord Jesus.

"This is the field, where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown;  
That merchant is divinely wise  
Who makes the pearl his own."





WATER-SKINS, OR GOAT-SKIN BOTTLES.

THESE are made by stripping off the skin of a goat or kid, from the neck downward, without ripping it, only cutting off the legs and the tail. The hole left by one of the forelegs answers the purpose of a spout, while the rest are tightly sewed up. It is filled by the neck, which is afterward tied, like the mouth of a sack. Into this vessel is put water, or milk and wine, which are kept more fresh and sweet this way than they can be in any other. They are used, indeed, to carry almost every kind of provision. Such were the wine-bottles, old, and rent, and bound up, of the cunning Gibeonites. *Joshua*, ix. 4.

These bottles our Saviour had in view, when he said, "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish." *Matt.* ix. 17.

## THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

“The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,  
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!  
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,  
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.”

Nine reasons why the Bible should be the textbook in schools and families :

1. Because it is God's book—the Book of books—the book above all books, the best of all books.

“The Bible ! in this book alone,  
We find God's will made known ;  
And here his love to man is shown.”

2. Because it is a fountain of purity, and all the streams issuing from this pure fountain must be pure. “Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?” James, iii. 11. “The words of the Lord are pure words : as silver tried in the furnace of earth, purified seven times.” Psa. xii. 6. Every thing from a pure and holy God must be pure and holy.

“Men's books with heaps of chaff are stored ;  
God's book doth golden grains afford.  
Then leave the chaff, and spend thy pains  
In gathering up the golden grains.”

3. The word of God is life, it is spirit, it is power ; it convicts, converts, sanctifies, purifies—makes meet for heaven, for glory eternal. No human composition is comparable to the Bible in reaching the heart, convicting of “sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come.” “For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-

edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. xiv. 12. All the sinners that have ever been awakened to spiritual life, regenerated, sanctified, glorified, have been made thus pure, holy, and glorious, through the instrumentality of the word of God, its light and life-giving, soul-kindling power. "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible—by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." 1 Peter, ii. 22, 23. "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." John, i. 9. "Of his own will begat he us, with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures." James, i. 18.

4. The Bible should be made the text-book in all families and schools, because God has left us recorded examples of the saving power of his word, in saving the rising age, even from infancy. The instruction imparted by Hannah in training little Samuel, her first-born, the child of many prayers, was doubtless drawn from holy inspiration. She had no human authors on the subject of family discipline from whom to receive light in rearing the tender thought; nor was it necessary. Had she had the same facilities that we have at the present day, the

numerous publications on the question of family government, Hannah would never have substituted one of them for the law and the testimony—the fire, flint, and hammer of God’s word. Mark the happy result of her decision, and the fulfilment also of her covenant vow—to lend Samuel to the Lord forever. Who was Samuel, what his life, his death? What the glory that followed? What light shone brighter, even to the perfect day? Young Timothy is another beautiful example of Bible teaching; he was made wise unto salvation through the medium of the Holy Scriptures from his childhood. God has left these “apples of gold” on record, and many others, for our instruction, saying—parents, teachers—“Go ye and do likewise!”

5. Another reason for taking the Bible for the text-book in the impartation of light and life to children and youth—it is a most beautiful, sublime, and perfect specimen of composition. Although many hundreds of thousands of books have been written in different ages by wise and learned men, even the best of them will bear no comparison with the Bible, in respect either to religion, morality, history, or purity and sublimity of composition. Perhaps no man was ever better qualified to pronounce his judgment in this matter than the late Sir William Jones, who was one of the most learned men that ever lived. He says: “I have regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of the opinion that this volume, independent of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more

exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains, both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that were ever composed in any age or nation." "The fairest productions of human art, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands and lose their fragranc; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best."

"Friends, light your torches here,  
And darkness never more you'll fear;  
They'll guide you through the heavenly road—  
This star is God's own Holy Word."

6. Again, the Bible should be the text-book or foundation of all intellectual and religious training, for wherever its blessed doctrines and precepts are embraced, treasured in the heart, and carried out practically in every-day life, there true grace prevails, true wisdom shines, and what things soever are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. To verify the proof of this assertion, instance Scotland. Here "rich and poor, bond and free," at morn and eve assemble round the family hearth; the verses are sung, the chapter read, and prayers sent up to heaven. Hence the



children, like Timothy of old, know the Scriptures from their youth. Every man and woman and child read the Bible and write their own name. Hence, comparatively speaking, you find no Scotchmen in the almshouse, penitentiary, or state-prison.

"It's the Bible, the blessed Bible, that does the work, through faith, the holy, sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. Let the Bible prevail—the world is saved, salvation is at our doors."

"The Bible! the Bible! the valley shall ring  
And hill tops re-echo the notes that we sing;  
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,  
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools."

7. The Bible should be made the text-book in our schools and families from the fact, "the Bible, just now, is assailed by a most remarkable multiplicity and diversity of enemies. Atheism, denying God; Atheism, doubting God; Deism, dreaming of God; Pantheism, generalizing God; and Polytheism, analyzing God—are all, with nearly equal inveteracy, still, as ever, opposed to the revelation of God. But, besides these ancient and gigantic hostilities, innumerable inferior, and arrogant, and artful agencies of infidelity are constantly at work around us, insidiously sapping the foundations of our highest and noblest hopes. The Bible itself is the best antidote to this poison."

8. Again, the Bible should be the first, midst, last, *always*, in educating the rising age; for God Himself indicates the fact, gives line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,

from Genesis to Revelation. For want of space, we cite one passage only, by way of illustration: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." Deut. vi. 6-9.

9. Finally, the Bible should be the text-book, the first thing, and the last thing, in the cultivation of the youthful mind and heart, for by it we are to be judged at the final day. "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." John, xii. 48.


The Bible is, beyond all controversy, the best book of education in the world. It is the best book for the formation of children's minds; the best book for the acquisition and preservation of a pure idiomatic style in their native language; the best book to promote and secure the purposes of family government; the best book to make our children enlightened and good citizens of the Republic; the best book, in fine, to preserve them from all evil, and train them up in all good.

Our education needs a religious element; for it is not education alone that will save us; it will

merely train a skilful race of gladiators for the arena of political strife. The only source of that element of safety is the word of God. And if you take the word of God from your common and public schools, you are teaching infidelity and practical atheism to the whole nation. You are filling the mind with elements that, without the safeguard of divine truth, are sure to become fiery, bitter, and poisonous.

In its general influence over the minds of our children and over the whole business of education, the Bible in our families and schools is invaluable.

“The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,  
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;  
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,  
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.”



This is the word of everlasting life; this is the fountain from whence all thy comforts flow; this is the bread of life; this is the fortress of thy faith, the sword of the Spirit, thy buckler and defence.

Oh, meditate well herein; search, read, hear, mark, learn; so shalt thou find it heavenly manna to the soul.

This is the word of God; canst thou enough reverence it? canst thou enough esteem and delight in it?

Every line droppeth peace as the honey-comb; every page aboundeth with gladness and with good tidings, as the ocean is filled with water.



AN OLD TOWER AT RIHA.

AN old tower at Riha, called the Tower of Zacheus, was near the first encampment of Israel at Gilgal, after crossing the Jordan in sight of Jericho. Here Joshua saw the man who came to be captain of the Lord's host. "And it came to pass when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold there stood a man over against him, with his sword drawn in his hand. And Joshua went unto him and said, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my Lord to his servant?" *Joshua*, v. 13, 14.

What a beautiful example! "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." So let it be evermore.

## CLOSET WORK THE WORK.—NO. I.

“Sweet closet I love thee, 'tis good to be here,  
'Mid glories resplendent, and Jesus so near ;  
In business most noble at heaven's high court,  
Where daily the saints of all nations resort.”

### CLOSET DUTY—THE DUTY.

FLEE to the closet. Are you tempted? haste to the closet. Are you in trouble or trial, in affliction of any kind? speed you to the closet. Go from the closet to the prayer-meeting; from the prayer-meeting to the closet. Go from the closet to the sanctuary duties; from the sanctuary duties to the closet. No one can pray well in public who does not pray much in the closet. Go to your closet; visit your closet; make the closet a special, a frequent resort. Go to your closet at early dawn, at mid-day, at even-tide. Commence the day in your closet. Take the Bible, the word of life; meditate therein, get your soul on *fire*, the fire of God's love. Go from your closet to the family altar, to your daily toil. Go from your closet to the sanctuary, the house of prayer. No one is duly prepared for family, social, or public duties, save from the closet. Make the closet your home, your resort, your hiding-place, your delight, your joy. Young convert, visit your closet, visit it often. It is your safeguard, your hope. The first step to a downward course is the neglect of the closet.





“NO TIME TO PRAY?”

INDEED! What is time? Whose is it? Who made time? Is time yours, or God's? Has God given you time to live, breathe, walk, talk, pray? Why not pray, then—mind what God says? God commands you to pray, pray always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.

“But I have so much business.”\*

“Business” indeed! What business? Yours, or God's?”

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\* It is said of Martin Luther, that the more he had to do the more frequently and fervently he prayed. On one occasion he remarked to a friend, “I have so much to do to-day that I shall have to pray three hours.” May not this custom of the great Reformer contain a valuable suggestion to us, who, in the midst of a continual pressure of duties, are in danger of being “overcharged,” and forgetting to seek that relief and strength which alone can be obtained in prayer, in earnest supplication to God?



## CLOSET WORK THE WORK.—NO. II.

“When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.”—Matt. vi. 6.

“O blest retreat! to it I flee,  
From earth-born care and strife,  
To hold sweet fellowship with thee,  
My Lord, my light, my life!”

So *infinitely* important is secret communion with the Father of spirits, we give line upon line, here a little and there a little. Reader, have you a closet? By the closet, is to be understood some private place; and to *shut the door*, is to offer our *secret prayers* in as private a manner as possible, so that God alone may be witness to the solemn transaction between himself and us.

It is indifferent *what place* is chosen for the purpose of private prayer ; whether a retired room in a house, a barn, a stable, a field, [Gen. xxiv. 63] or any other place. And this is encouraging to such as have *no private room* for the purpose of religious retirement ; the numerous branches of whose families live, work, and lodge in the same apartments. God is not confined to places ; and a heart engaged with him will find a place in which to pour out itself before him. David, the king, on one occasion, “came in and sat before the Lord,” in his holy meditations, as seen in the *engraving*, 1 Chron. xvii. 6. It is one advantage, however, to have a convenient oratory, or place for prayer ; and if it afford opportunity of using the voice without being overheard by others, it is still more eligible. It will be found profitable also to those who are so favored by divine providence as to have the means to furnish their places of retirement with a copy of the Holy Scriptures, a psalm or hymn-book, a few select lives of persons eminent for piety, and other works directly calculated to excite devout affections, and raise the heart to God and divine things. And let it not be forgotten that a high degree of responsibility is connected with circumstances so favorable to secret intercourse with God ; and the consequences of improvement or non-improvement will be great.

What a privilege to be *alone with God !* with God

who hears prayer—who delights to hear it—who loves importunity—who waits to be gracious—who is more ready to give than earthly parents are to give to their children. No wonder the Saviour said, “Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret.” No wonder he “went up into a mountain to pray, after he had sent away the multitude;” and that, on another occasion, “rising up a great while before day, he went out into a solitary place and there prayed.” He knew the value and the importance of prayer. His heart was too full for appropriate utterance in the hearing of the multitude, and therefore he went where no human eye could see, and no human ear could hear him, that he might pour out the utterings of a full and bursting heart.

We have many things to pray for which the Saviour had not. We want forgiveness—he did not. We want sanctification—he did not. Our eternal life is in peril through the deceitfulness of sin, and the wiles of the devil—his was not. He had life in himself. He was the fountain of life—we have no strength or life out of him. Separated from God, we sink and perish. Faith is the tie that binds us to him, and prayer is the proper utterance of that faith, as well as *the indispensable means of giving it strength and maturity.*

How *can* we live without prayer? and how can we

carry out, practically, the full idea of prayer, without a closet ?

“ My closet—this I need not seek,  
It everywhere is found ;  
Where'er my Saviour's footsteps lead,  
I find is holy ground.”

Is it not probable that Daniel, who was so sensible of the necessity and advantage of prayer, that rather than omit it for one day, subjected himself to the frightful penalty of being cast into the lions' den, had his *stated times* for prayer ? And that the men who sought his ruin had obtained information respecting those times—“ Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house ; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees *three times a day* and prayed and gave thanks before his God, *as he did aforetime*. Then these men assembled and found Daniel praying, and making supplication before his God.” David also, in his best days, appears to have had stated times for his devotional exercises. “ *Seven times a day do I praise thee.*”—Ps. cxix. 164. “ Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray and cry aloud.”—Ps. lv. 17.

Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, used to set apart whole days for prayer, especially when he had any remarkable difficulty before him, adopting Dr. Preston's mind, that “ when we would have any great



thing to be accomplished, the best policy is to work by an engine which the world sees nothing of."

Sir Matthew Hale, as upright a judge as England ever had, in his letters to his children said, "If I omit praying and reading a portion of God's blessed word in the morning, nothing goes well with me all the day."

Doddridge said, "He never advanced well in human learning without prayer, and that he always made most proficiency in his studies when he prayed with the greatest fervency."

Our Saviour gave us an example: "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out into a solitary place, and there prayed."

"No time, or place, or form, or posture, is displeasing to God, if the heart is right. If the heart is wrong, all is wrong."

"He who prays at stated times only, will make but poor progress heavenwards. He who prays not at stated times, will soon omit all prayer."

"If there was more prayer there would be more converts and fewer critics, more penitents and fewer sleepers in our churches."

There never has been a time in the history of the church when more was to be obtained by prayer than at present; never a time when there were so many to pray. What power would the church have with God now, if every Christian would awake and cry mightily

to God for the overturning of Satan's kingdom, and the building up and enlarging of the kingdom of God's dear Son !

When God's anger was burning against the rebellious Israelites, Moses *prayed*, and the fire ceased. So when they murmured and rebelled, and God promised to make Moses a great people, he prayed, and God pardoned them. Isaiah and Hezekiah cried to God against Sennacherib, and God slew by an angel 185,000 that very night.

None of us can be too poor to pray, nor too weak. God never grows weary in hearing our prayers. We can never ask him for more than he is able to do. We may open our mouths wide. Think of all the persons we would pray for, all the subjects of prayer. He is able to help them all.

“O enter thou thy closet then,  
And shut on thee the door;  
Exclude the world, and welcome Christ,  
Thy guest for evermore.”

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## SWEET CONVERSATION—HEAVENLY.

NOTHING sweetens conversation like prayer. Friends, do you wish your conversation pleasant, cheerful, animating, edifying, profitable ? Pray, ask God to order your speech aright, to give grace and wisdom. Does a Christian friend call, commence the interview with prayer. Seek God's blessing that “the words of your mouth, and the meditations of your heart may be acceptable in his sight.” Acknowledge God in all things. Nothing tends so directly to give conversation a pleasant, happy, edifying, profitable direction as wisdom from above, received in answer to prayer.



GIPSIES' ENCAMPMENT.

THE Gipsies are a wild and numerous race. They are a curse to the countries in which they live, and a terror to the farmers through whose lands they stroll. They seem utterly destitute of conscience, and boast of dishonesty as if it were a heavenly virtue. The men are horse-jockeys and tinkers, and also cheat and steal, as branches of business. The women tell fortunes, and in this way get access to houses through ignorant and superstitious domestics. They are so expert at thieving, that they will hide valuable articles about their persons while interesting their dupes about golden promises for the future. If, in their wanderings, they are denied a spot on which to pitch their tents, woe to the offending farmer.

## LIGHTNING PRAYER.

"Prayer makes the darken'd clouds withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above

THIS lightning prayer, or lifting up the soul to God ejaculatorily, is a precious privilege, no prison bars or gates can hinder.

The Christian often finds this electrifying, telegraphic intercourse with the King of kings profitable, necessary, indispensable, when he is unable to retire from the society and business of the world. What supplies of Divine influence may be thus obtained, what deliverance from anxiety, what victories over self and Satan! Enough to say, in the depths of the heart, "Lord help me," or, "Lord, I am thine,—save me," even amid the hurry of a harvest day, or the bustle of the shop, or the excitement and provocations of the market and the court-room. "A sigh can reach his ear:" the falling of a tear, or the upward glancing of the soul, may array on our behalf the resources of Omnipotence. Such application to the giver of all grace keeps up in us a just sense of his presence, oversight, and all-sufficiency, as also of our entire dependence upon Him; and so proves a help to fidelity, watchfulness, and spirituality. It serves to counteract the influence of things that are seen and

temporal. It nourishes in us that devotional frame which is essential to the safety and strength, and which seems to be contemplated in the law which requires our unceasing supplications. "Prayer is the wall that compasses the city; there must be no gap in it."

The Holy Scriptures abound with examples illustrative of this lifting the eyes to the hills from which "cometh our help."

This practice indicates a firm belief of God's providence, that regulates and controls all the circumstances and events of our lives. He who is in the habit of thus lifting up his heart, must cherish a constant sense of dependence upon Him, and an abiding faith in his ability and disposition to help him. It is, therefore, evidently characteristic of a spiritually-minded person. It is only the man who lives near to God, and who cherishes high and exalted thoughts of Him as the portion of his soul, whose prayer will naturally rise to Him in the time in which he will have special need of His interposition.

But as this habit of lifting up the heart in prayer to God is characteristic of the God-fearing and God-loving Christian, so it is eminently calculated to promote the spiritual interests of the soul.

We can plead for the neglect of this duty no such excuses as are sometimes pleaded for the neglect of stated family or even secret prayer. It is a duty the



performance of which will not interfere in the least with our daily avocations. The plowman need not stop his plow, the mechanic need not lay aside his tools, the merchant need not leave his counting room, the seamstress need not cease to ply her needle, the traveler need not get off the car or coach. No, every work of the hands, and even of the head, may go on without interruption.

Although ejaculatory prayer is suitable at all times, there are, however, certain times to which it may be regarded as peculiarly adapted—such as when we awake in the morning—lie down to sleep at night—when about to engage in solemn acts of formal worship—when about to undertake any thing of special importance—when in company, and especially in the company of those who do not fear God—when called to administer reproof, or to speak to persons about the interests of their souls. It may be well for us to take special note of these seasons as suitable for this exercise, that we may learn this holy art. When once the art is learned, the occasion will suggest the propriety of its use.

Dear reader, may you know, in your happy experience, the blessed effects of this practice—a practice which, we have reason to believe, was at one time in much more frequent use than it now is. Fail not to observe your stated seasons of family and secret prayer, but *be sure* also to carry with you through the

day the *spirit* of prayer—to make frequent use of this means of communication which, like a telegraph, your Heavenly Father has instituted between earth and heaven. You have free access to it at any time, whether it be by night or by day. There will be no charge for any dispatch, be your words few or many. You will also be sure to get a return. And what is more, no enemy can ever cut the wires of this telegraph. Oh, then use it often! By so doing, you will have your desires excited for that better country to which you are going, and be prepared for the eternal joys that await you there.

“Let your first thoughts by morning light,  
Ascend to God on high;  
And in the evening raise your thoughts  
Above the starry sky.”

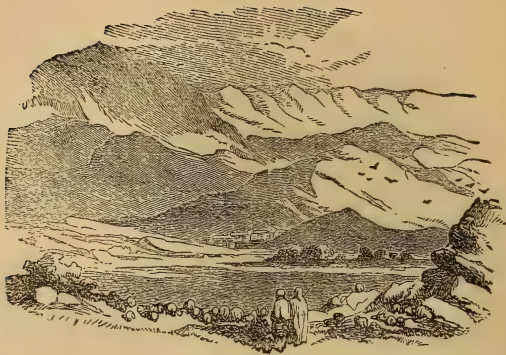
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Who ever knew an eminently holy man who did *not* spend much of his time in prayer? Did ever a man exhibit *much* of the *spirit* of prayer who did not devote much time to his closet? Whitefield says: “Whole days and weeks have I spent, prostrate on the ground, in silent or vocal prayer.” “Fall upon your knees, and *grow* there,” is the language of another, who knew that whereof he affirmed. These, in spirit, are but specimens of a feature in the experience of eminent piety which is absolutely uniform.



ARABS CAMPING OUT.

THE Arabs, since the days of the Patriarchs, have ever led the life of wandering shepherds. They live in movable tents, made of goat's and camel's hair. The care of sheep and cattle is left mostly to the women. They not unfrequently plunder without mercy all who are unable to resist them. Paul first preached the Gospel in Arabia. *Gal. i. 17.* Christian churches were subsequently founded, and many of their tribes embraced Christianity prior to the fifth century ; most of which appears to have been tinged with the Nestorian heresy.



### BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM, the birthplace of David and of Christ, in the tribe of Judah, is six miles south by west of Jerusalem. Its memory is delightfully associated with the names of Boaz and Ruth. Above all, it is hallowed as the place where the Redeemer was born. Over that lovely spot the guiding-star hovered ; there the Eastern sages worshipped the King of kings ; and there, where David watched his flocks and praised God, were heard the songs of angelic hosts at the Saviour's birth. *Luke, ii. 8-14.*

“And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them : and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them : Fear not ; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”





**DAMASCUS! HERE IT IS:**

ONE of the most ancient and celebrated cities of Asia, and subsisted at the time of Abraham. Gen. xv. 2. One of the streets is called Strait. Acts, ix. 12. Paul was on his way to this city when he was struck down by the Holy Spirit of the Lord Jesus, saying: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Acts, xxvi. 12, 13, 14.



## PREFACE TO PART III.

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### A GOOD FAMILY BOOK.



“ At first, the pages of the book  
Are blank and purely fair,  
But time soon writeth memories,  
And painteth pictures there.

“ Love is the little golden clasp  
That bindeth up the trust;  
Oh, break it not; lest all the leaves  
Shall scatter and be lost.”

Who can prize it? Gold, precious gems? Young man, have you considered its value duly? Parent, have you? its salutary influence on the mind and the heart? the help it affords in training your offspring in the way they should go? We say ‘a *good* family book.’ What do we mean by this? Not merely truthful, but solid also, pure, edifying, enlightening, sanctifying. One that utters freely, fearlessly, meekly, *all the words of this life*, keeping back no part of the price, reformatory. Such a book is invaluable. It will speak when nothing else can or will speak, to father, mother, son and daughter, man servant and maid servant. The silent influence of *such* a book in the family, and, through ten thousand families, on the heart of the great community, is briefly stated by a writer unknown to us, in the following paragraph:—

“ A large portion of our best moral impressions and

sentiments have been suggested, reiterated, and fastened on the mind by the family press. The pulpit can do much ; parental instruction in many cases does much ; but the press is, in the present day, necessary to both. Let any reader of a well-written, religious family book open its pages, and consider thoughtfully its contents. There are sometimes from seventy-five to one hundred separate and distinct articles, each one conveying an idea, a fact, or a sentiment, stated or illustrated so as to produce an effect, in enlarging the reader's store of knowledge, or giving a right direction to thought, feeling, or action. Must not all this have its influence, and in the aggregate a mighty influence, upon the reader ? No reflecting man can fail to see that a family volume, carefully and prayerfully prepared, sound in theology, elevated in its moral tone, and withal interesting in its contents, must exert a great and blessed influence upon domestic life. Children growing up under such influences, are far more likely to be intelligent, correct in their opinions and morals, and better prepared for the active duties of life, than they could possibly have been without it."

"He that walketh with wise men, shall be wise."

How far these truths comport with the above delineation, meet the wants of the age, we leave our readers to judge.

"A good book lives when you are dead,  
Light on the darkened mind it sheds,  
Good seed it sows, from age to age,  
Through all this mortal pilgrimage,  
It nurses the gems of holy trust,  
It wakes untired when you are dust."



## THE MARRIED RELATION.—NO. I.

*“And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an help meet for him.”* Gen. ii. 8. *“Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.”* Prov xviii. 22.

“Domestic happiness! thou only bliss  
Of paradise that hast survived the fall.  
Happy they! the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their being blend.”

BUT *“Can two walk together except they be agreed?”*

The command is positive: “Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?” 2 Cor. vi. 14, 15.

## THE MARRIED RELATION.—NO. II.

### PREMATURE MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGE is a divine and beautiful arrangement, as designed in God's providence; it is the blending of two spirits into one. Man is incomplete without his wife: he has strength, she has beauty. "It is not good that man should be alone." "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

"Of all the joys that man can feel,  
The purest sure are there!  
While o'er his heart affections steal,  
Like balmy summer air;  
His wife's caress, his children's smile,  
Unlike the world, are free from guile."

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times—the result of fancy. The ball-room or evening party never develops real character. Matches made at such places, or made under similar circumstances, are not of the class that originate in Heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposite place, and bring forth only iniquity. The true way to learn each other is to do it at home, in the parlor, in the kitchen, and on occasions that test the temper. We see the result of these unions in the almost daily divorces that are taking place; in the running away of husbands—leaving their wives and children to starve—and in the elopement of wives.

## “TWO BETTER THAN ONE.”

### HUSBANDS AND WIVES—WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

“Sweetest names to mortals given,  
Father, Mother, Home, and Heaven,  
Husband, Wife. To live—how drear  
Were those banished from our sphere.”

HUSBANDS and wives should make each other a subject of special prayer daily.

The most happy, prosperous, joyful husbands and wives are those who pray most in faith, look to God evermore unitedly for his continued, special interpositions and gracious outpourings. Thus their hearts are knit together in heavenly union.

“Oh! there’s a theme to make each dream  
And power to make each hour  
As light and sweet as the bloom at our feet,  
Which is cull’d from the May-day flower.”

A daily prayer from the heart of a pure and pious wife, for a husband engrossed in the pursuit of wealth or fame, is a chain of golden words that links his name every day with the name of God. He may snap it three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, for many years, but the chances are, that, in time, he will mark the sundered filaments, and seek to re-unite them in an everlasting bond.

“Oft as clouds my path o’erspread  
Doubtful where my steps should tread,  
She with judgment’s steady ray  
Marks and smooths the better way.”



## FAMILY DUTIES—MORNING AND EVENING.

“To prayer, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker’s smiles awakes ;  
His light is on all below, above,  
The light of gladness, the light of love.  
O then, on the breath of the early air,  
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.”

In the evening—

“To prayer for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on,  
Like a curtain from heaven’s high hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.”

NEVER hurry your morning and evening services in your family. Can any thing be lost by giving sufficient time in the closet and around the family altar? Is it not gain every way, temporally and spiritually? Let no secular business hinder you or drive you hence. Say to the world, “Stay thou here while I go yonder and pray”—to the tempter, “Get thee hence, Satan, it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God; and him only shalt thou serve.”

In these hallowed scenes, *be sure* and have all your family present,—little ones and great ones, man-servants and maid-servants. Honor God, and God will honor you.

“How sweet to join in social prayer,  
And mingle hearts with those we love,  
Our mutual woes and comforts share,  
Sweet fellowship like that above.”

## THE GIFT OF GIFTS—A SPECIAL GIFT.

“ Rich dews of grace come o’er us,  
In many a gentle shower ;  
And brighter scenes before us,  
Are opening every hour.”

THE gift of all gifts—the gift of prayer, the spirit of prayer. What is it—what its value? Can you tell, reader, how precious this gift is—the gift of prayer, the spirit of prayer—to have power with God, as Jacob had, to prevail with the Almighty? Such a gift cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, the precious onyx, or the sapphire. Man knoweth not the price of it; silver cannot purchase it, neither gold, millions on millions! A man that prays well, prevailingly, preaches well, lives well—a man that prays in the Spirit, always, with all prayer and supplication, watching thereto with *all perseverance* and supplication for all saints, is a holy man, a consecrated man, a very useful man. To have a spirit of prevailing prayer with God, we must live in the Spirit, *walk* in the Spirit, crucify the affections and lusts, live soberly, righteously, godly, “lift up holy hands everywhere, present the body a living, *continual* sacrifice.” No one can pray this acceptable, prevailing prayer in the Spirit, while regarding iniquity in the heart, living in pride, lust, self-conceit, worldly conformity. “If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”

## FAMILY MUSIC.

"Yes! there is music all around us,  
If we only list awhile;  
And there is beauty everywhere,  
The home of childhood to beguile."

MUSIC, as well as the reading of our language, should be taught in every family, in every school and seminary. Its beautiful results are many.

1st. Singing improves the voice, takes away harshness, sweetens its tone, and gives it greater compass.

2d. Singing improves speaking.

3d. Singing refines the taste, elevates the affections, improves the heart, assists devotion.

4th. Singing is a delightful, interesting, and profitable part of worship—especially domestic.

5th. Singing is an element of power.

Parent, teach your children to sing; commence early. Teach them to sing hymns of praise, of a pure and elevated character.

A more delightful scene cannot be presented this side of heaven, than when parents, with their sons and daughters surrounding the domestic circle, devoutly unite their voices in sacred song.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has escaped the fall."

Children and youth should be taught to love music,

## SINGING TO THE LORD.

*"Sing unto the Lord, all ye lands, sing unto him a new song, for praise  
is comely for the upright."*

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted."

SING ? Yes, sing—"sing praises."

"There is music all around us,  
If we only list awhile."

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,  
to sing praises to thy name, O Most High. To show  
forth thy loving-kindness every morning, and thy  
faithfulness every night."

"Sing unto him a new song."

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."  
. . . "Make his praise glorious." "I will bless the  
Lord at all times," says the sweet singer of Israel,  
"his praise shall be continually in my mouth." "The  
joy of the Lord is our strength."

We can sing our cares away easier than we can  
reason them away. Sing in the morning. The birds  
are the earliest to sing, the birds are without care,  
without sin. They sing at evening. Singing is the  
last thing that robins do. When they have done their  
daily work, flown their last flight, picked up their last

morsel of food, and cleaned their bill on a napkin of a bough, then, on a topmost twig, they sing one song of praise. They sleep sweeter for it. They dream music ; for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. O that we might sing morning and evening, and let song touch song all the way through !

O that we could put songs under our burdens ! Let us extract the sense of sorrow by song. Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with songs. A singing child is not far from a happy one. Mothers, see to it that the rudiments of music are early taught your little ones. Sing with them and pray for them, and let your family be not only a praying circle, but a singing one also. When griefs rise up, sing them down. Lift the voice of song against cares. Praise God by singing ; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven ; and among God's people upon earth, song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling. A Christian alive to God, on the mount, full of faith and the Holy Spirit, abstaining from all appearance of evil, will be joyful in the Lord, and this holy joy will give vent in songs of praise. The Christian thus joyful will sing, tune his heart in grateful thanksgiving, make a joyful noise unto the Lord. David, the sweet singer of Israel, was con-



## SINGING WITH GRACE A DUTY.

THE command of God to sing praises is equally positive with that of prayer or supplication.

“Sing unto the Lord, all ye lands; sing praises, sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him.” “Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise in the congregation of the saints.” “Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.”

Have we any more right to sing *by proxy* (by the mouth of sinners), than to pray by proxy? Why not employ some one of fluent speech to do our praying, while we look on and gaze with wonder at his marvellous gifts! Will our souls be benefited! Is God well pleased!

Sing with grace in your hearts—when? where? Here are four or five persons seated in the choir, for what? To praise God for some five hundred or two thousand?

And who are these four songsters in the choir to lead the worship in God’s house for the whole audience? Humble, meek, devoted followers of Christ, or the gay, proud, fashionable, self-conceited? Some of our city churches sacrifice to pride one, two, or three thousand dollars of God’s money annually, to sustain this operabusiness. Is it a wonder God frowns upon this popery, sends leanness or spiritual death into their souls?

Says the “Christian Examiner:” “A fashionable quartette choir costs from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year.



## ALWAYS YOUNG, ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL.

“Nor know we anything more fair  
Than is the smile upon their face;  
Flowers laugh before them on their beds,  
And fragrance in their footing treads.”

KEEP young, blooming, sweet as the morning rose, till three score and ten? What hinders? We have seen old men and women in years, sprightly, full of life and vigor. The great secret of this continued bloom of spring is virtuous activity—a life of usefulness, constancy in doing good, with all the might—cultivating a meek, gentle placid, and submissive temper, rising early, keeping the blood circulating, all the day, in doors and out, in deeds of mercy.

There is no surer destroyer of youth, or youth's privileges, powers, and delights, than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill temper and selfishness.

To believe good, and do good truly and trustfully,

is the healthiest human condition. To take events cheerfully, and promote the happiness of others, is the way to insure the spring of existence.

Content and kindliness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth that keeps a man's nature and being fresh and green. If we would leave a gracious memory behind us, there is no way better to secure it than by living graciously, glorifying God "in our bodies and in our spirits which are his." We know individuals whose heads are frosted over by the hand of time, and yet lively as at sixteen, flying hither and thither on wings of love.

Persons temperate in all things, full of faith and good works, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, doing justice, loving mercy, walking humbly with God, causing the widow's heart to sing for joy, *never* grow old. Doing good, imbibing the Spirit and deeds of the divine Master, is what makes one young, beautiful, angelic. His "youth is renewed like the eagle's." Such an one, instead of growing older and older, the longer he lives, grows younger and younger.

This was true of Moses. When a hundred and twenty years old, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Deut. xxxiv. 7.

It is slothfulness, inactivity, crying, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding the hands to sleep," that kill so many. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears." "The desire of the

slothful killeth him." "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" Lazy folks die before their time; they don't "live out half their days."

"Time is eternity;  
Pregnant with all eternity can give;  
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile;  
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
A power ethereal, only not adored."

Who is old? A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, Young, Howard, and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? We repeat, not the man of energy; not the day-laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. There are scores of grey-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale, as at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or a frown.

YOUNG LADIES, how is it with you? Are you growing younger and younger, more and more beautiful,

as you advance in years? Do you not wish to be *unchangeably* young, beautiful, angelically so, blooming as the rose, always cheerful, always happy? *Be* good, and *do* good.

A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtuous purity dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman *cannot* grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in deeds of mercy. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to pride, fashion, or folly; let her be modest, exercise all the graces of the spirit; add to her faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, meekness, charity—whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

This heavenly adorning of a meek, quiet, and benevolent spirit is always lovely, always beautiful.



"It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor cold,  
It takes no spot, but still refines,  
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines."

What sight more interesting, beautiful, and instructive, than a cheerful, intelligent, pious, active old man or woman, posted up on all the reformatory movements of the day, blossoming for glory? It is said of the Rev. John Wesley, by the excellent Alexander Knox, "I met him a few years before his death, and declare that every hour spent in his company afforded me fresh reason for esteem and veneration. So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance: every look showed how fully he enjoyed

'The gay remembrance of a life well spent.'

In him old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud."

Them that honor God, God will honor.

"My remnant of days  
I spend to his praise,  
Who died the whole world to redeem:  
Be they many or few,  
My days are his due,  
And they all are devoted to him."



## SICK FOLKS, AND FOLKS NOT SICK.

DRUGGING AND KILLING BY INCHES.

“Arise and walk, take up thy bed !  
At once he did as Jesus said,  
And from disease was free.”

SOME there are who question the propriety of drugging the stomach to expel disease. Medicine itself produces disease. The stomach was made to receive and digest nutriment, not drugs. These are, therefore, unnatural and unfitted to that important organ of the animal economy. When the physical machinery becomes deranged, strange that by re-deranging it with drugs we may put it in order ! When one is sick, the philosophy seems to be—make him sicker, that he may get well !

## INTEMPERANCE IN EATING.

“Give us this day our daily bread,  
And pies and cakes besides;  
To load the stomach, pain the head,  
And choke the vital tides.”

1. INTEMPERANCE is a crime against ourselves. No man has a right to do anything unworthy of himself, or to injure himself. God gave us a soul, and we can make it beautiful. It is a crime to tarnish it.

2. Intemperance is a crime against others, against all whom we can influence.

3. It is a crime against God.

It is a wicked waste of time and money, a consuming God's bounty on lust, that ought to be expended in doing good. Health is sacrificed—a pure conscience. Every one is solemnly bound to redeem time, study the strictest economy and simplicity in his dietetic habits. Every moment of time, every farthing of God's money that can possibly be redeemed by rigid self-denial, by strict, uniformly temperate habits, should be redeemed for purposes of benevolence, deeds of charity and mercy.

Beware, ye time-killers, ye consumers of God's bounty on lust, the gratification of a depraved, carnal appetite; take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so the day of retribution come upon you unawares.

## THE STOMACH—THE MIND—THE SOUL.

### TEMPERANCE IN ALL THINGS.

“Oh, madness! to think the use of strongest tea,  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong beyond compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.”

MILLIONS on millions are expended on tea, that might go and *should* go for salvation, light spiritual, light everlasting. Multitudes are as much in bondage, and perhaps as great slaves to tea or coffee, as others are to strong drink and tobacco!

Wesley says: “After talking largely with both men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six-and-twenty years’ standing. And accordingly, the three first days my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on Wednesday, in the afternoon, my memory failed almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my headache was gone; my memory was as strong as ever; and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this.”



“THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.”

HAVE you not heard of it, little readers, over and over?  
Well, here it is.

“That moss-cover’d vessel I hail’d as a treasure,  
For often at noon, when return’d from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.”

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PURE cold water, sweetened with icicles, is the best drink. Children should drink the pure water. Away with tea and coffee. If you would have the bright eye and clear cheek, drink nothing but cool water.



## THE WINE-CUP.

YOUNG man, that cup of sparkling wine,  
Just lifted to thy lip !

Heed well the fate that may be thine  
If that vile draft you sip ;  
A maniac's death, a drunkard's grave,  
In thoughtless mirth you madly brave.

A prison's gloom, a felon's name,  
A murderer stained with blood,  
A life of woe, a death of shame,  
I see within its purple flood :  
Drink, then, that cup of sparkling wine,  
Young man, and these may all be thine.

The widow's wail, the orphan's cry,  
The frenzied maniac's yell,  
The bloated cheek, the blood-shot eye  
Are all within the wine-cup's spell ;  
It flings o'er life a rayless gloom,  
And kills for aye beyond the tomb.

Then taste no more the sparkling cup,  
An adder's tooth is in the wine,  
A simoom's blast to wither up  
All hope of bliss that may be thine ;  
But as a serpent, from thee throw  
The cup that brings but shame and woe.



### SIGNING THE PLEDGE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

SEE them at it, little and big, colored folks and white folks. What do you think of it, readers; would it not be better, by far, to go to Jesus for a new heart of love and a right spirit, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?

The first pledge given should be for Jesus, the Lamb of God, then temperance follows, every Christian grace, what things soever are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. Why begin at the wrong end, put the cart before the horse?

Hereabouts lies the sad mistake of parents, teachers, and preachers, little folks and great folks. Let every parent obey the Lord in training the little folks on Bible truth, God-fearingly, all the way from babyhood, what need of temperance societies, moral-reform societies, peace societies.

## FRESH AIR.

WITHOUT IT WE PERISH.

EVERYTHING that hath life and breath requires a pure, fresh, healthful atmosphere. The animal and vegetable creation—the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the insect tribes, plants and flowers, trees and shrubbery—all would wither, fade and die without this invigorating, purifying element.

Above all, man needs it; God saw this from the beginning, and filled the universe with it. It is free and abundant as the ocean of waters. And still we ignorantly and sinfully deprive ourselves of this precious gift of Heaven! Look at that minister in the sacred desk—his stupid, drowsy hearers on their seats. Do they know they are committing suicide?

Impure air especially, in our crowded houses, is killing to soul and body!

A want of pure, fresh, air is the cause of more sleeping in church than any other thing. Every breath expired from the lungs is loaded with carbonic acid gas, which, when inhaled into the lungs, has a stupefying effect upon the system, and tends to make one drowsy. No air should ever be breathed twice. It is very injurious to health, to say nothing of the filthiness of the act.



## FRUITS FOR FOOD.

“ On the trees in yonder orchard,  
Peeping out amid the leaves,  
Hang a wreath of ruddy apples,  
Golden as the harvest sheaves;

They are round, and full, and glossy,  
With their cheeks of crimson gold;  
They are juicy, ripe, and mellow,  
Half their sweetness is not told.”

“ FRUITS are good, excellent,” place them on your table, make them a *special* article of food at every meal. Fruits are not only good, relishable, but very nourishing and healthy. Dr. Hall says:—

“ There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally loved than the apple. Let every family lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most econom-

ical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw apple is digested in an hour and a half; while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert which can be placed upon the table, is a baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple, sound, ripe, and luscious, for the pies, cakes, candies, and other sweetmeats with which their children are too often indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.

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### FORGIVENESS.

How beautifully falls  
From human lips that blessed word Forgive;  
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—  
The sound which openeth heaven; renews again  
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings  
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.  
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled  
In the meek lessons of humanity  
That he can give it utterance; it imparts  
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,  
And maketh man an angel.





TAKE CARE, DON'T FALL, LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

*"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."*

Look up, friends, keep looking up; "lift your eyes to the hills, whence cometh your help."

But what are these busy folks doing—gathering grapes? Very well, grapes are good, wholesome, delicious, nutritious. Think, young friends, how many precious things God bestows continually

## WORK, WORK, WORK!

"We need only labor as hard as we can,  
For all that our bodies may need:  
Still doing our duty to God and to man,  
And we shall be happy indeed."

WORK with your hands, your feet, your tongue, your pen; work out-doors and in-doors—work while the day lasts; for the night cometh, in which no man can work.

Work out your own salvation and the salvation of others, "for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure."

Wake early, work early, work on and on! Work with your might day and night.

"Dream not, but work! Be bold! be brave!  
Let not a coward spirit crave  
Escape from tasks allotted!"

Learn to be working Christians. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." When Christ found you he said, "Go, work in my vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? Oh, Christian friends, how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ! How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! how

few for Christ and his people ! This is not like a servant.

Thousands breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, are heard of no more. Why ? They do not a particle of good in the world ; no one was blessed by them as the instrument of their redemption. Not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished ; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man, immortal ? Live for something ; do good ; and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you may come in contact with day by day, year by year. You will never be forgotten. No ! your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening.

“ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end and way ;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Find it better than to day.

“ Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.”

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THE desire of the slothful killeth him ; for his hands refuse to labor. *Prov. xxi. 25.*

## THE DISCIPLE ON THE WING;

OR,

FOLLOWING JESUS WHOLLY.

IMITATING Jesus is his special business. Not a day, an hour, a moment passes unimproved. His soul is on *fire!* for deeds merciful, gracious, benevolent. His motto is—

“Let not a day pass without its line;  
Not one without a godly deed—  
Not an hour unblessed by thought divine,  
On fast, accusing wing be freed:  
Be each swift-moving moment fraught  
With praise to God and good to man,  
As we in the best of books are taught—  
The word of Him whom time did plan.”

Christ, to him, is all and in all. What's the result of this entire consecratedness, faithfulness in duty, continual, living, out-spoken, practical witnessing for Jesus?

His own soul is kept constantly alive, on fire, joyfully; he adds grace on grace, makes rapid strides heavenward. The light around him shines brighter and brighter. He is remarkably successful in winning souls to Christ. Sinners are awakened and converted under his labors; saints are edified, built up, strengthened, purified, established; the feeble-minded are comforted, the weak supported. He feels a deep sympathy for the poor and oppressed, and is ever ready to “re-

member those in bonds as bound with them." His own peace flows like a river. How true the sentiment, "He that watereth shall himself be watered!"

"Some angel guide my pen, while I draw  
What nothing else than angel can exceed—  
A man on earth devoted to the skies!"

"Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that he hath."

It is the diligent soul that is made fat; there is no promise of good to the unfaithful, the slothful, the fearful, doubting, and unbelieving. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

Beloved reader, are you thus imitating Jesus—"going about doing good," mounting up as on eagle's wings, in faith, hope, and love? Has God, in very deed, purified your soul by faith through the Spirit, given you liberty, holy triumph, filled you with joy unspeakable? Watch unto prayer, go forward, labor for God, be diligent, persevering. Speak for Jesus; open your lips wide in testimony; witness definitely to the purifying efficacy of his blood to cleanse from all sin; face the enemy; stem the current; "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand; stand with your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;



“MY BELOVED IS MINE AND I AM HIS.”

Canticles ii. 16.

YES, He is mine ! and nought of earthly things,  
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,  
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,  
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.  
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine !  
Go ! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His store supplied :  
The ill is only what he deems the best ;  
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;  
And poor without Him, though of all possess'd.  
Changes may come—I take, or I resign—  
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen—  
A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor declines :  
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,  
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines,  
All may depart—I fret not, nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,  
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;  
But when I meet Him in the realms above,  
I hope to love him better, praise Him more ;  
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine !

## THE TRUE REFORMER.

Who is he? What is he?

1. He takes scriptural ground for his faith and practice; receives the Bible as a whole, comparing Scripture with Scripture. He believes that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Reforms based or attempted on any other foundation aside from Christ, the Bible—God's own book—will sooner or later come to naught. "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

2. He has the spirit of Christ. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his."

3. He has holy boldness, great moral courage.

4. He is willing to make great sacrifices—take the spoiling of his goods joyfully; like Paul, not counting his life dear. "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

5. He is indefatigable in his efforts in the midst of the greatest obstacles and oppositions.

6. He has strong faith in God, in the Lord Jesus Christ.

7. His hope of success and final triumph is in God.

8. He does all to glorify God.

## REFORMERS REFORMED.

“Be Christ my pattern and my guide,  
His image may I bear;  
Oh, may I tread His holy steps,  
His joy and glory share!”

ARE you a minister of Christ? Not unless you are a reformer. Christ was a reformer; so were Paul, Peter, James, and John, the holy prophets, one and all. The special mission of Jesus, the Lamb of God, to this world was to reform it—to destroy Satan’s kingdom. “For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.” 1 *John*, iii. 8. No one is a true Gospel minister except he be a true Bible reformer, striving against all sin, crying aloud, sparing not. No Church is a true Church of Christ, unless it is Bible reformatory—a reprover of all sin, a lighthouse, “a city set on a hill,” “the salt of the earth.”

“Stand firm! Oh, ’tis a high command,  
From which no Christian man should turn—  
If Satan presses hand to hand,  
A holy fire within should burn;  
’Twill shield the champions of the Lord,  
Contending for His purest word.”

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“A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” *Prov.* xxv. 11.

## THE TONGUE OF FIRE.

*“He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.”—Matt. iii. 13.*

“Oh for the living flame,  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought.”

WHAT the effects of this fire from heaven anciently? What did it do for the apostles and early disciples, when it was poured out on the day of Pentecost?

1. It opened their understanding to understand the Scriptures in a new light, to behold wondrous things out of the law and Gospel.

2. It strengthened and invigorated their memories, brought home vividly and forcibly to their recollection “things new and old.” Passages from the Old Testament Scriptures came before the mind’s eye with renewed and special clearness and power. This is evident from the many quotations of Stephen, Peter, Paul, James, and John, in their appeals to the people after they had this holy unction, this new spiritual impulse—the tongue of fire.

3. The Holy Spirit now took of the things of Christ and showed them unto them. They saw the way of salvation through the mediation of Christ, His sufferings, death, resurrection, and intercession, and that there was “none other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we must be saved.” *Acts*, iv. 12.

## STIFF NECKS AND STRAIT JACKETS.

*The Lord passes them by unblessed ! How can he do otherwise ?* How can he bless them ? How can salvation come where sectarian walls remain, like pillars of brass, immovable ? where the different evangelical sects stand aloof from each other, refuse to unite in saving souls ? This absence of God's Spirit is remarkable in the visitations of God's special mercy. Wherever God's people have laid aside all party spirit, all sectarian biases, and united honestly and heartily in promoting a general revival, there God has met them, poured out His Spirit overflowing ! Consequently nearly every soul, in some villages, has bowed humbly to the Prince of Peace !

While in other places, where the brazen walls of sectarianism remain adamantly, there the Spirit has been measurably withheld.

“Is it for sect or creed to fight,  
To call our zeal the rule of right,  
When what we wish is, at the best,  
To see our church excel the rest.”

How clearly and forcibly has God manifested His displeasure at these divisions and subdivisions—this selfishness of the sect ! Thousands on thousands of souls perish annually, go down to the pit, that might be saved everlastingly, were it not for this wicked abomination. And who is responsible for these souls



lost, *forever* lost? Whose skirts are stained with blood! Whose? "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you."

"Let party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head."

Reader, are you in this strait jacket? with a stiff neck? Is it pleasant, well pleasing to your heavenly Father to remain thus in a nutshell religion; a pent up, conservative, sectarian atmosphere?

John Wesley, the celebrated founder of Methodism, in his preface to Notes on the New Testament, uses the following prayer, which deserves the serious and candid consideration of every admirer of that distinguished man, and servant of God.

"Would to God that all the *party names* and *unscriptural phrases* and *forms which have divided* the Christian world *were* forgotten; and that we might *all agree to sit down together* as humble, loving disciples at the *feet* of our common Master, to *hear His word, imbibe His Spirit*, and to *transcribe His life in our own*."

Such was the language of that great and good man at an age or time of life when his thoughts had matured and ripened into fixed principles; and when experience had taught him the *evil* of "*party names*,"

## HAS THE OFFENCE OF THE CROSS CEASED?

### PERSECUTION—WHAT IS IT?

“Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?”

WHAT is persecution? To be scourged in synagogues, brought before governors and kings for Christ's sake?

Is it to be stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword, to wander about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented? Is it to be cast into the lions' den, or the fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than is wont? This, doubtless, is persecution for righteousness' sake; but is this all? Is not opposition to God's truth in every form, persecution? to vex, afflict, harass with injustice, false accusation? to inflict pain from hatred or malignity? What persecution more to be dreaded than a slanderous tongue, malice prepense—a tongue set on fire of hell—misrepresentation, silent, satanic innuendoes to destroy reputation and usefulness, hinder the cause of truth and salvation? Doubtless the vexatious hindrances of Paul among false prophets and false brethren, the time-servers and popularity-seekers of his age, their virulent opposition to his reformatory steps, were more aggravating and soul-trying than to suffer shipwreck, be stoned, beaten with rods, or to “receive forty stripes save one.”

## FEAR THE CONSEQUENCES?

CONSEQUENCES, indeed! What have you to do with consequences, friend? *Go forward*; do your duty in the fear and wisdom of God, and let consequences take care of themselves, or rather let God take care of them. God's true and faithful servants have nothing to do with consequences in the path of duty, in their public or private ministrations, in rebuking sin, in standing boldly for Jesus. This fearing consequences is the ruin of the Church, our institutions of benevolence, our nation! It is ruin, politically and religiously—one special cause of all the temporizing, the doctrine of expediency, compromising with sin and Satan, wicked men and devils! This fearing consequences and not obeying God has brought our nation to what she is—on the verge of ruin, desolation, and damnation; brought leanness and spiritual death into the Church, the editorship, the souls of millions!

It is wicked, God dishonoring unbelief, bowing the knee to public opinion. It is a man-fearing, time-serving spirit, the hateful, pharisaical, damning sin, which God hates and which He will blow upon. "Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth; and He shall also blow upon them and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble."

*Isa. xl. 24.*

Reader, how is it with you? Are you obeying God—taking Him at His word, going forward boldly in declaring God's full counsel, leaving the consequences with Him who says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee?"

Suppose Elijah had feared consequences when he was commanded to meet the enraged and wicked Ahab—look him in the face? What if Daniel had looked at consequences when the lions' den was opened wide to receive him? the three men cast into the fiery furnace heated seven "times hotter than was wont?"

"Fear not them who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." *Matt. x. 28.*

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#### DRESS.

THE wearing of gay or costly apparel naturally tends to breed and increase vanity. By vanity I mean the love and desire of being admired and praised. Every one of you that is fond of dress has a witness of this in your own bosom. Whether you will confess this before man or not, you are convicted of it before God. You know in your hearts, it is with a view to be admired that you thus adorn yourselves; and that you would not be at the pains were none to see you but God and His holy angels. Now the more you indulge this foolish design the more it grows upon you. Oh, stop! Aim at pleasing God alone, and all these ornaments will drop.

## DIE?—WHEN? WHERE? HOW?

DIE before your time, before you have finished the work assigned you—what God has for you to do? Such a thing never was, never will be. Kill you? who? wicked men? devils—hosts on hosts? The Lord is around about his people, as the mountains round about Jerusalem. “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.” You may suffer for righteousness, be reviled, persecuted, scourged in the synagogues: what righteous man living godly in Christ Jesus hath not? Is the disciple above his master; or the servant his lord? Die, before you have fought the good fight—finished your course? Did the holy prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, the three men in the fiery furnace—did Paul die before his time—Peter, James, John, Luther, Wesley, Whitfield, Bunyan, John Brown the martyr?

Not a sparrow falleth without God’s notice. “The very hairs of your head are all numbered.”

“If God be for us, who can be against us?”

Read the 27th Psalm, also the 46th and 91st. Fear not, therefore, ye faithful ones, ye servants of the Most High, “who cry aloud and spare not.” “There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known. What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops.”



## ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

### HINTS TO GAUDY FEMALES.

“ A goldfinch there I saw, with gaudy pride  
Of painted plumes.”

ONE of the most serious evils that exist in society at the present time, and one that has a great tendency to bring about financial crises, bankruptcies, defalcations, mercantile dishonor, and a withdrawal of that confidence, without which the wheels of commerce are clogged, and the course of trade impeded, is the insane passion for dress and gaudy ornaments which is manifested by a class of American ladies, and is fostered by their husbands and fathers. The evil has come to be of such magnitude, that the press here and there is lifting up its voice against it. May it be potential in arresting the attention of ladies, and lead them to a thorough reform—a reform which may save their husbands and fathers from bankruptcy, and haply from guilt; which may be made by them without sacrifice; which will add to their attractions by taking from their meretricious ornaments, and which will promote their peace of mind.

The sad history of mercantile disaster and of dishonesty in high places, which the history of the past few years has disclosed, is full of warning, if it is not also of reproach, to those ladies who have lived beyond the most ample means, to gratify a vanity which is un-

worthy of them. Ladies make a great mistake when they suppose they add to their charms by vieing with the plumage of the gaudiest bird in their apparel.

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

But these are no more wasteful or ridiculous than for women to pile the price of a year's income upon their backs. We once knew a man, who called upon us, his countenance beaming with pleasure, to exhibit a wonderful invention of his own. He produced a bouquet of rare and beautiful flowers, which he had liberally spangled with gold and silver leaf. To the lover of nature and the beauties of the garden nothing could be more repulsive. We look upon a superfluity of dress and ornament on a woman with much the same feeling. “Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.”

“Modesty, like diamonds, shines most fair,  
More worth than pearls or rubies are,  
More rich than gold or silver coin—  
Oh may it always on us shine!”

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“A wise man scaleth the city of the mighty, and  
casteth down the strength of the confidence thereof.”  
*Prov. xxi. 22.*

## AN AGE OF LIARS, OR A LYING AGE.

“Dare to be true ; nothing can need a lie.”

“WHEREFORE, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.” *Eph.* iv. 25.

Cheating and lying, lying and cheating. It is cheating here, cheating there ; it is lying here, lying there.

“A little theft, a small deceit,  
Too often leads to more.”

“He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much ; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.”

Lies are of various kinds, of various degrees of aggravation. There are black lies and white lies, lies of vanity, pride, ambition, flattery, convenience, interest, fear, wantonness, cruelty ; lies of first, second, and third rate malignity. There are also passive or practical lies—lies *acted* out. Point your finger in a wrong direction to an inquiring traveller—you give him the lie.

Again, some are habitual liars—lie at nearly every breath ; like the common swearer—he swears, and knows it not.

“A righteous man hateth lying ; but a wicked man is loathsome, and cometh to shame.” *Prov.* xiii. 15.

“Lying is my trade,” said an auctioneer ; “I live by falsehood and deception, it is my meat and drink ; when I speak a lie, I speak of my own.”

## LOTTERIES, THE WORK OF SATAN.

*"Doing evil, that good may come."*

LOTTERIES tend fearfully to demoralize society, by engendering a gambling spirit in the young and in all classes, which does not stop here, but draws them into the gaming-houses and all the haunts of dissipation.

And while some good men have been engaged in these undertakings, yet too often designing men have taken advantage of the credulity of the people to swindle them.

The only safe plan is to always do right, and then we will not have to sorrow over the results of our example. Not only are these lotteries now encouraged in many quarters, but actually defended as right. But let any man examine the motives which prompt him to buy a ticket in a lottery scheme, and he will find it *a desire to obtain something for which he gives no equivalent*. Wherein does this differ from the motive that controls the thief? Both are a breach, in the sight of God, of the eighth commandment, and we trust that Christian men, at least, will discourage all such schemes, whatever may be the pretence on which they ask your favor.

No one can deny that the mental passion for gambling is as terrible and as destructive as the physical appetite for strong drink; and they are, to a great extent, concomitant or supplementary, one of the other.

## THE DEVIL A CHEAT !

Awake, and see each living thing  
Pursue its course in haste ;  
The birds their gathered morsel bring,  
And as they labor gladly sing,  
*We have no time to waste."*

### " NO TIME TO READ.

Friends, be honest, speak truth ; is it not a fact, you have no heart's desire to read good things, holy things—things that make for your peace, that edify, purify, and sanctify !—no relish for things heavenly and divine ? Therefore by way of apology you tell us you have "no time to read !" Were your souls alive to God, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, would you not find time to read, meditate, and pray ? "Where there is a will, there is a way." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Wherefore do ye spend money for that which satisfieth not : hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. lv. 2.

"'Tis not the want of time, nor means, nor good intent,  
That has these millions to perdition sent ;  
But 'tis the Siren who, his victims to betray,  
Persuades with honeyed words, *repentance to delay.*

Delay's the Siren's name, whose fascinating song  
Lures and deceives the maddened swelling throng.  
Delay's the fatal cause that bars the heavenly gates,  
And tortures with an agony which ne'er abates."



## DEVIL'S DENS! GAMBLING HELLS!

“HE that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity ; and the rod of his anger shall fail.” *Prov.* xxii. 8. Reader, you saw that gambling hell in Saratoga, and were horrified as you gazed upon it—stood aghast ! And did you call to mind the origination of this work of darkness, death, and damnation ? Did you think for a moment that *you* were the guilty one that set this devilish machinery in motion ? that *you* were one of the chief instruments in making these devil’s dens—of kindling these fires that burn to the lowest hell ? “*Thou art the man ;*” and God holds you responsible for these souls, lost eternally through your instrumentality. We lay the sin at your door, and so does God. “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.”

“ Who sows to the winds, the whirlwind reaps.”

You are the guilty one that commends games of chance, worldly, sinful amusements ; amusements that kill time, dissipate thought, mind, and soul, turn away the heart from God, from Christ the ever-blessed ! What is time ? Ask death-beds. Ask that queen in her last moments, who cried, “ Millions, millions ! for an hour, an inch of time !” *Time—what is it ?*

“ I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke  
Of ruthless death life’s golden bowl had broke,  
I asked him, What is time ? ‘ Time,’ he replied—  
I’ve lost it—ah. the treasure !’ and he died !

## SOCIAL PARTIES.

WE learn that ministers and church officers in some places, are encouraging social or neighborhood parties—recommending the members of their charge to meet occasionally, and spend an evening in friendly chit-chat, have a supper, perhaps wind up with an innocent game of some kind, to promote a more general sociability and friendly intercourse.

Sociability is a good thing—we admire it, but we would respectfully ask, if there is not a better and more scriptural way of promoting social and friendly feeling, among the people? Why not appoint a weekly meeting in every church, on holiness, entire sanctification, the higher Christian life. We know of no better or surer way to promote sociability, friendship, love, and Christian union. Nothing binds God's people so closely and firmly in the bonds of affection and love, as the baptism of the Holy Spirit—the tongue of fire. This spirit, too, will banish all trifling, levity, foolish talking, and jesting so common at many of these social parties.

It will also heal all divisions, backslidings, heart-burnings, roots of bitterness, all envyings and evil-speakings. Besides it will qualify for active service, spiritual labor, holy zeal, self-sacrifice in the cause of God, in the salvation of souls.

## GOLDEN RULE VIOLATIONS.

“ This golden lesson, short and plain,  
Gives not the mind or memory pain,  
And every conscience must approve  
This universal law of love.”

EVERY deviation from the spirit of true benevolence, every selfish motive and action, is a violation of the golden precept. For all the law is fulfilled in one word : “ *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*” But selfishness assumes a thousand different forms. We specify a few of the most glaring :

1. Borrowing money, or any article, without returning it at the specified time. “ Owe no man anything, but to love one another.”

2. Omitting to pay postage when writing on one's own business.

3. Not giving due notice to continue or discontinue a periodical, at or before the time of the expiration of the subscription year. How often are papers returned—written “ Stop,” on the margin—after having received several numbers on a new year, and not a farthing is received by the editor for these extra numbers !

This is not only a violation of the golden rule, but of the civil law, the law of periodicals :

“ Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.”



## JEWELS OF GOLD, JEWELS OF SILVER.

1. JEWEL signifies a precious and costly ornament.  
*Gen.* xxiv. 53.

2. God's children are compared to jewels. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." *Mal.* ii. 17.

3. Wisdom or knowledge is compared to a jewel. "The lips of knowledge are a precious jewel." "If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." *Prov.* ii. 5. "She is more precious than rubies : and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her." *Prov.* iii. 15.

Finally, the soul is a jewel of infinite value. Sinner, is this jewel of thine safe? There are robbers that lie in wait for thy soul constantly, and if their utmost spite can keep thee out of heaven, thou shalt never come there.



### NOVEMBER.

“THE leaves are fading and falling,  
The winds are rough and wild,  
The birds have ceased their calling;  
But let me tell you, dear child,

“Though day by day, as it closes,  
Doth darker and colder grow,  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

“And when the winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves.



“The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the loveliest wayside blossom  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

“The leaves to-day are whirling,  
The brooks are dry and dumb;  
But let me tell you, sweet darling,  
The spring will be sure to come.

“There must be rough, cold weather  
And winds and rains so wild;  
Not all good things together  
Come to us here, dear child.”

“So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beauteous summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
Are kept alive in the snow.”

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#### WORK TO DAY.

“LIFE's hours are short and few,  
As transitory as the morning dew :

'Tis meet that they should be  
Well spent; for oh! if wasted, they but bring  
A present cloy, and, for their closing time,  
Treasure remorse, the spirit's deathless sting.”

## EXAMPLE KILLS, EXAMPLE CURES.

“Christian! walk carefully—danger is near,  
Work out the journey with trembling and fear;  
Snares from without, and temptation within  
Seek to entice thee again into sin.”

### THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient. “If I were only old enough, I would smoke cigars, mamma,” said a boy of six summers, as he stood looking out of the window.

“O, no, my son, smoking is not a nice, cleanly habit. It is injurious to the health, leads people into bad company. Besides, it wastes a great deal of money that might feed and clothe poor, little, wretched children, or give the Bible to those who have never heard any thing about Jesus, our Saviour. Don’t you see that such a useless, wasteful habit would be very wrong, my dear boy?”

“Yes, mamma, I do think of these things, but papa teaches us to smoke, and he is good.”

“Papa teaches you! He would not teach you a bad habit for the world! What makes you say so?”

“He smokes himself, mamma!”

Christian father, is the fine, promising boy, growing up by your side, upon whom you look with gratitude and joy, to be impressively taught by your silent example, to begin a career of self-indulgence, which

will lead him by slow but sure steps, to idle lounging, sinful expenditures, evil company, and perhaps to profanity, intemperance, and the worst of vices? O stop, stop daily, when you are nearest to God in your closet, and consider well your ways, consider them especially in reference to your child. Think how potent is the influence of your example, even in little things, in this forming period of his character, and how lasting is its power. A wrong step now—a little step into the path of doubtful self-indulgence, and out of the path of unquestionable moral rectitude, your child will be quick to see, and the sight may be a death-blow to pure, unyielding moral principle in his heart forever! O Christian parent, you would not, as you fear God, for any present pleasure, peril the temporal and eternal future of your confiding child.



**TRAIN** your children in charity. Begin young. As soon as they can speak, they can learn the grace of giving pity, prayers, and money to the destitute and oppressed. Easier then than later. When the tenderness of childhood and youth has been supplanted by the more earnest and sterner business of active life, it will be much harder to touch the heart with tales of sorrow, and elicit sympathy in its behalf.



HIS FINGERS ARE COLD, AIN'T THEY? TERRIBLE!

Poor boy without mittens, don't you pity him, little folks? Winter? Certainly it is. See the snowflakes falling.

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SNOW, EMBLEM OF PURITY.

“THERE is something so *pure* in the falling snow,  
As it comes on its wings so light,  
And mantles the valleys and plains below  
In a robe of spotless white;  
That I love to gaze thro' the misty air,  
Where the broad flakes are at play,  
And offer a silent, earnest prayer,  
That my heart was as pure as they;  
That every thought and wish might be  
The emblem of such purity.”

## LITTLE SERMONS.

*"Who hath despised the day of small things?"*

"Why do we speak of 'a little thing,'  
And 'trifles light as air?'  
Can aught be trifle which helps to bring  
One moment's joy or care?"

LITTLE SERMONS.—Preach them? do you? Every body should preach little sermons and great sermons. so long as one sin or one sinner exists. Preaching should be constant,—“in season and out of season.” Line upon line should be given, precept on precept—here a little and there a little.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Wherever, in the steamboat, rail-car, in the house, by the wayside, an opportunity offers, the faithful servant of the Lord opens his lips in mercy to two, three, six, eight, ten, more or less. On every suitable occasion he is ever ready to drop a kind word of rebuke, exhortation, and salvation.

Every word of life, in the form of reproof, correction, or instruction, from the heart to the heart;—every act of true benevolence or mercy is a little sermon. Who then may not preach, rising up, lying down, going out, coming in,—always, everywhere? And these little sermons, scattered up and down, are like the dew of heaven. Now, beloved reader, sup-



posing every one naming the name of Christ were thus faithful in delivering little sermons, in opening his lips for Jesus, pointing sinners to the lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world ; reproof, rebuking, exhorting with all long-suffering and doctrine—rising up early ? How long would it be ere the earth blossomed as the rose ?

Some ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, two hundred or more such little sermons would be preached daily by every true follower of Jesus ! Glorious !

“What wants the age ? Heart-earnest men  
To spread the truth, the truth defend ;  
Such on the earth we need again  
As God in ancient times did send ;  
Men reckless of wealth or fame,  
Of ignominy, scorn, or shame,  
The stake, the faggot, or the flame ;  
Their only object God ; and truth their only aim.”

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“MANY sermons, ingenious to their kind, may be compared to a letter put in the post-office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, it is owned by nobody, and if a hundred people were to read it, not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents. Such a sermon, whatever excellencies it may have, lacks the chief requisite of a sermon. It is like a sword which has a polished blade, a jeweled hilt, and a gorgeous scabbard, but yet will not cut. Truth, properly presented, has an edge, it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, it is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”



## DECEMBER.

HERE THEY ARE, HUDDLETY-HUDDLE, LITTLE FOLKS  
AND BIG FOLKS,

ALL mixed up, grandpa, grandma, little babies, and all.  
Beautiful scene, ain't it, little folks? Cold? Cold as  
Freezeland!

"Cold the wind is blowing,  
Fast has it been snowing!  
The lambs are in the shed,  
Well-housed and fed."

Old December has come round again with his white locks. He is pretty cold, almost freezing. His very breath has Jack Frost in it. But how cheerful he makes things. The sleigh-bells are ringing; sleds are running. He brings merry Christmas; and what heaps of presents for the children! Nor does he forget little Bare Toes and Ragged Knees. He nips them, to be sure; but only to make us remember to look in our drawers and find socks and flannels to keep them warm. Do not forget the poor. That is what December whispers through the keyhole, breathes on the window-pane, and howls round the house.

It says, "Make home happy." Brothers and sisters round the same fireside, get out your nice books, and see that you spend the winter evenings in a way to make each one happier and better.

No matter how many little folks and great folks, fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers in a family, in summer or winter, and babies also, heaps on heaps, if so be all is clock-work, peace, joy, salvation; if so be all the little ones are trained for Jesus. The more in number the better, the happier, the more joyful.

Every additional new-comer to the common stock adds renewed joyfulness and thanksgivings, just as heaven above is made more joyful by the increased numbers washed clean, made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Oh, what blessed encouragement have parents for obeying God in household duty. Remember, Christian parent, it is not enough to *pray* for, or even with your children, if you do not also *instruct* them; and it will be in vain to instruct them, if your *example* contradicts your teaching; and in vain will be the prayer, example, and instruction, if, like Eli, when your children do wrong you restrain them not.



*December has not left us yet, little readers. You see—*

COLD winter is here, and all nature looks drear,  
The streamlets in ice-fetters bound ;  
The leaves on the trees are all yellow and sere,  
And the snow-mantle covers the ground :  
The tempest now darkens the face of the skies,  
And the sharp, whistling storm-winds with terror arise.

How cheerless and sad is the home of the poor,  
When the storm rages mournfully round !  
When the northern wind blows, how hard to endure  
The privations which ever are found  
In the home of the needy, where poverty dwells,  
And the breast fill'd with anguish, painfully swells !

Oh! ye who glide on with prosperity's tide,  
And numberless blessings possess,—  
Surrounded with comforts on every side,  
And hunger and want ne'er depress,—  
Pause and think of the poor, whose hopes have all fled,  
Their hearts chill'd and wither'd, and starving for bread.  
Go visit their homes; go witness their grief,  
And listen to misery's plea;—  
Beholding them desolate, offer relief  
Of the bounties which Heaven gives thee:  
Provide for their children, whose shivering forms  
Plainly tell how they suffer 'neath winter's bleak storms.  
Bestow then your sympathy, kindness, and prayers,  
On those whom misfortune has crossed;—  
Oh! ease their afflictions, and soothe their dark cares,  
Poor wanderers o'er life's billows toss'd;  
And God will reward you with mercies most sure,  
For "*blessed* is he that *remembereth* the poor."

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## THE FALLING SNOW.

THERE'S something so *rude* in the falling snow  
As it drifts through the mountain air,  
And scatters its broad flakes to and fro,  
In the face of the old and fair;  
And then, with a careless dance it flies  
O'er the graves of dear ones in the vale,  
And puts out the violets' tender eyes  
With its frigid tones and dismal wail:  
Oh! lightly rest on the new-made sod,  
Where we gave our dear ones back to God.



## WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

“The light of Home! how bright it beams  
When evening shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love and rest and comfort call;  
When tired with the toils of day,  
The strife of glory, gold and fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will lisp our name  
Around the light at Home.”

FRIENDS, how do you spend the long winter evenings? In Wisdom's ways? in reading, meditating, treasuring up useful knowledge, scientific, historical, scriptural? We may calculate on three hours at least, between the closing of out-door work till early bedtime. How shall we spend these three precious hours? in what way? where shall we go? what shall we do? The bright fire in the fireplace, grate, open stove, gives an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the family sitting-room. Are you fatigued with the labors of the day? Is not this the place of all others to rest weary limbs or brain? Do the cares of business press heavily upon you? Where may you throw them off if not here? where seek sympathy and counsel? Would you find relaxation and improvement, at the same time, in familiar conversation? What is more charming or more improving, to mind or heart, than the right kind of home-talk?

## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

### HINTS TO LITTLE FOLKS AND GREAT FOLKS.

“FORGIVE, and ye shall be forgiven.” *Luke*, vi. 37.  
“How oft? Until seventy times seven.” *Matt.* xviii.  
21. (See also *Matt.* vi. 12, 15; *Mark*, xi. 25, 26, etc.)

“*Forgive!* ’Tis Heaven’s divine command,  
The measure of its grace:  
Said Jesus, ‘When ye praying stand  
Within the holy place,  
Bring no resentments in your hand,  
No frowns upon your face.’”

Friends, do you forgive your enemies, love them,  
pray for them?

“Though oft repeated—seven times seven,  
In guilt’s most hateful forms,  
‘Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven;’  
Dost thou accept the terms?”

We hear people say sometimes that they forgive, but  
will not forget. What does that mean? Is there any  
real forgiveness in it?

“‘We forgive the offence, but we cannot forget;’  
How often that language we’ve heard,  
And felt that forgive in such company set,  
Was a vain and meaningless word.”

We must from the *heart* forgive. When we feel kindly, and have a tender love for the erring, we forgive, and not till then.

## TELLING JESUS.

*"They took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus."*

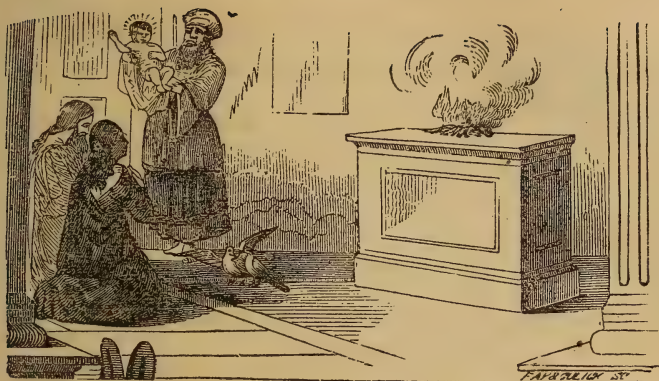
"Go and tell Jesus when thy heart is full  
Of keen and bitter agony and woe;  
When the dear, precious form of one beloved  
Is parted from thee; in the grave laid low;  
Go and tell Jesus—He will soothe thy grief—  
To thy poor suffering spirit bring relief."

*Are you bereaved?* have you lost a husband, a wife, a father, a mother, a son, or a daughter, one dear as your own life? "Go and tell Jesus." He will bind up the broken heart, weep with you as he did with Martha and Mary at the grave of Lazarus.

*Are you troubled* on every side, tempest-tossed? Tell Jesus all about it: he will say to the raging billows, "Peace, be still," and there will be a great calm.

"When the clouds are gathering o'er thee,  
And the path looks dark before thee;  
When thy feet are worn and weary,  
And thy way seems long and dreary  
Go to Jesus."

*Are you tempted to pride*, vainglorying, to think more highly of yourself than you ought? Take this serpent of serpents to Jesus, nail it to his cross. "I am the Lord: that is my name: And my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images." Isa. xlii. 8. "Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord."



WHO ARE THESE, PICTURED IN THIS ENGRAVING?

CAN you tell, little folks? Old Simeon and the holy child Jesus in his arms? Most assuredly. The Lord promised this good old saint that he should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ. "Then took he him up in his arms and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." *Luke*, ii. 28, 29. Do you not think good old Simeon had a great deal to say about Jesus long before this blessed interview? And should not we talk about Jesus a great deal, since he has died for us and risen for our justification? "Unto you, therefore, who believe, he is precious." *1 Pet.* ii. 7.

If we take no delight in talking about Jesus now, how would it be in heaven? We hear some little folks and great folks tell what a blessed, happy place heaven is. But what makes heaven—Jesus? Nothing short. No Jesus, no heaven; and this heaven begins with Jesus here.

Why is it, little readers, your souls are not on fire, blaz-

ing out at the mere name of Jesus, that causes all heaven to ring hallelujahs, and will continue to ring thus as eternity rolls on ?

“No mortal can with him compare  
Among the sons of men ;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.”

“If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin :  
but the spirit is life because of righteousness.”

“Oh, not in vain, when oft we meet  
The record of his love  
To search, does not our Jesus greet,  
And bless us from above ?  
They shall be his, when in that day  
His jewels he shall make,  
Who here may toil life’s little way,  
Or speak for Jesus’ sake.

“Oh, not in vain ; then let us sow  
Beside all waters here ;  
At morn, at noon, at eve, we’ll go,  
With sweet and holy cheer :  
Though we may here oft reap reward,  
Not till we higher go,  
To be forever with the Lord,  
Fulness of joy we’ll know.”

---

CHRIST bore our sins in his own body on the tree—the Saviour of men. What he suffered we can never know ; but God laid on him the iniquity of us all, which he willingly bore to save us from eternal shame and misery. How great the gratitude each of us owes such a friend !





**The Baby Jesus, No. 1**

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“ Jesus ! the name to sinners dear,  
 The name to sinners given ;  
 It scatters all our guilty fear,  
 And turns our hell to heaven.”

A word to little Mary about this dear child, born of the Virgin Mary, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sin and sinners even while a babe. Was there ever such a child, so sweet, so innocent, so beautiful, so heavenly? Never ; and there never will be.

When a little baby he was worshiped by men and angels. Turn, if you please, dear little niece, to the second chapter of Matthew, and you will see how the wise men from the east followed the star of Bethlehem till it came and stood over where the young child was. And where, think you, this precious little one from heaven was, when born? In a manger? Yes, he, who made all worlds, took his first lodgings in a manger.

“ How much better thou art tended,  
Than the Son of God could be ;  
When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee ! ”

“ The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

“ And didst Thou, Saviour, have no home,  
Nor place to lay Thine head ?  
Was all the universe too poor,  
To offer Thee a bed ? ”

But now, as you see him in the engraving, he is twelve years of age, conversing with the doctors, “both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.” Turn now to the second chapter of Luke, begin at the fortieth verse, and read to the close of said chapter.

But, to return to Mary, his mother, with this sweet one folded in her arms, clasped to her bosom when an infant.

That dear Baby, how precious ! We would like to write a book about him. But if we commenced, where the stopping-place ? Volumes on volumes would not be sufficient to unfold a thousandth part of his beauties on beauties—glories on glories.

The story in the Bible is so briefly and simply told, few realize it in all its beauty. How many mothers remember, as they sit engaged in the delightful task of making tiny, beautiful garments for the first-born

child, that just so Mary sat at work for the wonderful One, who was the Son of God !

We love to think of Mary and her Babe ; how supremely happy she must have been—for, to every true mother her child is a *divine* object, and how much more would it be so did she know that the Almighty God himself was his Father !

Happy, happy Mary !

The Baby Jesus received presents too, and very costly ones ; for the wise men came inquiring for him, and saying, “ We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.”

Think how wonderful that was. A star appeared in the sky, which moved and led the wise men to a place where lay a little infant, a tender, new-born baby, the destined Saviour of all mankind ! Then, when they had found the child and worshiped him, “ they presented unto him gifts ; gold, frankincense, and myrrh.”

The dear Baby ! how much he was like all other babies after all ! His mother washed, and dressed, and undressed him daily, tended him, carried him in her arms, sang him to sleep. What an exquisite happiness that must have been ! Dear Mary, think of this ! Jesus was as young as you, who “ never did sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.” He is the perfect example for all. Do you not wish, like Jesus, to go about doing good ? He loves little children, and will *never* refuse to hear their cries.

“ Then lift your little hands in prayer ;  
The Saviour bids you come ;  
Safe in His bosom He will bear  
The lambs to His bright home  
Then lay your little hand in His ;  
He'll lead you gently on,  
Through trials of a world like this,  
To scenes of bliss beyond.”

How lovingly the dear Saviour—the Lamb of God—welcomes little children to His happy fold ! He numbers the lambs among His flock. “ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.”—Luke xviii. 16. When you hear the Saviour saying to you in the tenderest accents of His love, “ Child, give me thy heart,” will you not listen to His voice ? If you come to Jesus now, He will take you in His arms and bless you, and make you happy while you live, and, when you die, will take you to dwell with Him forever.

“ Dear Mary, Jesus loves you ;  
Once He left His home on high,  
Suffer'd on the cross to save you,  
Died that you might never die.

Little Mary, Jesus loves you ;  
From His arms no longer stay ;  
He is waiting to receive you ;  
Mary, come without delay.

Dear Mary, Jesus loves you ;  
And when life with you is o'er,  
To His heavenly home He'll take you,  
There to dwell forevermore.”



### SEE THIS FATHER AND LITTLE DAUGHTER?

WHAT is father doing—teaching his little daughter the way of life, through Jesus? He points up toward heaven. What's that for? To impress more deeply the word of life, and to direct the attention to God, who, though far above all heavens, is here, everywhere. He knows our every thought. Besides God's eyes, are there not other eyes beholding? The world is full of eyes and ears, on every side; on the right and on the left, eyes innumerable, ten thousand times ten thousand. Eyes above, eyes below, here, there, everywhere. Step—move a single inch without the gaze of some eyes—the eyes of Omniscience, of angels, of spirits seen and unseen, the eyes of heaven, the eyes of earth. Nature herself, is full of eyes and ears. The earth sees, hears, and speaks. The starry heavens, the moving planets, the thunder's crash, the lightning's flash, the trees, the little hills, the glowing streams, the mountain-tops, the flowers of the fields, the merry songsters, the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea—all have eyes, ears, or tongues. The buzzing insects, the creeping things,



## The Holy Child Jesus—No. 2.

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“Happy, if with my latest breath,  
I may but gasp his name.”

Another word to little Mary about this beautiful, heavenly baby :

Dear niece, did you ever think how lovely Jesus must have been when a child? No mother before Mary had held so sweet an infant in her arms. While in many things he was like all other little children, he was never fretful, never for once lifted his tiny hand in opposition to his mother's will, nor gave her a glance or frown of displeasure. And oh ! how bright must have been the smile of the sinless one, and musical the prattle of his early childhood.

One thing is certain, because he was a child, he knows *just how children feel*, and can sympathize with them in their griefs, and wants their love. Therefore he said, “Suffer the *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not.” Think when you feel wrong, and are tempted to speak or act wickedly, *Jesus, when a child, never did so* ; and you then will not sin against him, we are sure. But if you do disobey him, remember he became a child like you, that he might know just what your little heart needs, and be the Saviour of the children, carrying you in his arms over the river of death, if he takes you away from earth.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP AND OF THE LAMBS.

“Jesus loves a little child;  
He was lowly, meek, and mild.”

How sweet it is, dear children, to be a little one whom Jesus loves, and how happy must those little ones be that know his love and prize it! How happy a thing it would be, if every little one were a lamb of the great and good Shepherd! And why should it not be so? Each one is invited to come to Jesus. If you would be happy, come to this great and loving Shepherd, who carries the lambs in his arms. Seek now your Saviour in the days of your childhood; you will then be happy for life and prepared for death. This would not be the mere delight of the moment, as your pleasures now are; it would be eternal happiness, eternal joy.

Will you not come to the good Shepherd? He loves the lambs as well as the sheep of his flock. He is the door as well as the shepherd. Hear what he says: “I am the door of the sheep; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture.” Blessed Jesus, draw the little ones to thyself!

“Jesus from heaven came down to die  
For little children young as I;  
So great his love, his life he gave,  
Our guilty souls from hell to save.

“Oh, may I love and praise his name,  
Who once for me a child became:  
Help me, O Lord, thy will to do;  
My sins forgive, my heart renew.”

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“HE will feed his flock like a shepherd: he will gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom.”



WATTS AND HIS CRADLE HYMN.

“Hush, my dear ; lie still and slumber ;  
Holy angels guard thy bed ;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

“Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide ;  
And without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

“How much better thou’rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee !

“Soft and easy is thy cradle ;  
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay,  
When his birthplace was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.”



### LOVING THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE love of children is a sentiment that lies snug and genial away down in the better depths of the souls of us all. It is an impulse that does honor to the nature that feels it most. It is only now and then there is a being, contracted and shrivelled, who can repel the little ones, and turn his back upon their bright childish winsomeness. One of the richest relishes with which God has blessed the

earth, one of the purest joys that flits about the passing pilgrim here, is the relish and joy which the presence of these dear immortals flings over the haunts and hearts of men. The world is so much lighter for their being here.

It is sweet to have them love us. *It is sweet* to know that they delight to nestle upon our bosoms, and that their little arms long to clasp about our necks. *It is sweet* to feel the soft clinging tendrils of their honest hearts intertwining, cosily and trustingly, in among the stouter and chillier tendrils of our own. The cold selfishness of the world is in other hearts than the children's. The deception that lames our faith and saps our trust is in other bosoms than theirs. God bless the children, the rosy, laughing children, the dear, true-hearted children, the beautiful children! The world is ten times brighter for their being here.

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#### PARENTS, TEACH THE LOVE OF JESUS TO YOUR LITTLE ONES.

A LITTLE child sat quietly upon its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into her face, which was beaming with love and tenderness. The maternal lips were busy with the story of the Cross. The tones of her voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. The listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its eyes, and a low sob broke the stillness. The child inquired,

"Did he die for *me*, mamma—and may I love him always, and dearly, too?"

"Yes, my darling; it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."





**The Lambs of the Flock Sweet as Heaven.**

THE more little folks the more joyful they make us. Every new-comer adds fresh joy to the family circle. Let the sweet little angels come without number, if nurtured for Jesus, made white in his blood. The more little folks the better, where order is heaven's first law; where peace reigns, and children are olive-plants around the table; where sons grow up plants of the Lord's planting, and the daughters are polished stones, "polished after the similitude of a palace."—Psalm cxliv. 12. Is not joy unspeakable in such a family when a newly-born babe is ushered in?

## SHE SANG HERSELF AWAY.

WHILE talking with a neighbor, I heard a sweet, plaintive voice singing that beautiful hymn,

“Jesus, lover of my soul!”

The child was up stairs; I knew it was a child's voice from its silvery softness. I listened for a while, and then said:

“That child has a sweet voice.”

“Yes, she has,” returned my friend. “She is always singing.”

I passed that way again. Summer was here in her fullness, strewing the earth with flowers, and the sky with stars. The same sweet voice was thrilling on the air,

“Oh, had I the wings of a dove, I would fly!”

This time the little singer was in the garden. I gazed upon the spiritual softness of her features, the sweet eyes like “brown-birds flying in the light,” the fine, expressive lips, the dark silken curls; I felt that she would soon have her wish answered, and find a refuge in heaven.

Autumn came; the wild swan was turning toward the south; the leaves were dropping from the trees, and spears of frost glittered among the grass.

A strip of crape fluttered from the shutter of the house where my little singer lived. By the great white throne, by the river of eternal gladness, she was striking her golden harp, and singing, in the fulness of imperishable glory,

“She came to smile and blush awhile,  
Like lovely flowers in May;  
To win each heart with guileless art,  
And then to pass away!”

## JESUS LOVES LITTLE FOLKS.

*"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."*

"Little children, Jesus loves you,  
He invites you to his arms ;  
To his breast he waits to fold you,  
There to shield you from alarms."

JESUS was once a child, a holy child ; and here is the great plea for childhood. He who was once a child perfectly understands and sympathizes with the heart of childhood. And how dare we limit the Holy One, and say that a child may not be a true Christian ? However early we begin our teachings, we will find that the Holy Spirit has been before us. Isaiah speaks of teaching those just weaned—here a little, there a little, precept upon precept, line upon line—which is the proper manner of teaching children.

Children apprehend religious truths more readily than almost anything else. It has even been maintained by some, that the children that cried in the temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David !" had discovered, with their nicer apprehensions, the Christ whom the rulers ignored. Early childhood is certainly the favored time for the inculcation of religious truth. Then there are no doubts. You never meet a child-atheist. The very credulity of childhood is a great advantage. Truth is allied to innocency, and the child believes implicitly until deception has induced distrust. Not that religious faith is the gift of nature. But the very aptitude to believe is favorable to the reception of religious truth. The child has not formed the habit of questioning and doubting that troubles so many adults. The old atheist can testify to the truth of this.

## SUFFERING LITTLE FOLKS TO COME TO JESUS.

“Little feet may find the pathway  
Leading upward unto God,  
Little hands may learn to scatter  
Seeds of precious truth abroad.”

*“Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. xix. 14.*

MARK the expression, “*little children* ;” not big ones, but *little* ones. No matter how little they are for Jesus to take in his arms. Heaven is made up largely of “little folks.”

Myriads of these redeemed spirits surround the throne of God, tuning their little harps in praise, singing hallelujahs to the Lamb who loved them and gave himself for them—washed them and made them white in his own precious blood.

“Around the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand ;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,  
Singing, Glory, Glory,  
Glory be to God on high.”

The thought is pleasing, joyous, that in the kingdom of heaven there are little children ; that they form a large part of God’s redeemed family. The thought is pleasing to every Christian ; but to the bereaved parent, the parent of children “passed into the skies,” it is more than pleasing—it is sustaining, delightful, enrapturing.

Yea, verily. The child to a fond parent’s eye is beautiful in death ; but it will be more beautiful, more precious, when seen planted a brilliant diadem of the Sun of Righteousness.

No little ones are saved in heaven, or can be, except through the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God, the Lamb slain.



THAT'S RIGHT, MOTHER, TEACH YOUR LITTLE ONE  
TO PRAY.

BEGIN early, take it aside, where no eye sees but God's. Teach it to pray in the spirit, in faith, in the name of Jesus. Parents frequently inquire what prayer is suitable or appropriate for little folks.

"Forgive, O Lord, forgive, I pray,  
The naughty things that I have done,  
And take my sinful heart away,  
And make me holy like thy Son."

This prayer meets what is often a deep and felt want in the child's heart. The convictions of sin are very early in children, earlier than most people think, and they crave some form of confession to God, and of supplication for forgiveness and purity of heart.

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"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



## MOTHERS THE LIGHT, THE HOPE, THE JOY

*"The first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is the conduct of its mother."*

1. "First give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving him his own. Not to do it, is robbing God.

2. Always prefer virtue to wealth—the honor that comes from God to the honor that comes from men. Do this for yourself. Do it for your child.

3. Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard. Do not sink into childishness yourself.

4. Give no needless commands, but when you command, require prompt obedience.

5. Never indulge a child in cruelty, even to an insect.

6. Cultivate a sympathy with your child in all lawful joys and sorrows.

7. Be sure that you never correct a child until you know it deserves correction. Hear its story first and fully.

8. Never allow your child to whine or fret, or to bear grudges.

9. Early inculcate frankness, candor, generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, and self-denial.

10. The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.

11. Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dulness, neither inspire it with self-conceit.

12. Pray for and with your child, often and heartily, in your closet.

13. Encourage all attempts at self-improvement, "with humble trust in Jesus."

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"EVERY word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him." *Prov.* xxx. 5.



### ELI AND SAMUEL.

OH! oh! boys and girls, who are these, do you know? Eli and Samuel? Certainly! Turn to 1 Samuel and read the chapter through and through; it tells all about it, from first to last. All about that blessed boy, the subject of many prayers; also concerning Hannah, his dear mother, a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, of strong faith, prayer unceasing. She had sorrow of heart, a good deal; severe trials, fiery onsets; and who has not that obeys God, labors for Jesus, fights the good fight lays hold on eternal life? She told the Lord what she would do if he would give her a male child. Did she perform her vow? Every syllable of it punctiliously. What the result—glory? Yes, glory on glory, forever and *forever*! Was there ever *such* a man as this same priest and judge? The very heavens shook terribly, gathered blackness; the rains descended, the thunders crashed, the lightnings *flashed*, in answer to his prayers. Turn again if you please, little readers, to 1 Samuel xii. 16, 17, 18.

Samuel *grew up* in the Lord (just as all little folks should) bright and shining as grace could make him.

## HOME DUTIES.

" Shall Wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her voice be heard ?"

It is sad, grievous indeed, to witness the mistakes of some good folks in their calling! Mothers beloved, seek first the kingdom of God at home; set your own houses in order; keep them in order. Get your own souls on fire, holily, and see to it that your sons and your daughters are on the life list, salvation's—beautifully, God-fearing; ornamentals in all that is pure, lovely, Christ-like; "Olive-plants around your table." Then you can preach and *will* preach powerfully at home and wherever the Lord in his providence calls you. Your little ones, lambs of the flock, walking in newness of life, examples of whatsoever is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, will preach as you preach, say, "*amen*."

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## TRAINING CHILDREN.

MOTHERS, train your daughters *to be mothers*. Think what a mother ought to be in every relation of life—social, domestic, public, at home and abroad, by day and by night. Think of Washington's mother, Samuel's, Timothy's, the mother of our Lord. Mothers *cannot* be good mothers, unless taught to be good mothers from their infancy. If all mothers were good mothers, would not our world soon be a paradise?

The Bible lays down four great rules, involving four great elements of successful religious training of children: *prayer, example, instruction, and restraint*. And it is doubted if a solitary case can be found when all these have been united, where the child has not followed in the footsteps of the pious parent.

## WOMAN AT HOME.

HOME is the throne of empires on which woman sits, the sceptre with which she wields the destiny of nations. All that is dear and holy, noble and divine, in society or the nation, centres back to home, where woman presides as the angel of love.

If she would seek the honor of exerting an influence which shall last after the present order of the universe is changed, a philanthropist whose name, though not lauded by the fickle multitude, shall be remembered by the good and pure in the ages of eternity, let her not, for any social interest or cause, neglect the hallowed duties of home, but watch over them with jealous trust, with devotional constancy, with unruffled vigilance, to keep that home the nursery of all the virtues, the sanctuary of the heart's deepest loves, the "holy of holies," where the divine presence may shine forth in her looks, and be manifest in her actions.

Home is woman's true sphere. There is nothing in this wide world that will confer greater honor upon her than for her to make that home a type of what society should be, and of what heaven is in the graces of exalted character. As a wife, she should be to her husband a guardian angel; as a mother, charged with the high trust of directing the child, she should see that, like the work of the skilful artist, she moulds it "true to nature," beautiful and pure.

"Nor steel nor fire itself hath power,  
Like woman in her prayerful hour!"

The poet has disclosed the whole secret of woman's conquering power. Fair in her virtue, smiling in her goodness, she wields an influence which a mailed warrior never could.

## HOME-WORK FOR MOTHERS.

THE parent that stays at home and takes care of children is doing a work as boundless as God's heart.

As when the time for seed-sowing is past, if the seed is not sown no industry or regret can avail; so when a child has gone forth from under the parental care, if the work is not done you cannot follow it or change it. Some alleviation there may be, and some after-refuge; but there can be no complete remedy. There is no way of compensating for neglect to sow the seed at the proper time. The seed-sowing time is when your children are at home, in your family; and if you are going to do anything for them, you must do it then. Then take heed. The time is flying. What you do for your children, do quickly, or it will be too late. You may be taken from them. If they are taken from you, thank God. Happy is that family that has cherubs in heaven. Blessed are they whose care and responsibility are ended because Christ hath taken their darlings. Better teachers than you are, are angels. A better parent than you are, is God. And blessed are those of your children that have gone to be with him. But what is done for those that yet remain with you, must be done speedily. Your days are ages in their effect, and yet they are fugitive as the arrow that flits through the air.

It has been said of John Williams' mother: "Little did she imagine, when her children were clustering around her knees, and listening to the words that fell from her lips, that she was training up one of the most influential missionaries of the cross, and that distant tribes and future generations would rise up and call her blessed." A very similar testimony may be borne to thousands of other godly parents.



## THE MOTHER'S DUTIES, THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

HOME is the centre of woman's duties and responsibilities; yet from this centre shines forth many a cheering ray to light up a gloomy world. "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife;" and many a believing husband is encouraged by the faithful wife. Brother, do you hold family prayer? Do you know how easy the task when the loving wife lights the lamp, lays the Bible by your side, and tells the little children to "sit down and be still, while papa prays?" And yet, how hard the task when the wife is cold, seems too busy with other things, and makes no preparation for prayer! Sister in the Lord, if your husband is a Christian and does not hold family prayer it is your fault. We need not tell you that it is your duty to continue the family altar when your husband is absent or sleeping in the tomb.

"The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The father should assist by every means in his power; yet, the training of a child must devolve mostly upon the mother. Every child should hear its mother pray. Many a great and good man has attributed his conversion to the labors of a Christian mother, who would constantly take him alone and lay her soft hand upon his little head and teach him to pray. Mother, do you thus cast bread upon the waters to be gathered up by your children when you are in the tomb? Will your children remember you as a praying mother? How do you expect to stand up in judgment and hear your lost child say, "I never heard my mother pray?"

Example has a powerful effect upon little children. They

will not remain little children long, therefore you must "work while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." If there were more Hannahs there would be more Samuels.

Said John Randolph, of Roanoke: "I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one reflection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me, on my bended knees, to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Well may woman rejoice in a mission so far-reaching and glorious in its possible results.

Man, then, owes to woman not only his childhood, but his manhood. The mother follows her child through life; her influence is illimitable and indestructible. Especially, and in a higher sense, is this true of the Christian mother. There is nothing more irresistible and permanent to man than the early impressions of a pious mother, enshrined in his heart, shielded by the simple charm of youthful remembrances. However silenced or neglected, the mysterious influence of a mother's love and faith will one day reassert the influence of bygone years.

"My mother's voice! how often creeps

Its cadence on my lonely hours,  
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
Or dew to the unconscious flowers!

"I can forget her melting prayer

While leaping pulses madly fly;  
But in the still, unbroken air,  
Her gentle tones come stealing by—  
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
And leave me at my mother's knee."



THE MOTHER'S DEATH-BED.

“WE watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
And in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

“So silently we seem'd to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her being out.

“Our very hopes belied our fears.  
Our fears our hopes belied,  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

“For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.”

## THE DYING MOTHER'S BEST GIFT.

A LITTLE boy about five years of age, entered the room where his mother lay on her death-bed. For awhile he stood silent and sad. At length the mother said, feebly—

“My child, will you not ask me how I do?”

Said the boy, “I know how you do, mother, you are very sick.”

She called him to her side, and he stood leaning upon the bed, looking into his mother's face, as she said, “Do I look as I used to when I was well, Charley?”

“No, mother, your eyes are sunken, and your face is pale and thin.”

“Well, Charles, sometimes people who are very sick, as I am, do not get well. I may not get well.”

“I know it, mother; my little brother, Frankie, who was sick last year, did not get well: he died. Do you wish to die, mother?”

“I should like to get well to take care of you, if it is the Lord's will; but if not, I am willing to die. Do you not wish me to get well, Charley?”

“Yes, mother, I want you to get well; but if the Saviour wants you to go and live with him, I am willing you should go, mother.”

Then for awhile they looked at each other; he earnestly, thoughtfully; she with all a mother's fondness beaming from her eyes, feeling that she saw him for the last time on earth. She then took from her pillow a little Bible, soiled with much use, and told her boy how she prized it, and how precious were its promises, and bade him read and love it for her sake, for it told him of the Saviour, and the way of life.

"And did the disciples write in this book *all* they knew of the Saviour?"

"Yes," said she, "all that God would have them write: it is all his word."

The boy took the book, promising to read it and to love it; but after a pause—

"Mother," said he, "this reminds me of some poetry I read the other day." And he repeated:

"My mother's hands this Bible clasped,  
She, dying, gave it me."

The mother kissed her child, looked mournfully on him for a few moments, and thus they parted to meet no more on earth.

These lines, by the mother's request, were written in the Bible she gave her child, and in coming years, should his life be spared, he will read them, and who will doubt the beneficial influence of that parting hour?

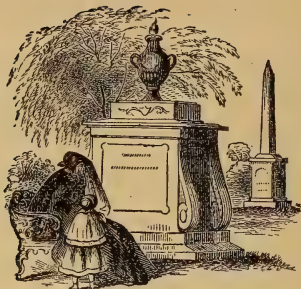
"This book is all that's left me now;  
Tears will unbidden start;  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
I press it to my heart.

"For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd,  
She, dying, gave it me."

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"THE righteousness of the upright shall deliver them:  
but transgressors shall be taken in *their own* naughtiness."  
*Prov. xi. 6.*





### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE relics of departed worth  
Lie shrouded here in gloom ;  
And here, with aching heart, I mark  
My own dear mother's tomb.

Oh, as upon her peerless grave  
I fix my weeping eyes,  
How many fond remembrances  
In quick succession rise !

Again her kind maternal voice  
Falls on my listening ear,  
As when she taught my youthful soul,  
The God of love to fear.

Father of heaven ! my mother's God !  
Before Thy blissful seat,  
Among the glorious heirs of light,  
May I that mother meet !

## HOME PIETY FOR LITTLE FOLKS PERPETUAL.

PARENT—

“Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky.”

ONE thing is certain—none educated in a home of cheerful, consistent, heart-felt piety, the love of Jesus, regenerated and sanctified, can ever afterward be led to despise the religion of the Bible.

A child trained from infancy's early dawns “in the way he should go” till the age of maturity or the leaving the paternal roof, God says, “*he will not depart from it.*”

The memory of such a home; the echo of the songs of childhood; the vision of the family altar, where once an unbroken band was sheltered under the wing of divine protection, and father, mother, sister, brother, now dead or far away, sang the dear old heart-hymns and joined in the same prayer—all these and yet more will revisit the soul, and keep alive the heavenly spark early enkindled, the love of God rooted and grounded. Parent, believest thou this?

Alas for the home that sends forth its inmates into this perilous world with no golden links of pious remembrance to hold them by a safe home-anchor until they outride the storms of life!

Christian fathers and mothers! think well of your responsibilities. A few years will make sad changes in your homes. The bright and gay throng of children that people your house to-day will soon emerge from childhood, and go out from your presence to the great battle of life. You have not long to train them for the task.

## LIFE, LIFE WITH THE HUSBAND: LIFE, LIFE WITH THE WIFE AT THE MERCY-SEAT.

“He prayeth well who loveth well:  
He prayeth best who loveth best.”

MAN and wife, do you pray together? Can you live in love without it—in peace, joy, harmony, good-will, mount on eagle’s wing, in Elijah’s chariot, triumph over sin and Satan? Is it possible you have wisdom, grace on grace, equal to the emergencies of the day—gospel fire burning brightly in the family, around the table, the fireside, the altar of prayer and praise, morning, noon, and eventide—and more than all, to train the “little folks” *exclusively* for Jesus, heavenward—save you gain spiritual strength renewedly at the mercy-seat unitedly? Can you speed upward and onward on wings seraphic, merciful, and gracious to the third heavens, keeping your garments unspotted from the world, except through the medium of special, fervent, importunate intercession to the God of all grace and glory unitedly?

We speak not of closet seasons, telegraphic dispatches, ejaculatory breathings, constant, evermore, the upward tendency of the soul alive in God, lying down, rising up, going out, coming in; nor of family and social interviews, at home and abroad; but aside from these hallowed scenes of Christian fellowship, those of the husband and wife are separate, distinct, superadded, exclusive of all other devotional exercises entirely. And these united, soul-kindling, life-giving aspirations of faith and prayer, prayer and faith, are unlimited as to frequency, time, and place. Once daily they may be, twice, three times, or like the Psalmist, “Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments.” *Psalms* cxix. 164.

## THE MARRIAGE TIE.

1. THAT, according to the law of marriage, as contained in the word of God, there is but one ground of divorce—fornication by one of the parties.

2. That the bond of union is for life.

3. That no human laws can abrogate or alter Divine laws, but especially the law of marriage; because there is specific prohibition of human interference to separate man and wife.

4. That the only limitation of this prohibition is founded on the right of government to *punish*.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; as the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when, by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance when it appears at first, but it is want of love.

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“LET thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice with the wife of thy youth. *Prov. v. 18.*



### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER AT FATHER'S GRAVE.

Look at this, little friends; see the mother and her lovely little daughter dropping tears of sorrow for one dear to them as life. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

"Fare thee well, my father,  
Until the trump shall sound,  
And wake thee from thy resting-place,  
The cold and silent ground.

"'Tis then we hope to meet thee  
In a better world than this,  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And all is perfect bliss."



## HOW TO MAKE THE MARRIED LIFE HAPPY.

WHEN Robert Newton, the Wesleyan pulpit orator, married, he and his bride began the married life by retiring twice each day to pray with and for each other. This practice they kept up, when opportunity served, to the end of life. Mark the result! When an old man, Mr. Newton remarked: "In the course of a short time, my wife and I shall celebrate the jubilee of our marriage; and I know not that, during the fifty years of our union, an unkind look or an unkind word has ever passed between us."

That was certainly a happy married life. What made it so? Did not that hour of daily prayer make the bond of peace so strong that none of the manifold trials of a long public life could even strain it? Had religion been stricken from their lives, would not pride, vanity, or passion have grown into a power of discord in their hearts? Did such absolute peace ever reign over the married life of any irreligious pair for half a century, since the fall? Does it reign over the reader's married life? Is not the religious element needed in his married life to render it even tolerable? Consider the claims of religion, dear reader, from this standpoint, and you will conclude that religion is needful, not only for your present and eternal happiness, but also for your domestic enjoyment.

The godly husband and the godly wife are true help-meets, the one to the other. They belong to the same family, speak the same sweet language, are travelling the same happy road, and are journeying to the same blissful home.

Finally, to all the dear children of God, we would say, marry "only in the Lord." Let his word be your guide, your rule, his glory your aim, and he will direct your path through life, will sustain you in death, and conduct you safely to his heavenly kingdom.



### THE DYING WIFE.

HUSBAND, is your loved one going, gone, *gone*?  
Are angels hovering around her departing spirit?  
Once she watched over your sick bed with more than  
angelic vigilance and tenderness!

“Thus watch’d that tir’d, patient one,  
By night as well as day,  
In sadness, and almost alone,  
Till weeks had pass’d away;  
Bereft of sleep—deprived of rest—  
Oppress’d—borne down with care,  
Till, oh! her labors have been bless’d,  
For God has heard the pray’r.  
Her cheek resumes its wonted glow,  
And placid is her brow;  
I THOUGHT I lov’d her YEARS AGO,  
I KNOW I *love* her NOW.”

“In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your hands may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that once lay upon your bosom, now rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from petals that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

“There is so strange a hush in every room, no light footstep passing around. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks, and strikes, and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems a knell on the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

“And every day the clock repeats that old story.  
Many another tale it telleth too—of beautiful words  
and deeds that are registered above. You feel—oh,  
how often—that the grave can not keep her.”

“’Twas midnight, and he sat alone,  
The husband of the dead.  
That day the dark dust had been thrown  
Upon her buried head.  
Her orphaned children round him slept,  
But in their sleep would moan ;  
Then fell the first tear he had wept—  
He felt he was alone.

“The world was full of life and light,  
But ah ! no more for him !  
His little world once warm and bright  
It now was cold and dim.  
Where was her sweet and kindly face ?  
Where was her cordial tone ?  
He gazed around his dwelling place,  
And felt he was alone.

“He looked into his cold, wild heart,  
All sad and unresigned,  
He asked how he had done his part  
To one so true, so kind ?  
Each error past he tried to track—  
O could he but atone !  
He’d give his life to bring her back—  
In vain, he is alone.”

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HOPE looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.



### LITTLE FOLKS PITYING THE POOR.

THAT'S right, little friends, open your hearts and purses wide. "Give, and it shall be given—pressed down, running over." "He that watereth shall be watered." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." This poor boy in the picture is not only poverty-stricken, but feeble in health, emaciated. We rejoice to see these little hands open for his relief. When we give we should do it cheerfully. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." But never give, young readers, "to be seen of men." If you do, you have "no reward of your Father who is in heaven." "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." Turn to Matthew, vi. 1-4, and see what Jesus says about almsgiving.

But stop, little folks, have you given yourselves to the Lord, wholly, spirit, soul, and body, "to be his forever?"



This is the first thing. Never put the cart before the horses. First of all repent, believe on Jesus, live in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily to the Lord and not unto men." Then when all is on the altar Christ Jesus, give, keep on giving, withhold not your little hands.

"Sow in the morn thy seed ;  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;  
Broadcast it o'er the land."

Give as God enables you, and as opportunity offers. Give yourselves first ; then you will be duly prepared to give your substance, the bounties heaven bestows. Give while it is in your power to give. Be thankful to God for opportunities to give ; and be sure to embrace them cheerfully, at the very time the heart moves charitably. Don't wait to be called upon, or urged to give to objects of mercy and love ; but seek them out, go in search of them, as Job did. Ask God to open new avenues, new channels of mercy for your full, generous, overflowing hearts. Tell him you are his steward, that you desire to know how to disburse, when and where. In giving we live, move, and have our being—it is life to the soul. The choicest blessings of heaven rest on the cheerful giver.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters : thou shalt find it after many days." "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Give ! "How much ?" As the Lord enables you, prospers you.

"As freely we ourselves receive,  
So freely must we ever give."

How much did the poor widow give ? One-tenth ? **Nay ;** "all the living she had." *Luke*, xxi. 4.



THE "MISSIONARY RABBITS."

## THE "MISSIONARY RABBITS."

"HALLO! here you are!" cried Uncle Ben, looking into one of the stalls and seeing Harry feeding a pair of rabbits.

"See how they love this cabbage-leaf, uncle," said Harry, settling himself comfortably in the clean hay that was spread on the floor. "I do love my bunnies; I have got six, and two of them are as white as snow. These are my speckled ones, and the next are my 'silver sprigs;' they are the best of all."

"How long have you had them?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Oh, I've kept rabbits two years, and sold twenty for fifty cents a piece."

"Twenty! So you have earned ten dollars. That's a fortune for a boy like you. What have you done with it?"

"I paid two dollars, a couple of months ago, for the silver sprigs and their new hutch, and I've spent a dollar for feed and repairs."

"That leaves seven dollars; did you buy books?"

"No, sir; father buys my books."

"Did you buy clothes?"

"No; father gets them, too."

"Well, you didn't pay for your schooling. Did you get playthings or sweetmeats?"

"No, Uncle Ben; these have always been my missionary rabbits. I got them for that. All the money goes for the missionaries. I wish it were twice as much. As soon as I get a bill saved, if it's one dollar, or two, or more, off it goes to our minister, and he sends it to the society for me, to the treasurer, and you can't think the good it does me to know I'm helping to send the Bible to the heathen. Do you know, Uncle Ben," said Harry, "I've a notion that when I get to be a man I shall carry the Bible to the heathen myself?"

## HINTS TO LITTLE FOLKS ON TABLE MANNERS.

YOUNG friends, never keep folks waiting: be prompt get your seat quietly before the blessing is pronounced.

“In silence take your seat,  
And give thanks to God before you eat.”

Come with clean hands, clean faces, combed heads, and thankful hearts.

Sit still; be quiet; wait patiently till others are helped.

Never stretch your arm across the table for food; this is impolite. When you wish for an article, ask for it politely.

Never find fault with your food; be thankful for the simplest, plainest fare.

Eat such things as are placed before you, asking no questions, making no wry faces.

Some little folks render themselves ridiculous by making remarks while older persons are talking.

If need be, help others to any dish or article that stands nearest you.

Eat slowly; masticate well your food.

Be careful that you spill nothing. A beautiful white tablecloth looks badly, soiled with liquids or things from your plate.

“The tablecloth you must not spoil,  
Nor with your food your fingers soil.”

Never leave the table without permission. Some little boys and girls eat hastily, jump and run! Oh! oh!

Keep your seats till all rise from the table.

Children truly polite at table, are almost sure to be polite everywhere.

## THINGS NOT IN ORDER IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

1. To stand before the church-door before service.
  2. To engage in any kind of conversation, even religious, between the time of your going in and the commencement of worship. That interval should be spent in composing the thoughts for the solemnities of the approaching services.
  3. To salute persons coming in by bowing, smiling, &c.
  4. To look around to catch the eye of a friend, and smile at any remark from the pulpit.
  5. To allow children to be stuffing themselves during the services with apples, sweet-cakes, candy, or anything else.
  6. Sleeping in church is not in order.
  7. To be reaching for garments or adjusting the dress while the blessing is pronounced.
  8. To commence laughing, talking, and saluting one another, as soon as the people are dismissed.
  9. To stand in the door or aisle, and detain others from getting out, is not polite or in order.
  10. To stand around the door, gazing at the ladies as they leave the church, to see who conducts them, and many other things, which as little concern others, is decidedly out of order.
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## MISBEHAVIOR IN THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP

SHOWS a want of common respect and decency; hardens the heart, sears the conscience, meets the frowns of the Almighty. It is a disgrace to parents, and shows how greatly and wickedly they have neglected parental discipline.



## GIRLS SHOULD LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

“No young lady can be too well instructed in any thing which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of the duties of a housekeeper. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking-stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought that it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to give up any part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor, and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful—to assist their parents in every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so.

“Young people can not realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery, but those who have suffered the inconveniences and mortifications of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but

a 'troublesome help' which they afford, still it is a great advantage to them.

"I know a little girl who, at nine years old, made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, and salt, and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes or pies she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her her little housekeeper, and often permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical their jingling is to her ears. I think, before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

"Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education.

"Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant, accomplished women I have known, have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing."

Thus far from Anna Hope; and who Anna Hope is we know not—but one thing we are sure of, she is not wise above what is written. Solomon speaks the

praises and properties of a good wife, in Proverbs, chapter xxxi. Girls, will you read it? Begin at verse 10th.

Economy, taste, skill in cooking, and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. The charm of good house-keeping is in the order, economy, and taste displayed in attention to little things, and these little things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.

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### NEVER PUT OFF.

WHENE'ER a duty waits for thee,  
 With sober judgment view it,  
 And never idly *wish* it done;  
 Begin at once and *do it*.

For Sloth says falsely, "By and by  
 Is just as well to do it;"  
 But *present* strength is surest strength,  
 Begin at once and do it.

## MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

THE mother who indulges her daughter in recreation or idleness, while she performs the service which the daughter should have done, is doing a most serious injury to the child she loves. Many mothers, from a mistaken kindness, perhaps, are committing this error. In many families, even in very humble circumstances, where daughters will, sooner or later, be compelled to rely upon their own efforts for support, or else live in the greatest necessity, they are allowed to grow up without any fixed habits of industry, and with very little knowledge of those duties which they may be required to discharge in life.

The mother rises early in the morning, prepares breakfast for her household, while her grown-up daughter sleeps away the fresh hours, and only performs her toilet in time to take her seat late at the table which her mother has spread, with a pale cheek, languid air, and, perhaps, no appetite for the food which her mother has prepared. Both are committing a mistake which both will have occasion to regret in later years. The mother performs her daily routine of domestic duties, does her washing, ironing, cooking, house-cleaning, while the daughter, after some light and unimportant service, dresses herself to entertain company, make calls, take walks, or still worse, waste her hours in reading novels, and poring over light and trashy literature. A grave and lasting wrong is done to the child, a wrong which may entail sorrow for a lifetime. It is no wonder mothers sometimes say, "girls are not worth as much as they used to be when we were young." How can they be, when mothers do not train them to those stern, but needful social virtues, those habits of domestic industry, and that knowledge of home-duties, without which no daughter can

make a home happy, and fill with honor the station of a wife and a mother ?

Mrs. Ellis, alluding to working mothers and idle daughters, says : " It is a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy-work, and their reading ; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities ; but as a necessary consequence of the neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their God for having placed them where they are.

" These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it is real ?—that ' poor, dear mamma is working herself to death.' Yet, no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do."

Therefore, idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the master of time, the canker-worm of felicity. To him that has no employment, life, in a little while, will have no novelty ; and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will soon follow.

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" Doth not wisdom cry ? and understanding put forth her voice ? She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. Unto you, O men, I call ; and my voice is unto the sons of man." *Prov. viii. 1-4.*



## HONORING FATHER AND MOTHER.

A WORD TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

*"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."* Exodus, xx. 12.

VERY few sins are greater than disobedience to parents. God eyes this iniquity with fearful and special judgments! We should be unwilling to trust or employ boys or girls who were disobedient to their parents. We never knew an impudent, disobedient urchin turn out well. The curse of God rests upon him.

"Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,  
Shall have a child that will avenge the deed."

One thing is certain—an undutiful son and a disobedient daughter cannot long prosper. For a season they may appear well to the eye of the stranger; but their self-will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who abuses his parents will not hesitate to abuse anybody. Neither age nor talents receive respect from him.

The command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is founded upon an immutable law, most imperiously demanded in social and domestic life. The reward of filial obedience is very great. It is a beautiful sight to see feeble old age reclining upon the bosom of manhood and youth, and the picture is doubly enchanting when youth and manhood cherish their trust with a filial and patient regard.

Young man, if you would plant thorns by the side of your future pathway; if you would be haunted amid the groves and retreats of maturer life with the most fearful spectres, treat with coldness and indifference those who gave you birth.



LOOK! SEE THIS BOY WIPING HIS EYE! DOWNCAST?

WHAT'S the matter? Bad, is he? How otherwise? And for his badness he has just now been receiving reproof, the word of chastisement. And of what mischievousness, self-will, or disobedience he is guilty we know not. Such a boy give his parents trouble? No end to it; and this trouble will go on and on, and may-be bring down their gray hairs to the grave prematurely, sorrowing!

The evil stop here? Nay; if this bad boy is permitted to live, who knows how many other boys and girls he may corrupt, lead the downward road to perdition! "One sinner destroyeth much good." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Parent, did you do your duty to this wayward son from the outset—lend him to the Lord *forever*, as Hannah did little Samuel, ere he saw the sunbeams of opening day

## A SPOILED BOY.

WHO was he? He was Adonijah, one of David's sons. How was he spoiled? By having his own way, and not being corrected by his father when he did wrong. The record is: "His father displeased him not at any time in saying—why hast thou done so?" How do you know that he was spoiled? His conduct shows it; he was puffed up with vanity and pride, was headstrong, disobedient, and profligate. He aspired after the throne; said, "*I will be King*;" and prepared him chariots and horsemen, and fifty men to run before him," and treated his royal parent with contempt. To what end did he come? To no good end. Such self-conceited, arrogant, wicked boys never come to any good end. He died the ignominious death of a traitor. He was executed. Matthew Henry, commenting upon the course of this spoiled boy, says, "He in return made a fool of his father. Because he was old and confined to his bed, he thought no notice was to be taken of him, and therefore exalted himself, and said—*I will be King*." Children that are indulged, learn to be proud and ambitious, and that is the ruin of a great many young people.



## LITTLE FOLKS BUILDING ON A SANDY FOUNDATION.

BUSY ARE THEY HERE, LITTLE AND BIG ?

*"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death."* Prov. xiv. 12.

THAT'S right—away with idlers, snails, and drones. Give us the workers, the go-ahead folks. Off with your gloves, mittens, ruffles, silks, and satins—strip to it. "Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh wherein no man shall work."

But what are these busy folks about ? Building a house ?

Where—on a rock or on the sand? If on a rock, with foundation deep, it will stand, though the rains descend, floods come sweepingly, and the winds blow fiercely, terribly, hurricane-like!

But if these little builders are building on the sand—what now, when the rains come, the floods dash and overflow, the winds sweep all before them? Oh! oh! what a fall! Well, it is just so when little folks and great folks build their hopes for eternity on a false foundation, as many do, without true repentance, faith in the Lord Jesus, and a godly walk and conversation. *Woe! woe! Woe!* to these mistaken souls.

“He that loveth me, keepeth my commandments.”  
 “He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.”

They are like the foolish virgins, who took their lamps but took no oil in them. When the marriage feast was ready they entered not in. When they cried, “Lord, Lord, open to us!” the reply was, “Verily I say unto you, I know you not.” *Matt. xxv. 11, 12.*

“Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.” *Matt. vii. 22, 23.*  
 “Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven.”

“THE day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble.”



## PEACOCK AND BUTTERFLY FOLKS.



LITTLE boys or girls tipped off gaily  
in fine things, gew-gaws, and  
artificial, inflated with pride and  
self-importance, remind us of the  
peacock and butterfly.

“Some poor little ignorant children delight  
In wearing fine ribbons and caps ;  
But this is a very ridiculous sight,  
Though they do not know it perhaps.”

Young readers, how is it with you ? Are you fond of fine clothes ? Do you think more of a pretty face, a new dress, a new bonnet, a new coat, or a new hat, than you do of the improvement of your mind and heart ? of the Bible and the Lord Jesus Christ ?

Shows us a girl that spends her leisure moments looking in the glass, or making some bit of finery, and we will show you a girl with a head as symmetrical as a balloon, and as light or vain as the peacock.

Show us a boy that is always noticing what sort of clothes other people have on, and would rather have a nice suit and stay out of school, than a plain suit and go to school, and we will show you a boy that bids fair to be, if not already, a sinner and a dunce.

Do you know, little folks, that the poor sheep and silk-worms wore that very clothing long before? "The tulip and the butterfly appear in far gayer coats than you. Dress fine as you will, flies, worms and flowers exceed you still."

Does God take delight in fine clothes, that tend to vanity and pride? "My son, give me thy heart."

"Hear ye not a voice from heaven,  
To the listening spirit given?  
Children, come! it seems to say,  
Give your hearts to me to-day."

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### EARLY CHARITY.

BENEVOLENCE should be the first thing taught to the little folks, the blessedness of doing good, of making others happy: deeds of mercy should be inculcated, rooted, and grounded at the early dawns of infantile thought, word, and deed. Parents, teach your children to do good, and to communicate, to administer comfort and consolation; to diffuse light, life, and salvation. Teach them that it "is more blessed to give than to receive," and when they are old they will not depart from it. Seek *first* for your rising offspring this righteousness, and all things else necessary for time and eternity will follow.



### BUSY FOLKS, OR LITTLE FOLKS BUSY.

LITTLE FOLKS BUSY? BUSY AS A BEE THAT GATHERS HONEY FROM EVERY  
OPENING FLOWER.

KEEP them still? No, you can't. It's work, work, from sunrise to sunset. How much, think you, does a little child daily? can you tell? It is doing this, doing that—tottering here, tottering there—climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so will understand the deep breathing of the little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love that accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real and imaginary.



## LOVING LITTLE FOLKS.

Who does not—

“Thank God for little children—  
Bright flowers by earth’s wayside—  
The dancing, joyous lifeboats  
Upon life’s stormy tide.”

These lively cherubs enliven our pathway and cheer us onward. They are the roses of morning, the flowers of Eden, the spice of life, the smiling beauties of spring-time. How many valuable lessons do little children—sweet, smiling, lovely, obedient, lamb-like—teach us!

Jesus took little children in his arms, blessed them, and said, “Of such is the kingdom of heaven”—“Ex-

cept ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever, therefore, humbleth himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt xviii. 3.

"Thank God for little children—

When our skies are cold and grey,  
They steal as sunshine in our hearts,  
And charm our cares away.

I almost think the angels,  
Who tend life's gardens fair,  
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms  
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven  
Round many a cradle lies,  
And every little baby  
Brings a blessing from the skies.

Dear mothers guard these jewels,  
As sacred offerings meet,  
A wealth of household treasures,  
To lay at Jesus' feet."



Send your little child to bed *happy*. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father—my mother—*loved* me!" Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep!



## GEMS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

1. KEEP a list of your friends ; and let God be first on the list, however long it may be.

2. Keep a list of the gifts you get ; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, be first.

3. Keep a list of your mercies ; and let pardon and life stand at the head.

4. Keep a list of your joys ; and let joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

5. Keep a list of your hopes ; and let the hope of heaven be foremost.

6. Keep a list of your sorrows ; and let sorrow for sin be first.

7. Keep a list of your enemies ; and however many they may be, put down the "old man" and the "old serpent" first.

8. Keep a list of your sins ; and let the sin of unbelief be set as first and worst of all.

9. Be careful of your good name, for "it is better than precious ointment," "rather to be chosen than great riches."  
*Prov. xxii. 1.*

"Stand on the right, and with clean hands,  
Exalt the truth on high ;  
Thou'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts,  
Among the passers by.

"Stand for the right ; proclaim it loud ;  
Thou'lt find an answering tone  
In honest hearts, and thou no more  
BE DOOM'D TO STAND ALONE !"

LITTLE FOLKS KEEP ON DOING GOOD? YES,  
THEY DO—

MISSIONATE here, missionate there, sow the good seed here, sow the good seed there. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

"Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown."

There is hanging on the wall of a shepherd's cottage, amid the ruins of an old castle in North Wales, a card, on which is printed, in large letters, these lines

"For Jesus Christ's sake,  
Do all the good you can,  
To all the people you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
And as long as you can."

Very simple words, but they lay out work for a Christian's lifetime.

Dear children, will you commit these lines to memory, and not only be able to repeat them, but to put them in practice by doing deeds of kindness and speaking words of love to all around you, remember the poor, the sick, the afflicted, "and him that hath no helper," for Jesus Christ's sake evermore? If you wish to be happy, *be* good and *do* good, and true happiness will be yours now and forever.

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"Oh, happy they who in their youth  
Are brought to know and love the truth ;  
For none but those whom truth makes free  
Can e'er enjoy true liberty."



## THE LITTLE ONE SLEEPS.

SHE IS NOT "DEAD BUT SLEEPETH."

VERY many little babies do sleep the sleep of death :

"There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonely bosom,  
Whose joy and light have fled."

Once in a happy home a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered around their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said :—

"Mother, you took all the care of the baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill ; now, mother, who took her on ' the other side' ?"

“On the other side of what, Alice?”

“On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side, mother? She was so little she could not go alone.”

“Jesus met her there,” said the mother. “It is he who took little children in his arms to bless them, and said: ‘Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!’ He took the baby on the other side.”

Mother, has the Lord taken your sweet baby, the darling of your bosom? Can you say in the spirit of Job: “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?”

Weeping mother, if Christ says to you tenderly, “Will you not give me your little one to take care of, to adopt as my own,” can you not say, “Yes, Lord, with all my heart?”

“As believers in Christianity, which reveals God as our Father, and heaven as our eternal home, it is our privilege to feel that, when our children are taken from us, they are not lost to us, but only pass on before us to the spirit-world, to become angelic beings around the burning throne of God, and the Lamb. Jesus declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven. They have gone from us to live with the crowned immortals, to be watched for and cared for by the angels of light, and we doubt not that they will be among the first to welcome us among the shining courts on high.”



### MORE LITTLE FOLKS AND BUSY FOLKS.

WE keep having little folks and busy folks all the time, and expect to have them as long as we live—the more the better; and when we go up where Jesus is and spirits glorified, we shall see there more little folks than big folks, a great deal. Millions on millions of the littlest of the



little have been washed white in the atoning blood of the Lamb, and are now tuning their golden harps around the throne of God melodiously.

And one special object of this book, "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver," is to enlist as many little folks and big folks as we possibly can on the side of Jesus. Moreover, it's our heart's desire and prayer to God, that multitudes, which no man can number, may be led to seek the Lord, and be saved through reading this pictorial volume, even after we are gone, lie sleeping in yonder cemetery.

Happy meeting, glorious, won't it be, when both the writer and the readers, the little ones and the big ones, meet face to face in the kingdom above, where parting will be no more, and "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?"

Love you, little folks? Yes we do; and the more you imitate Jesus, walk in newness of life, the more we love you, and say,

"God bless little children!

Day by day,

With pure and simple wiles,

And winning words and smiles,

They creep into the heart:

And who would wish to say them nay?"

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#### PARTING WITH LOVED ONES.

"WHEN forced to part from those we love,  
Though sure to meet to-morrow,  
We yet a kind of anguish prove,  
And feel a touch of sorrow.  
But, oh! what words can paint the tears,  
When from those friends we sever,  
Perhaps to part for months—for years—  
Perhaps to part forever!"

## A WORD TO LITTLE FOLKS ABOUT SWEET HOME.

“ There is one spot upon the earth  
Far sweeter than the rest ;  
There is one spot we all must own,  
The brightest and the best.”

*Little readers*, have you a home—pleasant, peaceful, happy? Oh! what a blessing! Do you realize it—are you thankful for it? Multitudes of little folks have no place they can call home. Others, again, have a place of turmoil and wretchedness, poverty and ruin. But a home that is a home in very deed is a heaven on earth, a little paradise. Was there ever a word that fell more delightfully on the ear than “ *Home, sweet home?* ”

“ What thronging memories come !  
Again that little group have met  
Within the walls of home.”

No spot on earth has the charms like that of home. Friends may be kind and minister to our necessities, our physical wants may be cared for ; but still the heart longs for the sympathies of home.

“ But there’s a home, a happy home,  
Where wayworn travellers meet.”

O glorious home, the home of heaven, the Christian’s home, where sorrow and sighing, sickness and death, and, best of all, sinning can never come. There the saints of God shall meet, and part no more forever. “ There we shall see Jesus,” and be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Though the weary heart may find no resting-place on earth, “ There’s rest in heaven,” when the toils and labors of earth are ended.



### MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

WHO, that has been bereaved of an only sister, can reflect upon the closing scene of her mortal existence without deep sorrow and sadness of heart! A little while ago, she was among the living, her cheerful countenance and joyous spirit gladdened every one, and threw an indescribable charm around the precincts of home; but death regards not a sister's grief—she is laid, in her shrouded beauty, beneath the cold sod; and her spirit, emancipated from the heavy shackles of mortality, has gone—

“To the vale that fadeth never,  
Where the breath of summer roves,  
And the just in beauty, ever  
Linger, 'mid immortal groves.”

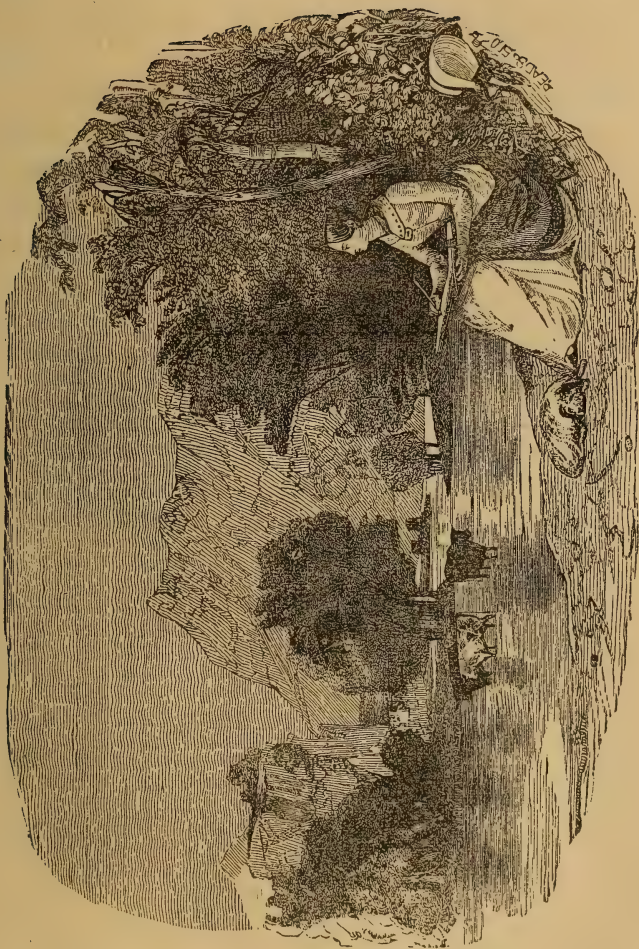
Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate

her sweet influence, as portrayed in the following words :

He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at, if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's ripe years ; and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some accident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of his sister's voice : and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

Be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you ; how patient they are with you ; how they love you in spite of all your ill temper or rudeness ; how thoughtful they are for your comfort, and be you thoughtful for theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish be ready to gratify it, if possible.



Landscape.



## BEAUTIES OF NATURE—BEAUTIES OF GRACE.

NATURE is beautiful, grace is more beautiful.

What more beautiful in nature than a rich landscape, fields in verdure, scattered trees and flowers, running water, animals grazing, and a lovely female sketching the scenery ?

“ The landscape, lately shrouded  
By evening’s *paler* ray,  
Smiles beauteous and unclouded,  
Before the eye of day.”

Beautiful as nature is, grace far exceeds it in beauty. Grace transforming the soul beautiful ? Sight lovely, angelically !—loveliness on loveliness—superlatively beautiful ! And not merely beautiful, but sublime, heroic, to see a young woman rise superior to the world ; its blandishments, its gaities, superfluities, follies, flatteries, fashionable costumes—rise in the strength and wisdom of redeeming grace—in all that is pure, virtuous, amiable, God-fearing, God-serving ! Adorning herself, as the Lord says, in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety ; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) “ with good works ”—“ with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”



## A WORD TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

ABOUT SPRING-TIME.

"**SPRING** is coming," and with it long and pleasant days; and these will be greeted with songs of welcome from forest, grove, and lawn. All nature will

be dressed and adorned like a bride, will send forth a most welcome greeting. Insects chirping, birds caroling, lambs frolicking, brooks gurgling and dancing, children shouting.

“Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome young Spring!  
The sun ray is bright on the butterfly’s wing,  
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees,  
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.”

Yes, and the sweet little crocus will smile, and the modest violet nod its welcome, while snow-drops and pansies and gay dandelions will all sing, “Spring, we’re here to greet you.” And then the lilacs and hyacinths, daffodils, honeysuckles, and roses will send forth their grateful fragrance of “welcome.”

These all, and a thousand more of nature’s voices, will combine to swell the chorus of joy and thanksgiving to the great and ever-blessed Giver. And shall the little ones,—the dear ones,—the most beautiful of all God’s wonderful creation,—the representatives of angels,—shall these be kept silent? O, no! Let them sing. Guide them; lead them gently, lovingly; and they will follow like merry little lambs.

“Spring is coming; Spring is coming:  
Even now she’s on the wing:  
Hark! the birds her songs are humming,  
Tuning for her welcoming.  
She will bring us happy hours,  
Robes of green and fairest flowers,  
Budding boughs and blossoming.”



AN OLIVE BRANCH.

THE olive-tree is one of the earliest trees mentioned in Scripture, and is an emblem of peace among all nations, because an olive-branch, brought by the dove to Noah in the Ark, was the first sign which he received of peace restored between heaven and earth, after the bursting forth of God's wrath in the waters of the flood. *Gen. viii. 11.* It is an evergreen tree, and very long lived—an emblem of a fresh and enduring piety. *Psalms lii. 8.* Around an old trunk young plants shoot up from the same root to adorn the parent stock when living, and succeed it when dead; hence the allusion in describing the family of the just. *Ps. cxxviii. 3.*



## THE COUNTRY.

“Would you be strong? go follow up the plow;  
Would you be thoughtful? study fields and flowers;  
Would you be wise? take on yourself a vow,  
To go to school in Nature’s sunny bowers.  
Fly from the city; nothing there can charm:  
Seek wisdom, strength, and virtue on a farm.”

SAID a venerable farmer of eighty to a relative who lately visited him—“I have lived on this farm for over half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread



around me, and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be any happier I must have more religion.

“Talking of ‘family ties,’ and ‘family love,’ and ‘family gatherings,’ where would they all be if it were not for a ‘family day?’” said the farmer.

“What do you mean?” we asked.

“I mean,” he replied, “that the Lord’s day is the ‘family day.’ Why, I, and thousands of workingmen, would hardly know our own children, if it were not for that blessed day which brings us all together. We are off in the morning before the little ones are up, and when we get home at night they are mostly gone to bed, or they are tired, and so are we, and it’s not very much we can know of one another at the fag end of the week; but when that best day comes that is all our own, then we can gather together round the table or fireside, and talk to one another, and we can go to the house of God together, and thank him that he has given us one day in seven as a holy, happy family day.

“The noblest men I know on earth,  
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;  
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,  
Hew down the woods and till the soil,  
And win thereby a nobler fame  
Than follows king or warrior’s name.”



## SOWING THE GOOD SEED.

THE LORD MUST TAKE CARE OF IT.

ALL we can do is to sow the seed in faith, water it with prayer as the dew of heaven.

“Let us remember how  
The Holy One was doing good to all,  
And let us ever now,  
When on his name we call,  
Ask that his spirit on our hearts may fall.”

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”

“Thou knowest not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown,  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown.”

“Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.’ Some seeds, doubtless, will fall by the wayside, some on stony places, some among thorns, but other into good ground.”



BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

“BEAUTIFUL flowers, beautiful flowers,  
Fading away with earth’s waning hours,  
Laying your glorious robes aside  
From the winter’s blast, in the dust to hide ;  
Say, will you rise from your lowly tomb,  
When the earth is robed in her Eden bloom ?

“O winter hours, O winter hours,  
Once more your blight may crush the flowers,  
Once more your snows o’er us be cast :  
Exult not, it may be the last,  
For with the earth’s long-promised King,  
Our eyes shall see an endless spring.”



O LOVELY MAY, EVER WELCOME, EVER GAY!

“Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!  
The sun-ray is bright on the butterfly’s wing,  
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees,  
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.”

AND shall the little ones—the most beautiful of all God’s wonderful creation—be silent? Let them sing, like merry little lambs. And yet,

“How can little children’s hearts  
Bring forth flowers of love,  
Unless Christ the Lord imparts  
Sunshine from above?”



## THE BIRDS AND THE NEST.

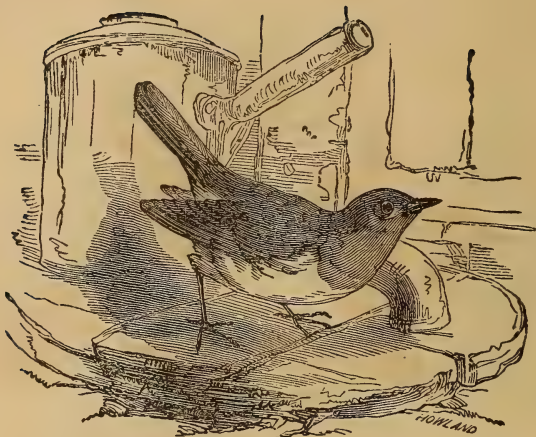
Who taught the bird to build her nest  
Of wool, and hay, and moss ?  
Who taught her how to weave it best,  
And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly  
Among the sweetest flowers ?  
And lay her store of honey by,  
To eat in winter hours ?

Who taught the little ants the way  
Their little holes to bore ?  
And through the pleasant summer's day  
To gather up their store ?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,  
And gave them all their skill,  
And teaches children when they pray,  
To do His holy will.





BIRDY, BIRDY, PRETTY BIRDY—AIN'T IT BEAUTIFUL!

“ Little birds sleep sweetly  
In their soft round nests,  
Crouching in the cover  
Of their mother's breast.”

DON'T hurt the sweet, beautiful songsters, little folks, not a hair of their heads, nor their nests or little ones; it would be cruelly wicked to do so. Hark! how sweetly they sing! Sing praises? Yes, they do. Turn to the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm and see how everything above and everything below, animate and inanimate, praise the Lord, and the birds among the rest.

Learn a lesson from these merry, melodious songsters? Certainly we can.

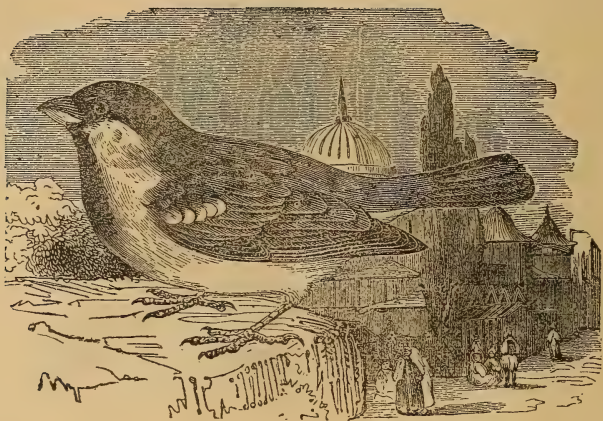
“ We learn a lesson from the birds  
Of life from day to day—  
The things we set our hearts upon,  
Oft quickly pass away !”



## DON'T SHOOT THE BIRDS.

“Don't shoot the birds, the warbling birds,  
That cheer you with their song,  
That fill the air with melodies,  
A bright and happy throng;  
That carol forth their native lays  
From shrub and lofty limb,  
And gaily sing their tuneful strains  
From morn till evening dim.  
Don't shoot the birds, the joyous birds,  
That charm the traveler's way.”

How thankful should we be that God has given us the dear birds to be our fellow-laborers and comforters, and the laborer is surely worthy of his hire. Why grudge him his pay? Why cheat him of his spring and summer work? Soon we shall see them very busy. Many have already begun.



HERE'S another pretty bird for the young readers.

"What! the sparrow?" Yes, spoken of by Jesus—

*Matt. x. 29.*

David, speaking of himself, says, "I watch, and am like a sparrow on the house-top." *Ps. cii. 7.* See, also, *Ps. lxxxiv. 3.*

"As on some lonely building-top,  
The sparrow tells her moan,  
Far from the tents of joy and hope  
I sit and grieve alone.

Children should be taught not only to love the music of birds, but to look upon them as a model of beauty and affection to their mates and to their young. Instead of driving them away from the house, encourage them to come and perch upon the window-sill and build their nest under the eaves.

Without birds a country is desolate; with them it is

always cheerful. Their songs would enliven the heart of a stone, or make a miser for the moment forget his money.

The association of children with birds when taught to love them and not destroy their nests, has as direct and certain a tendency to improve their natures as the church or family fireside. Teach a child that birds are among the good gifts of God to man, and it is hardly possible that the child will grow up to manhood without being possessed of some of the attributes of the sweet songsters of the grove.

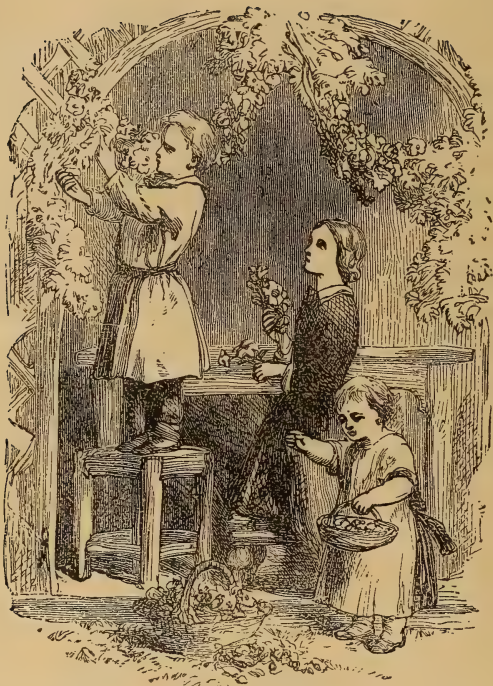
And yet there are parents who allow their children to wage incessant war upon the birds, never thinking of the injury they are doing their young minds, or how many destructive enemies they are entailing upon the crops, in the shape of countless caterpillars, grubs, and worms.

We don't know of a more pleasant duty for a minister to engage in than an effort to preserve the birds in his parish.

We would impress upon the mind of every child that the command "thou shalt not kill," meant these dear little birds as much as things of a higher degree. Thou shalt not wantonly kill a single thing of all creation that is not necessary for man's subsistence, or that is not detrimental to his interest.

On no pretext whatever should farmers or gardeners permit their birds to be disturbed. Instead of killing or frightening them away, they should make use of every means in their power to induce them to increase in number and become familiar and tame.

Plant trees for them, build houses, if necessary, for them, and let no cat, dog, or boy ever molest them; and they will teach you lessons of domestic bliss; preach you sermons, and warble you such hymns as you hear not elsewhere.



### GATHERING FLOWERS.

“O sweet soul'd flowers with robes so bright,  
Fair guests of Eden's birth,  
In cheerful characters of light,  
What lines of love divine ye write,  
Upon the troubled earth.”

YOUNG friends, whenever you want fruits or flowers,  
*be sure* to ask permission of the owner. Never enter



an orchard or flower garden unless you are first invited to do so.

These sprightly little folks represented in the engraving are innocent, harmless as doves—their every look indicates this.

Yet there are some boys and girls, we regret to say, who take great liberties, do things they ought not. Others, who have no fear of God before their eyes, go so far as to pluck fruits and flowers secretly, and do other very wicked things. Stealing is stealing, theft is theft, robbery is robbery, in little things and great things. A boy or girl who will steal an apple, a pear, or bouquet, will, doubtless, by-and-by, steal other things and greater things. Beware, little folks and great folks. “Thou shalt not steal,” saith the holy one. “Be sure your sin will find you out.”

“On the goods that are not thine,  
Do not dare to lay thy finger:  
On thy neighbor's better things  
Let no wistful glances linger.

“Pilfer not the smallest thing,  
Touch it not, howe'er thou need it;  
Though the owner have enough,  
Though he know it not nor heed it.”

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It is with health as with property; we rarely value it or know how best to use or to take care of it till it is gone.



## SUMMER IS HERE!

PLEASANT, mild, balmy, beautiful! Summer! What visions of beauty float up before us at that word! Summer! Emerald-robed, flower-wreathed summer. It is the season of beauty and of gladness—the time of blue skies and gorgeous sunsets—of

balmy airs and laughing waters—the season of music, of verdure, of blossoms, and of early, delicious fruits.

“Give me the farmer’s peaceful home,  
Beneath the maple high,  
Where nature’s warblers wake the song,  
The waters prattling nigh.”

Summer is here !

“MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.”

Improve the fair weather while you have it, for soon it will be gone ; then cometh the foul weather, the wind, the rain, the snow, the hail, the storm. Improve the present : be wise to-day, ’tis madness to defer ! The present moment is yours—while you have it—and only the present. Make haste, O mortal, make haste ! Do what good thy hand findeth to do with thy might. Make haste ere your glass is run, ere the silver cord is loosed or the golden bowl be broken.

“ Make haste, O man, to do  
Whatever must be done ;  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,  
Thy day will soon be gone.  
Make haste, O man, to live.

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THERE is no worse robber than a bad book. Other robbers may spoil us of our money, but a bad book robs us of our faith, our truth, our purity of heart—of all we value most. Young reader, beware of bad books !



### SWIFT AS A DEER.

ARE you, little readers, on the leap for things beautiful, sublime, heavenly, enduring forever? What animal swifter on foot? David and Habakkuk both allude to the character of the hind or deer. "The Lord maketh my feet like hind's feet, and causeth me to stand on the high places." *Psalm* xviii. 33. *Hab.* iii. 19.

Again he says: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"

Little friends, are your souls on fire thus for God and his glory? Is it not your privilege, your duty?

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." *Isa.* lv, 2.

## THE GOOD DOG TOWSER AND THE BOY WILLIE.

A LESSON FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.



YOUNG friends, what do you think Towser does? When his master has a loaf of bread, or a pie, or a plate of dinner, to send to poor old Mrs. Green, Towser carries it. He never says, "Not now, mistress," or, "By-and-by," or, "It is too hot," or "too cold," or, "I don't want to," as some children object when told to do an errand; but he goes, as pleased as can be. Nor does he ever touch a thing he carries, as a greedy little boy once ate up some nice jelly his mother sent by him to a sick woman.

A dog once followed Towser as he was carrying a piece of meat in his basket, smelling round, and trying to put his nose into the basket. Towser gave a big growl to frighten him off, but the dog would not go. I suppose he was very hungry. At length Towser set his basket down, turned round, and gave his troublesome companion a sound shaking, then took up his basket and trotted on. The hungry dog did not dare follow then.

When Towser reaches Mrs. Green's door, how do



you think he lets her know he is there? He scratches? No. He puts his basket down, and sets up a great "bow-wow;" and Mrs. Green opens the door, and she says, "How now, Towser, you have brought me something good to eat; good dog?" Towser wags his tail as much as to say he has. She takes and empties the basket, and hands it back to him, and away he bounds; and the good old lady walks back to her little kitchen, saying in heart, "God sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and he sends Towser to feed me. He never sees the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread. Praise God."

*Again*, not long since we were passing a store about midday, and the owner came out with Towser at his heels and a pail in his hand. He told Towser to take the pail and carry it to the house, a few rods across the way. The dog did not whine over the command, nor curl his tail and refuse to go; no, not he. He obeyed at once, took the pail in his mouth, and away he went to the house. We watched him to see how well he fulfilled his master's orders. The door was closed, so he sat down on the piazza and waited a welcome. Five minutes passed, and no one opened the door; yet the dog was patient and faithful. Five minutes more passed, and just as we were about to leave, he was seen from the window and admitted with his charge. Faithful dog, thought we, never to refuse obedience or wait for the *second* bidding.

Then we thought of little Willie S——, who said to his mother, “No, I can’t do it; let Ned go, he is not doing any thing.”

Think of this, little readers! Willie was less obedient than Towser; for he went cheerfully, wagging his bushy tail, and lifting his head as if to say, “*I obey.*”

Learn a good lesson from the example of the dog, and never let it be said of you, “Towser is more obedient than Willie.”

“Be kind to your mother, for when thou wast young,  
Who loved thee so fondly as she?  
She caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,  
And joined in thy innocent glee.”



A CHILD’S perceptions are quick, and his susceptibilities are great. If for once he may disbelieve his father or mother, why not again? One deception practiced upon his credulity, begets a suspiciousness not easily rooted out. We have known a child, after being induced by deception to take a bitter medicine, for a long time afterward to doubt his parent’s word whenever he imagined medicine might be needed. One mischief leads to another. And whether deception is practised upon the child, or whether he is allowed to raise doubt of his parent’s veracity, the result is equally disastrous to the child and those who gave him birth.



# THE SHINING LIGHT.

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## THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE, WITH EXPLANATIONS.

WHEN and by whom were the books of the Old Testament first collected and arranged?

By Ezra, about 450 years before Christ. The five books of Moses had been kept with the Ark of the Covenant (Deut. xxxi. 24-26); and Joshua had written the portion of Scripture bearing his name "in the book of the law of God." Joshua viii. and xxiv. 26.

What are the most prominent translations of the Bible that have been made?

The Septuagint, the Vulgate, the Douay, and the English or King James's Bible.

What is the meaning of the word Septuagint ?

Seventy. The translation was so called because it was made by seventy, or, more strictly, by seventy-two men ; six having been chosen from each of the twelve tribes of Israel for this purpose.

When and where was this translation made ?

At Alexandria in Egypt, about two hundred years before Christ. It was a translation of the Old Testament only, from the Hebrew into the Greek.

How was this translation regarded by the Jews in the time of Christ ?

It was regarded with peculiar reverence. Our Saviour and the Apostles in their discourses generally quoted from this version.

What is the Vulgate translation ?

It is a Latin translation of the Septuagint, not of the Hebrew, and is called the Vulgate, because, being the only version which the Roman Catholic Church holds to be reliable, it is in that Church the common version.

When and by whom was this translation made ?

By Jerome, about the year A. D. 400. It was hastily made, and became very incorrect by many changes.

What of the Douay Bible ?

It is an English translation of the Vulgate, with notes and comments, and is the only English Bible approved by the Roman Catholic Church.

From what did it receive its name ?

From the place where it was first published—Douay, a town in France.

When was it published ?

In the year 1610.

Why does it differ so much from our English Bible ?

Because it was made, not from the original Hebrew, but from the Vulgate, which was from the Septuagint, and was very imperfect. It could not be as correct as a translation made directly from the Hebrew.

Why is our English version called "King James's Bible?"

Because it was made during the reign of James I., king of England.

When was it begun and when completed ?

In the year 1607 the work was commenced, and was finished in about three years, and published in 1611.

By whom was the translation made ?

Fifty-four of the most learned men of the kingdom were appointed for the task. Seven of these did not serve, leaving forty-seven as the number who were actually engaged in the work.

How was the labor apportioned among this number ?

They were divided into six classes ; to each of which a certain portion of the Bible was given to translate, not from the Latin nor from the Septuagint, but directly from the original Hebrew and Greek.

How will our English translation compare with other versions of the Bible ?



It is said by most competent judges to be better than any other.

What was the earliest division of the Bible?

That which is supposed to have been made by Ezra. The books of the Old Testament were divided into three classes: "The Law," "the Prophets," and "the Writings," or "the Psalms." To this our Saviour refers, Luke xxiv. 44: "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me."

What books were embraced in these three divisions?

"The Law" included the first five books; "the Psalms," or Writings, included the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. "*The Prophets*" included all the remaining books.

When and by whom was the Bible first divided into chapters?

This is generally said to have been done by Cardinal Hugo, A. D. 1240. But as early as the middle of the third century the four Gospels had been divided into chapters.

When and by whom were the chapters divided into verses?

By Robert Stephens, in the year 1551. It is said that he performed the greater part of this laborious task while on horseback, on a journey from Paris to Lyons!

What is the meaning of Genesis?

Creation, or production. This name was given

to the book by those who translated it into Greek.

What is the meaning of the word Exodus ?

It is a Greek word—meaning, a going out, or departure.

Why is this book so called ?

Because it gives a history of the departure of the Israelites from their bondage in Egypt.

What is the meaning of the word Leviticus ?

It is the Latin form of a Greek word derived from the proper name Levi.

Of what does this book treat ?

Of the law concerning sacrifices ; the institution of the Levitical priesthood ; the law concerning clean and unclean animals ; concerning purification, and other regulations with regard to observances and festivals.

What period of time does the history of this book embrace ?

It is generally thought to give the history of one month, from April 21st to May 21st, of the year of the world 2,514 ; or of the second month after the Exodus.

Were all of the tribe of Levi priests ?

No ; only the descendants of Aaron acted as priests ; though all of the tribe were set apart to religious service. *The priests* offered sacrifice, and conducted the morning and evening services. *The Levites* assisted the priests ; they carried the various parts of the tabernacle in their journeys, and the sacred utensils.

What is the name of the fourth book?

Numbers. This is the only book among the first five whose name is translated into English. The names of all of them were given by the translators of the Septuagint.

Why is it called Numbers?

Because it gives an account of the two numberings of the children of Israel; one at Mount Sinai, the other on the Plains of Moab, thirty-nine years after the first.

What is the meaning of Deuteronomy?

The second law. The book received this name because in it the ten commandments given in Exodus are given the second time.

What period of time does this book embrace?

The second month of the fortieth year of the journeyings of the children of Israel.

What is the special characteristic of the book?

It gives us the farewell words of Moses, and the account of the close of his mission.

What direction did Moses give about this book?

That it should be read every seven years before all the people. See Deut. xxxi. 9-13.

Did Moses write this book?

Yes; all but the last chapter.

By whom is the last chapter thought to have been written?

It could not have been written by Moses, because it records his death. It is generally thought to have been written by the author of the book of Joshua.

What is the meaning of the name Moses?

*Drawn out of water* ; in allusion to his rescue in infancy from the waters of the Nile.

Why is Moses considered the most extraordinary man that ever lived ?

He witnessed the display of the power and glory of God ; he was singularly honored as the medium of communication between God and the race, in the giving of the law ; he was the first and greatest of the prophets ; he was the first historian—the only historian of the creation ; he was beyond all other men in meekness.

What did he write besides the book of Deuteronomy ?

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and the Ninetieth Psalm.

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Sustain yourself by the remembrance that the knowledge of the Bible, like other knowledge, must increase from small beginnings. Unwearied patience and perseverance are indispensable. You must add thought to thought, prayer to prayer. Bible wisdom echoes the voice of God, “Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.”

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“The starry firmament on high,  
And all the glories of the sky,  
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,  
So brightly as thy written word.

“The hopes that holy word supplies,  
Its truths divine, and precepts wise,  
In each a heavenly beam I see,  
And every beam conducts to Thee.”

## RULES AND REASONS FOR SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

“The Bible! ’tis a book divine,  
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine;  
And wisdom speaks in every line.”

*Rule 1.* Never open the Book of God without remembering that you must be tried by it at the judgment-seat of Christ.

2. Read, with prayer for direction to the right meaning, with earnest attention to the words, and connection of the passage; with diligent comparison of every passage with the whole Bible; and with patient thought concerning the result.

3. When you read the Scriptures, let not your attachment to the systems or the sentiments of men obscure their meaning, or induce you to pervert them.

4. When you discover any truth in the Bible, receive it with candor, maintain it with meekness, and avow it with courage.

5. When you discover any duty in the Bible, meet the discovery with a cheerful obedience.

6. In your daily perusal of the sacred volume, receive its doctrines with a lively faith, and practise its duties with a holy boldness.

7. When you read the Bible, pray for divine grace, by which its doctrines and duties may become the fountain, and the streams of genuine Christian discipleship.



## II. *Glance at the reasons for this sacred privilege and duty.*

1. Because of the *wonderful and perfect character of the Bible*. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." Rom. xi. 33. "Thy testimonies are wonderful; therefore doth my soul keep them." Psalm cxix. 129. "Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth." Isa. xxv. 1. "The word of the Lord endureth forever." 1 Pet. i. 25.

2. Because of *its gracious design and tendency*. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Romans, xv. 4. "Which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." 2 Tim. iii. 15.

3. Because it is *necessary to our spiritual nourishment and stability*. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Matt. iv. 4.

4. Because it will *enlighten and expand our minds*. "The commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life." Prov. vi. 23. "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." Psalm cxix. 130. "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." 1 Tim. iv. 15.

5. Because it will *preserve us from sin*. "Where-

with shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." Psalm cxix. 9. "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." John, xvii. 17.

6. Because it will *cheer our souls in affliction and death*. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul." Psalm xciv. 19. "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. Unless thy law had been my delights, I should have perished in mine affliction." Psalm cxix. 54, 92. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Psalm xxiii. 4.

7. Because it will *contribute to our present and eternal welfare*. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord." Prov. iii. 13, 14, 17; viii. 34, 35.

8. Because *the neglect of it will subject us to God's righteous condemnation*. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven." Heb. xii. 25. "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he

shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." Luke ix. 26.

"Read and revere the sacred page : a page  
Where triumphs immortality : a page  
Which not the whole creation can produce ;  
Which not the conflagration can destroy."

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Read the Bible with your pen in hand, and note in your memorandum-book the thoughts which interest you.

Study the Bible with unwearied endeavors to know and love Jesus, as you would study the letters of some friend whom you had never seen, but whom you wished to know and love.

Study the Bible with the utmost care to know yourself ; to know the whole of your case ; and especially to know wherein you fail to do the will of God.

Seek fresh thought. "Give us this day our daily bread," is the appropriate prayer for one who desires to feed upon the Word of God. Yesterday's perceptions, impressions, and emotions will not suffice for to-day. They must be renewed and increased by to-day's study. *From each reading of the Bible, get at least one fresh, distinct, impressive thought, and dwell upon it.* Many of the Psalms are prayers and praises. Select some one of these petitions, or ascriptions of praise ; adopt it as your own, and repeat it many times to God.

## READING THE BIBLE FOR THIS—READING THE BIBLE FOR THAT.

“Lamp of our feet ! whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray ;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly light—  
Brook by the traveller’s way !”

*Read the Bible !* Multitudes read it, throughout the land. No book, perhaps, is read more than the Bible.\* Put the question to whom you please, in this land of Bibles, “Do you read the Bible ?” The response is almost invariably in the affirmative. It is unpopular to be wholly ignorant of the contents of this blessed book ; and yet, with all this reading, how very little is this sacred treasure understood and practised ! How few, comparatively, appreciate its value, embrace it, clasp it to their bosoms, drink in its spirit joyfully ! Why is it that so few, among the innumerable multitude of Bible readers, read

\* It is stated that more than ten times as many Bibles have been printed and issued in the last fifty years than had ever been in the whole world previous to that time. It has been ascertained, by the most accurate data, that previous to the present century all the editions of God’s word then printed amounted to less than four million copies, in about forty different languages ; while, in the present century, more than forty million copies have been issued by Bible societies alone, exclusive of the millions of copies that have been printed by private publishers. Since the epoch of modern missions, this blessed volume has been translated for the three hundred and sixty millions of China, for the one hundred millions of Hindostan, for the twenty or thirty millions of Burmah, and has been printed in not less than one hundred and sixty different languages and dialects, into one hundred and twenty of which the Bible had never been translated before.

the Bible understandingly and practically, with a firm resolve to make it a lamp to their feet, and a light to their path?

1. It is because many read it merely to have a general idea of what it contains, as a necessary part of polite education.

2. Many read it to obtain the means of proving the dogmas which they already profess.

3. Very many study the Bible from a spirit of pride or self-esteem, or with a design of being considered extremely wise in their own opinion of its contents.

4. Others make themselves familiar with the Holy Scriptures from no higher motive than to be able to explain it to others.

5. Some read it from a spirit of curiosity, without the least design of treasuring up or practising what they read.

6. Not a few read the Bible skeptically, or with a cavilling spirit, to controvert its sacred pages.

7. Many study the Bible, or certain portions of it, merely to improve their style of composition.

8. Again, many make themselves familiar with certain parts of the Bible from necessity, to complete their education. This is true of lawyers, doctors, and judges of law.

9. A very large portion of the people, both old and young, read the Bible superficially, pass over its sacred contents hastily, inattentively, and irreverently, without the least desire or intention of being intellectually or spiritually benefited.



10. Others, again, read the Bible with very little profit, from the fact that they adopt no plan, no regular systematic order in reading it.

11. Again, some read the Bible as they would any human author, without humility, due reverence, and godly fear.

12. The majority of Bible readers do not read God's book, mixed with faith and earnest prayer, for enlightenment.

13. Very many read the Scriptures without any special benefit, from the fact that they do not put away their sins. How can any one expect light from heaven to shine upon him, enlightening his understanding to understand the Holy Scriptures, while living in open disobedience to any one command? "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," the Psalmist said. "I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word." Psal. cxix. 101.

14. Finally, among the multitudes that read this holy book, very few, comparatively, read it with fervent prayer, with a full determination to know and do the whole will of God. This is the only reading of it that is really profitable. In this way, and only in this way, the spirit of it is caught, retained, and exhibited. "Open thou mine eyes," says the inspired penman, "that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is

written therein : for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.”  
Josh. i. 8.

#### RULES FOR BIBLE-READING.

##### *I. For the improvement of the understanding.*

Rule 1. Begin your Bible-reading with prayer for the Divine instruction.

2. Attend carefully to the narrative.
3. Observe the doctrine.
4. Note every prediction and promise, together with times and institutions, both civil and religious.
5. Attend to the types of Jesus Christ.
6. Attend to the characters and conduct of the principal persons, and consider their excellences and defects.
7. Consider the practical uses to which the different texts may be applied.
8. Observe God's faithfulness in keeping his promises and fulfilling his prophecies.
9. Render thanks to God for the light you receive, and ask his blessing to attend the endeavors you are making to become wise.

##### *II. For the improvement of the heart.*

Rule 1. Read the Bible in the spirit of constant prayer.

2. Believe what you read.
3. Cherish a humble desire to learn and know the truth, and that you may feel its power and sanctifying influence.

4. Read a little, frequently, and meditate on what you read.

5. Receive the whole Bible as God's instruction for the salvation of your soul.

6. Read the whole Bible in connection, and compare one part with another, so as to know the whole truth, and its saving application.

7. Use such helps as you have, to ascertain its literal meaning.

8. Observe the testimony of the whole Bible to Jesus Christ.

9. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

#### THE BIBLE ITS OWN INTERPRETER.

A careful, candid comparison of parallel passages of Scripture will remove a number of infidel objections. Worthy of all attention is the remark of Bishop Horsley: "It were to be wished that no Bibles were printed without references. Particular diligence should be used in comparing the parallel texts of the Old and New Testaments. It is incredible to any one who has not made the experiment, what a proficiency may be made in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, by studying the Scriptures in this manner, without any other commentary or exposition than what the different parts of the sacred volume mutually furnish for each other. Let the most illiterate Christian study them in this manner, and let him never

cease to pray for the illumination of that Spirit by which these books were dictated; and the whole compass of abstruse philosophy, and recondite history, shall furnish no argument with which the perverse will of man shall be able to shake the learned Christian's faith."

" Upon this life's uneven way,  
As we are swiftly driven,  
It sheds a bright, celestial ray,  
It points to an eternal day,  
And bids us strive for heaven."

## DIVISIONS OF THE BIBLE.

THE following table has been published as containing accurate particulars of the English version of the Bible, which may not be uninteresting to our numerous readers :

| In Old Testament— |           | In New Testament— |         | Total.    |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------------|---------|-----------|
| Books,            | 29        | Books,            | 27      | 56        |
| Chapters,         | 929       | Chapters,         | 260     | 1,189     |
| Verses,           | 23,214    | Verses,           | 7,959   | 31,173    |
| Words,            | 592,493   | Words,            | 181,253 | 773,746   |
| Letters,          | 2,728,100 | Letters,          | 838,380 | 3,566,480 |

The middle chapter and the shortest in the Bible is the 117th Psalm. The middle verse is the eighth of the 118th Psalm. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra, in the English version, has all the letters of the alphabet in it. The nineteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are both alike.

## READING THE SCRIPTURES AND SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

“Yes, sweet Bible, I will hide thee  
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart.”

God commands us, not only to read the Scriptures, but to *search* them, bring them home heartily to every-day life. How can we search them more effectually and profitably, than by committing portions of them to memory daily, beseeching God meanwhile fervently for his enlightening, sanctifying influences?

There is a great difference between *reading* and *searching* the Scriptures. There have been, and still are, many that read much, but our knowledge of divine truth depends more upon the *manner* in which we read, than upon the *quantity*. Dr. Gouge, it is said, read fifteen chapters a day; Jeremiah Whittiker read all the Epistles of the New Testament in Greek every week, and Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through twelve times every year.

This rapid reading of the Bible is not the most profitable. We have been impressed of late, more than ever, with the necessity of “meditating in the law of the Lord,” of pausing and reflecting upon the portions we read, of looking at them from different stand-points, till we are sure we have before our minds the precise idea the Holy Spirit meant to convey. We should consider, when the passage under consideration was written, by whom, to whom addressed, and for what purpose.



By searching the Scriptures carefully, by comparing parallel texts, and similar facts, a person can hardly fail to become deeply interested in the contents of the sacred volume. We shall sympathize with David, who said : "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."

By *studying* the Bible, rather than reading it, the mind is stored with ideas, the conscience is enlightened, and each single thought is kept before the mind long enough to produce an impression. Pastors and Sabbath-school teachers should take pains to instruct those under their charge, how to read the Bible so as to derive the most benefit from it.

If the Bible was studied, instead of being rapidly read, it would be, much oftener than it is, like the fire and the hammer "which breaketh the rock in pieces."

"This holy book is all divine,  
To man in mercy given ;  
Its truths, all radiant and benign,  
With beams of holy lustre shine,  
And gild the path to heaven."

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